1560/533.

THE

SPECTATOR.

VOL. I.

THE

SPECTATOR,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

THE LIVES OF THE AUTHORS:

COMPREHENDING

JOSEPH ADDISON,
SIR RICHARD STEELE,
THOMAS PARNELL,
JOHN HUGHES,
EUSTACE BUDGEL,
LAWRENCE EUSDEN,
THOMAS TICKELL,
ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

THEIR RESPECTIVE WRITINGS.

A NEW EDITION.

By ROBERT BISSET, LL.D.
AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, &c. &c.

———Qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo. VIRG.

LONDON:

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1799.

TO

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.*

MY LORD,

SIMILITUDE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affection and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of these Papers, I have acknowledged

* CHARLES MONTAGUE was grandson to the Earl of MANCHESTER, who, when Lord KIMBOLTON, was one of the most distinguished speakers in the Parliament which abolished the Star Chamber and High Court of Commission, and afterwards Commander at Marstonmoor. MONTAGUE was educated at Cambridge, and gained there great applause by his poetical talents. At the Revolution he came to court, and was made one of the Lords of the Treasury. In 1694 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1698 he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury. In both departments he displayed great knowledge as a financier. In 1700 he was created Lord HALIFAX, and made Auditor of the Exchequer. In the reign of Queen ANNE he was intimately connected with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, Lords SOMERS, GODOLPHIN,

knowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no more than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you, as the life and genius of the conversation. What an happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces and embellishments of wit! When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection; and it is to such as your Lordship, that the Sciences owe the esteem which they have with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern, which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his

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PHIN, and the other great men of the Whig Party. He was also the MÆCENAS of the age. He patronized ADDISON, STEELE, and others of the most distinguished Wits. Though, like MÆCENAS, he patronized men of real genius, he differed from that illustrious Roman, in countenancing men who wished to be poets, but wanted talents.

On the Accession of GEORGE I. he was one of the Lords of the Regency, and on the arrival of the King he was made Prime Minister, and soon after created Earl HALIFAX. He died in May, 1715. Had MÆCENAS written poetry, many, no doubt, in his life time would have declared that they believed him superior to HORACE, or even to VIRGIL. HALIFAX's poetry was very highly praised by ADDISON, and other men of genius of that age: now it is little known.

his own; but, in the possession of a man of business, it is, as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to shew those who were bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable, in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most obedient,

And most humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

TO

LORD JOHN SOMERS,*

BARON OF EVESHAM.

My Lord,

I SHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following Papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work, which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions; you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations

* *Lord* Somers, *an eminent lawyer, statesman, and patriot; one of the principal supporters of our civil and religious liberties, established by the Revolution and Protestant Succession.*

nations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your Sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own Constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to you, in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.*

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature.

Your Lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would therefore,

* *June* 29, 1688. *The day on which the seven bishops were tried for refusing to read the declaration of* JAMES II. *dispensing powers repelling the test and other laws for securing religion. Lord* SOMERS *(then Mr.) was counsellor to the bishops: his character is very little exaggerated in the Dedication.*

therefore, rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are admitted into your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite arts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you, in making every one who converses with your Lordship prefer you to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But if I should take no notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

Most obedient humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

SIR,

DEDICATIONS generally contain the praises of the personages to whom they are addressed. Instead of dwelling on a subject which, however pleasing to others, might be displeasing to you, the Editor begs leave to state simply the reasons which embolden him to solicit your patronage.

The performance, of which a new Edition is now publishing, is universally acknowledged to be one of the best of the age in which it was produced.

Justness and ingenuity of reflection, clearness and force of reasoning, appositeness and beauty of illustration, extensive knowledge, brought forward never for ostentation but always for use, the prominent excellences of the SPECTATOR, *are grounds which encourage the Publisher to request your patronage to a new Edition. These, however, are not the sole grounds. A striking beauty in the Spectator, is the adaptation of his language to the subject discussed, to the persons addressed, and to the end proposed. Whatever is said, is expressed in language at once so plain and elegant, that it must be understood by the ignorant, whilst the learned and wise are charmed and instructed. Satisfied with intrinsic excellence and easiness of communication, it avoids that glare of gaudy ornament, that may, with many, pass*

for the overflowing of fulness, but is known by the discerning to be generally the concealment of emptiness.

The principles of integrity, the benevolent affections, the manly liberal sentiments, the amiable unassuming manners, recommended in every page, render it the peculiarly proper object of protection to a personage in whom those precepts are so constantly and so strikingly exemplified.

By the admirers of the Spectator it has often been regretted, that so excellent a work has never been presented to the public in a dress suitable to its merit. To remove the cause of that complaint, is one of the principal objects of the present Edition. None of the mechanical arts is making more rapid strides to perfection, in this age of improvement, than the Art of Printing. The Publisher begs leave to observe, that that hand-maid of Literature cannot better employ her skill and her taste, than in decorating such beauty. In mentioning the improvements of Printing, one cannot but observe that it results from a cause which has produced much more momentous consequences. The Liberty of the Press, by affording extensive employment to Printers, has engaged men of talents to betake themselves to that profession, and to carry the art to its greatest perfection. Such a blessing as the Freedom of the Press can never be thought of without calling to the mind its most able and successful Supporter.

Prefixed to the Spectator are the Lives of the Authors. Those gentlemen were eminent for their wise, vigorous, and persevering support of moderate Liberty, for their attachment to that admirably mixed form of government, limited monarchy, which is at once so happily removed from anarchy and from despotism. Their zeal for well-regulated Freedom, the principles of the Revolution, and of the Succession of the illustrious House of Brunswick, constitute

constitute a congeniality of principle and of sentiment with those of the gentleman to whom their Lives are dedicated.

The most eminent of the Authors, like all men of extraordinary merit, were exposed to the calumny of malignity and of envy.

"Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
Intra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem."

Defamed during their lives, from the misapprehension of ignorance, the misrepresentations of malice, and the rage of envy, the period is long since come that the calumnies against them are forgotten or swallowed up by deserved praise; as were formerly the impostures of jugglers by the superiority of wisdom.

That it may be long, very long, before that period arrive, when the envy excited by your character shall for ever cease, is the earnest wish of every lover of his country, and of none more fervently than of,

SIR,

With the most profound respect,

Your very humble Servant,

G. ROBERTSON.

PREFACE

TO

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

NO species of writing combines in it a greater degree of interest and instruction than Biography. Our sympathy is most powerfully excited by the view of those situations and passions, which, by a small effort of the imagination, we can approximate to ourselves. Hence Biography often engages our attention and affections more deeply than History. We are more concerned by the display of individual character than of political measures, of individual enjoyment or suffering, than of the prosperity or adversity of nations. Even in History, the biographical part often interests us more than any other. We consider some one personage with more attention and concern than a whole people. Our sympathetic feelings accompany EPAMINONDAS, not the Thebans, at Leuctra and at Mantinea—HANNIBAL, not the Carthaginians, at Cannæ and at Zama. But though we enter warmly into the situation of those who have been eminent for the exertion of great qualities,

yet

yet are we most deeply affected by the history of men who have contributed much to our pleasure and advantage. The Lives, therefore, of excellent Writers have ever been subjects of public curiosity. When we have read the works of a HOMER, a VIRGIL, a THUCYDIDES, a TACITUS, a MILTON, a HUME, we anxiously desire to know the history of personages from whom we have derived united instruction and delight. To gratify this desire has been the reason that persons in all ages, in which Literature has been held in estimation, have taken pains to collect facts respecting the most admired Writers, which might exhibit a view of their lives and characters.

It has generally been the custom to prefix the Lives of the Authors to their most celebrated performances. The reason for prefixing the Lives of Authors to their most admired compositions is obvious. It is the pleasure or the instruction which is derived from the performance which makes the History of the Authors the object of curiosity. By this mode we have the Composer and Composition before us at once; and may be able to trace those excellences which fill us with delight and admiration to the cause to which they owe their existence. We may, in the cultivation of an Author's genius, or in the circumstances of his fortune, find the cause of that direction and exertion which have produced such effects.

The wisest men have in their writings some thoughts and sentiments not necessarily connected with wisdom. Education, company, condition, and various circumstances, influence the judgments of the wise as well as of the weak. That influence often affects their writings.

tings. By a knowledge of their history, men may be able to account for occasional deviations from wisdom. Truths do not always make an impression, even on men of talents, proportionable to their weight and importance. It would have been vain for the ablest reasoner to attempt to convert a JOHNSON to Whig Principles. The opposite principles manifest themselves in all his writings. It is by knowing where JOHNSON was bred and educated, that we can account for the maintenance of notions so erroneous by a man of such consummate wisdom. Truths often impress even men of abilities, from some adventitious circumstance. Were a reader, totally unacquainted with the history of STEELE, to consider his severe strictures upon Duelling, he might be surprised how Sir RICHARD levelled his attacks more against that practice than against others equally prevalent, and which are more morally culpable, and equally prejudicial to society. Whoever reads his history, will see the cause of his severity against Duelling. In short, by knowing the history of Authors, we can account for many sentiments, observations, descriptions, and reasonings, which would otherwise appear unaccountable.

There is often a very great inconsistency between professed principle and actual conduct. This is a fact, perhaps, more strikingly exemplified in Scholars and Philosophers, than in any other set of men. Their precepts are replete with the purest morality, their practice is often diametrically opposite. It is by the knowledge of their Lives, that, in their cases, we are sensible of that inconsistency. If we did not know the history of STEELE, the difference between him and his *Christian Hero* would have exhibited to us no example of

the inconsistency between theory and practice. The history of men of genius, compared with their writings, is a very great addition to our knowledge of the human mind.

No performance has been, nor is more generally agreeable and useful than the SPECTATOR. It is surprising, therefore, that no Editor of so excellent and popular a work has ever thought of prefixing the Lives of the Authors to his Edition. That the reader may, whilst he is contemplating the beauties of the SPECTATOR, have it in his power to examine the history of those to whom the beauties are owing, the Editor of this Edition has prefixed the Lives of the Authors.

Biography involves in it not merely fact, but also reflection and discussion. It comprehends the intellectual and moral character of its subjects, as shown in their works and actions. Criticism, therefore, forms a part of the history of Writers—Examination of conduct, of the history of those, as of all men. Criticism and discussion of moral qualities occupy a considerable share of the Lives prefixed to this Edition.

Beside the Authors of whom we give an account in this Sketch, there were others to whose contributions to the Spectator STEELE acknowledges himself indebted. These were Mr. HENRY MARTIN, Mr. CAREY, and Mr. INCE. Of them we have not been able to learn facts sufficiently numerous or important to be the subjects of biography. Mr. MARTIN is said to have been deeply skilled in commercial politics. He is author of No. 180, signed PHILARITHMUS, on the tendency of war and conquest to diminish the population and pro-

sperity even of the victorious country, illustrated by the effects of LEWIS the Fourteenth's projects on his own dominions. His other papers are not ascertained. The writings of Mr. CAREY and Mr. INCE in the Spectator are not known.

A *Letter on Travelling*, No. 364, signed PHILIP HOMEBRED, is said to have been written by that illustrious personage, the Lord Chancellor HARDWICKE.

The papers of ADDISON and of STEELE are too generally known, to render an account of their signatures here necessary. The papers of the other Authors, as far as they can be ascertained, are mentioned in their respective Lives.

THE LIFE
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of the Reverend LAUNCELOT ADDISON, was born May 1, 1672, at Milton, his father's rectory, near Ambersbury, in Wiltshire.—He appeared weak and unlikely to live; and was, on that account, baptized the day of his birth. His father, a man of talents, virtue, and religion, was at great pains to give young ADDISON early and deep impressions of piety and morality. He sowed the seeds of that probity and benevolence, that rational Christianity, which afterwards came to such maturity. His parochial duties, which he discharged with the most conscientious zeal; his writings in defence of that church of which he was a member, of that religion which he professed, rendered it impossible for the Doctor to undertake the literary education of his son. He therefore committed him to the tuition of the Reverend Mr. NASH, a respectable clergyman, and schoolmaster at Ambersbury. After spending some time with Mr. NASH, the Doctor sent his son to Mr. TAYLOR, a clergyman in Salisbury.

When ADDISON had compleated his eleventh year, his father was made Dean of Litchfield. Though perfectly satisfied with Mr. TAYLOR, Doctor ADDISON wished his son not to be left at so early an age at such

a distance from himself; therefore carried him with him to his Deanery, and placed him with Mr. SHAW, Master of the school in the city to which he removed. Of this part of his life biographers have given very little account. The story of a *barring-out*, is all we know concerning young ADDISON, whilst under the tuition of Mr. SHAW.

A practice obtained about fifty years ago in many schools, at the approach of the holidays, of *barring-out* the Master. Elated with the thought of emancipation from the power of the Master, and of the pleasures of being at home, of which they anticipated the enjoyment, they disregarded authority, which was on the point of terminating, without reflecting that it would be ere long resumed. When they had obeyed, they at that season resolved to command, and like other votaries of new liberty, they endeavoured, by licentiousness, to indemnify themselves for their former compelled submission, and, in their opinion, the oppresion of their Ruler.---- They took possession of the school, barricaded the doors, to prevent his entrance, and, not contented with the victory without the triumph, from the window breathed defiance against the Preceptor. For boys either in age or knowledge will not be satisfied with that security from evil, which is the end of liberty, but will add useles insult to those whose power they have feared and felt. The Master either was, or pretended to be very vigilant in guarding against this exclusion. In consequence of his apparent precautions, the boys believed *barring-out* a difficult enterprise. The greatness of the difficulty enhanced the pleasure of success. The directors in so arduous an undertaking, were the boys whose superior wisdom and courage could best concert plans, and facilitate execution. ADDISON, at the early age of twelve, planned and conducted an operation of this sort. The fortress was seized, Mr. SHAW, the Governor, excluded.

From Litchfield ADDISON was removed to the Charter-House,

House, where Doctor Ellis was then Master. From the specimens he gave of his classical attainments soon after he went to the University, he must have made very considerable proficiency at school. At the Charter-House he contracted an intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which lasted as long as he lived, and which their joint literary exertions have so effectually transmitted to posterity.

At the early age of fifteen he was sent to Queen's College at Oxford. Genius expands, as the field widens on which it is exerted: its intrinsic force and velocity are increased by extrinsic impulse. Removed to a society where there were so many models to imitate, and competitors to excel, he directed himself with unremitting assiduity to the attainment of knowledge, and to the exertion of genius. The knowledge most greedily sought, and most highly valued, in the society of which he was a member, he most diligently pursued. In those exercises which led chiefly to fame, he studied most ardently to excel. Classical learning, long held in the highest estimation at Oxford, was the principal object of his attention. Latin poetry, there one of the chief roads to eminence, first procured him distinction.

Besides the prevalence of classical studies at the University wherein he resided, there was a still more powerful cause that concurred in attaching him to the Greek and Roman Writers. There was evidently in the mind of Addison a natural congeniality with the most elegant and pleasing of ancient Authors. We see in his writings much of that elegance, unaffected good sense, simplified philosophy, and sound morality, which are common to the greater number of the most eminent of the Writers in question, whatever other excellences they may have severally peculiar to themselves. His wit and humour resemble that of the Augustan age, delicate without feebleness: his satire, though smooth, is poignant; the satire not of a Juvenal, but of a Horace.

Had Addison been educated at Cambridge instead

of at Oxford, it is probable, from the bent of his mind, that LUCIAN, THEOPHRASTUS, and XENEPHON, HORACE, VIRGIL, and CICERO, would have been more frequently perused by him than BARROW or NEWTON. When he was seventeen years of age, a paper of his verses in the Latin language fell by accident into the hands of Doctor LANCASTER, then Fellow, afterwards Provost of Queen's College. The Doctor was so pleased with them, that he undertook the patronage of their Author. By Doctor LANCASTER's interest he was chosen into Magdalen College as a *Demy*, a term in that society of the same import with that of *Scholar* in other Colleges. He in a few years became very celebrated for his Latin poetry. Whatever may have been ADDISON's celebrity at Oxford for his compositions in Latin verse, little of his literary character rests now on those performances. Indeed, to allow them much value in appreciating his talents, would be a very great degradation of the genius of an ADDISON. If we compare them with the common run of Anglo Latin poems, performances that shew the Authors to be acquainted with merely the language and versification, the verses in question must rank very high. The numbers are smooth and harmonious; the style is pure, and even elegant; the composition correct. As POETRY, their merit is by no means considerable. The thoughts are generally just, but rarely new or vigorous; the imagery exact, but not animated; the personages uninteresting.

His style is not formed on any particular model, but is the result of general knowledge of the language.

His Latin poems, handed down to us, are eight in number. 1. Peace restored to Europe through WILLIAM III.—2. Description of a Barometer.—3. A Battle between the Pigmies and the Cranes.—4. On the Resurrection, from a Painting in one of the Chapels.—5. A Bowling Green.—6. An Ode to Doctor HAINES, a Physician and Poet.—7. The Dancing Puppets.—8. An

8. An Ode to Doctor BURNET, Author of the Theory of the Earth.

When we consider the subjects of some of these poems, we expect from the genius of ADDISON much more excellence than we find. The peace of Ryswic successfully concluded a war undertaken by the instigation of WILLIAM to recover the balance of power, and preserve the independence of *Europe*. After, first, defending his own country from foreign invasion, delivering ours from domestic usurpation, WILLIAM headed a confederacy, formed by his wisdom and his vigour, against LOUIS XIV. who wished to reduce England under the arbitrary sway of a tyrant depending on himself, and to subjugate the rest of Europe. By the efforts of WILLIAM, LOUIS was stopped in his ambitious career, and compelled to acknowledge that man as Chief Magistrate of England, on whom the people were pleased to confer the office. Ends more noble than WILLIAM pursued, or success more glorious than their attainment, cannot well be imagined. It would naturally have been expected, that a poet would, on such a subject, have chiefly insisted on the discomfiture of unjust ambition, and the triumph of liberty and independence. Instead of dwelling on the *ends*, ADDISON's poem is chiefly concerning the military operations of WILLIAM, and the admiration they produced. WILLIAM, as every reader must know, was much more distinguished for the wisdom of his counsels, than the splendour of his warlike achievements. His success was owing to a regular concatenation of measures, which would stand the test of political and philosophical investigation, more than to exploits which could be the theme of poetical description. Of the establishment of liberty he hardly says a word.—There are, however, it must be acknowledged, some beautiful passages in this poem.

When a Writer of genius descends to subjects apparently insignificant, we expect that, though literally

unimportant, they are to be really the vehicles of amusement or instruction; of wit, humour, or useful precepts. The *Bowling Green* of ADDISON might have given occasion for lessons of wise and steady conduct; the *Puppets*, for strong moral and political satire. Nothing of this kind is attempted. The former is merely a very exact description of a party at bowls, in smooth well turned verse: the latter, in similar language and numbers of the movements of a *puppet-show*.

On the whole, we think ADDISON's Latin poetry much inferior to his English, and still more to his prose.—This comparative inferiority we impute to the nature of the composition. There can be no doubt that even those most conversant with a dead language, can never attain such fluency in it, as in one which they daily hear. The superior difficulty of the style renders more attention to it necessary, and lessens in proportion attention to the matter. Mr. ADDISON is not the only instance of men who have displayed great genius in their vernacular language, without transfusing that genius into their Latin writings. Even the poems of MILTON in that tongue, though written in most classical, elegant language, and musical numbers, do not discover very great force of invention, or vigour of sentiment.

ADDISON, as well as MILTON, only whilst he was a *young* man, devoted any part of his time to *Latin* verses. Both probably considered them as *exercises* for youth, but not as *employment* for manhood.

ADDISON was twenty-one years of age before he published any thing in his own language. The first performance in English which he submitted to the public, was a copy of verses addressed to Mr. DRYDEN.—This procured him the applause of that celebrated Writer, and other excellent judges. Not long afterwards he published a translation of all the fourth Georgic, except the episode of ARISTŒUS. On this translation Mr. DRYDEN bestowed very great praise, and said, alluding to the subject of the poem, "*after*

ADDISON's

DISON's *bees, my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving.*" He wrote also a discourse on the Georgics, which is prefixed to them as a preface to DRYDEN's translation. Criticism requires enlarged knowledge and mature experience. The essay in question bears marks of a mind which, when enriched by knowledge, and strengthened by systematic exercise, would be qualified to decide concerning works of genius, taste, and literature; but is itself by no means a specimen of the extensive learning, acuteness, and discrimination of intellect necessary to constitute an able Critic. The ensuing year ADDISON published a set of verses, containing a character of the principal English Poets, inscribed to HENRY, afterwards the noted Dr. SACHEVERELL. Between that gentleman and ADDISON there subsisted a strict intimacy.

Mr. SACHEVERELL at that time professed revolution principles, as would appear, were there no other evidence, from the poem itself. This is honourable to ADDISON, as it shews, that when he differed afterwards with the Doctor, he only adhered to the principles he had uniformly maintained, and which SACHEVERELL had deserted.

Though many of those trite adages which are to be met with in all languages are just, and founded on general experience, some of them are very disputable, or at least admit of great limitations. The hacknied observation, that persons of similar characters generally associate, is far from being universally true. Intimacy does not necessarily imply either similarity of talents, of dispositions, or of habits. Sameness of situation, likeness of circumstances, accidental coincidence of interest and of prospects, and other causes, that have no relation either to the intellectual or moral qualities, will, on accurate examination, be found to produce more intimacies than either similarity of head or of heart.

Few characters could be more different than those of SACHEVERELL and of ADDISON. The former was a man

of talents hardly reaching mediocrity; the latter, of eminent genius. SACHEVERELL, with his scanty portion of merit, was confident and assuming. ADDISON, with the richest fund of merit, was diffident and modest. The former was the violent, bigotted votary of arbitrary power; the latter, the moderate friend of rational liberty. SACHEVERELL was drawn into notice by party prejudice; ADDISON attained eminence by genius, learning, and virtue.

The verses addressed to SACHEVERELL bespeak a mind farther advanced in critical ability, than the essay on the Georgics, but not yet arrived at that perfection which it was destined to reach. The character of SPENCER is just and discriminate. The excellences of COWLEY, his force and copiousness of thought, his wit, nervous and brilliant, are pourtrayed with exact skill; but his defects, his strained conceits, and far-fetched phrases, are passed unnoticed. In his character of DRYDEN we see the natural exaggeration of juvenile fondness towards a man of the first rank in genius and literature, whose applause of his early labours reflected a lustre on his dawning reputation, and agreeably flattered his self-love. Of DRYDEN he says,

> "Great DRYDEN next! whose tuneful Muse affords
> The sweetest numbers and the fittest words;
> Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
> She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears."

Every reader, conversant in English literature, must admire DRYDEN as the refiner of the language, and the polisher of the verse of English poetry—as the father of English criticism, as the man who first taught his countrymen to judge concerning literary works on general principles, formed by induction from experience. His mind was by nature extremely vigorous and comprehensive, and enriched by extensive knowledge. Ratiocination prevailed in him much more than sensibility. His dramatic are perhaps the least deserving of panegyric,

of

of all his performances. His comedies very frequently, though replete with wit, instead of exciting smiles, as asserted in the verses just quoted, disgust by their grossness, or tire by the improbability of the situations and characters. His tragedies, by their fustian and extravagant rant, though they contain many striking passages, oftener move *laughter* than *tears*. DRYDEN adapted his dramatic compositions entirely to the vitiated taste which then prevailed. From the vigour of his intellect, and his critical acuteness, we may safely conclude, that he himself saw many of the defects of his dramatic performances. However that may be, the existence of such defects shews the injustice of such unqualified *praise*.

The delicate taste of ADDISON, even though it had not then attained the correctness of more advanced years, and more expanded observation, could not but relish the wonderful excellence of the great MILTON. He feels with sensibility, and describes with force, the sublimity of our epic bard.

A portion of the poem, devoted to the merits of MONTAGUE, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom CONGREVE had introduced him, somewhat exaggerates his poetical talents.

In the close he insinuates a design he had formed of going into orders, to which he had been strongly solicited both by his father and by members of the University. This remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for embracing the clerical profession, proved obstacles instead of inducements. These very qualities represented the duty of the priesthood as too weighty for him. The advice of MONTAGUE had also considerable influence in preventing ADDISON from becoming a clergyman. He adduced the corruption of men of business, who wanted a liberal education, as a reason why ADDISON, for the good of the State, should devote his talents and literature to a civil profession. MONTAGUE, who in common with other friends of the Revolution, had, by high churchmen,

churchmen, been represented as an enemy to the ecclesiastical establishment, declared he would never do any injury to the church but by withholding ADDISON from the priesthood. Whether he thereby did, or did not do an injury to the church, depends on the view we take of the duties and relations of a churchman. If we consider a clergyman as a member of a Christian community, whose office it is to teach and stimulate men to become virtuous and religious, the talents and learning, piety and morality of ADDISON rendered him eminently qualified for so important an employment. But if we consider a man in orders as a member of a corporate body, having views and interests peculiar to itself, and not necessarily connected with the public advantage, ADDISON as a priest would not have been thought an advantageous accession by the majority of the members who then composed the corporation.

He was uniformly the warm friend of liberty, and the strenuous advocate of the Revolution, the Succession, and other measures resulting from principles of freedom. Like other enlightened members of the church of England, he was the friend of toleration. His enlarged and candid mind estimated men by the conformity of their practice to the rules of morality and religion, not of their speculative opinions to the dogmata of any other individuals. Such a man would have been considered by the *high* churchmen, who were then much more numerous than the *low*, as inimical to their cause; since, from the prevalence of such principles, they raised the cry, "that the church was in danger."

Highly qualified as ADDISON was for fulfilling the *real* duties of a Christian priest, much as he might have advanced the cause of virtue and religion in a professional capacity, yet has he been of still more service to both as a layman. By adding to the natural beauty of wisdom, goodness, and holiness, the adventitious charms of gaiety, elegance, wit, and humour, he has rendered them

them more strongly and universally attractive. No sermons could have been so persuasive to the generality of readers as the essays in the Tatler, Guardian, and Spectator.

The following year he published a poem addressed to King WILLIAM, with a preface to LordS OMMERS.

This poem is entitled to considerable praise. The most striking circumstances are selected with judgment. The descriptions are just and poetical. The sentiments issue from a breast warmed with a love of liberty, and zealous for the happiness of mankind. After describing the wisely concerted plans, and vigorous enterprises of the English and their King, he rises to their chief merit, the beneficial ends which they promoted, the preservation and extension of civil and religious freedom. The following lines must, to every impartial reader of history, appear an animated picture of the Deliverer of Britain and Preserver of Europe.

"His toils for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind:
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:
Opprest religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword."

The address to LOUIS the XIV. in the same poem, exhibits, in a few nervous lines, the character of that Prince, and the miseries which his vanity and ambition produced to his own subjects and the rest of mankind. The poem in question procured him the patronage of Lord SOMMERS. Through his noble patron, the King in 1699 bestowed on him a pension of 300l. a year, to enable him to travel.

During his travels through Italy, he collected his remarks on the country, composed his Dialogues on Medals, and four acts of CATO. From Italy he wrote an epis-

epistolary poem to MONTAGUE, now become Lord HALLIFAX, generally reckoned one of the best of his poetical performances. To exquisite beauty and harmony it joins a great portion both of the descriptive and sentimental sublime. Amidst its excellences the address to liberty stands eminently conspicuous. ADDISON embraces every opportunity of celebrating freedom. Few could be more favourable than the description of a country beautiful and picturesque, which soil and climate conspire to render rich in the most pleasing and useful productions, where the fine arts concur with bounteous nature in administering delight; yet doomed to distress and misery from the prevalence of despotism. The praises of freedom are forcible without exaggeration, animated without extravagance. In all ADDISON's writings, the LIBERTY recommended, is that moderate, wisely regulated liberty, which experience shews to be productive of solid and permanent happiness; not that unrestrained licence which fanciful visionaries conceive, or hot-headed enthusiasts desire, but which experience shews to be productive of anarchy and misery.

When ADDISON returned in 1702, his friends were out of the Ministry, and his pension was discontinued. His hopes of rising were for a time blasted; the meanness of his appearance denoted indigence. He soon published, and dedicated to Lord SOMMERS, his travels, which form a large comment on the poem to Lord HALLIFAX. Two great objects ADDISON pursues in his travels—the recommendation of the classic Writers, and the promotion of sentiments of liberty. This performance abounds in useful information and judicious reflections. At first it was not understood, and did not succeed. By degrees, as men of ability and learning considered it with closer attention, they formed a higher opinion of its merits. The demand for it became progressively greater, until the price rose at last to five times the original value. The description of the republic

public of St. Marino is peculiarly amusing and interesting.

For upwards of two years he remained at home, without any opportunity of exerting his genius, or of obtaining any reward for what he had done.

In Winter, 1704, Lord GODOLPHIN, the Lord Treasurer, happened to complain to HALLIFAX that there had been no poem written on the victory of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH at Blenheim, worthy of such a subject, and requested of his Lordship to propose it to a man more adequate to the theme. HALLIFAX recommended ADDISON, but required that his Lordship should apply to him in his own person. GODOLPHIN sent a message by Mr. BOYLE, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in such terms as prevailed upon ADDISON to undertake the task. ADDISON shewed the work to the Treasurer, when no farther advanced than the famous simile of the Angel. GODOLPHIN immediately shewed his high opinion of the production, by appointing the Author to succeed the celebrated Mr. LOCKE as Commissioner of Appeals. This poem contains a view of the military transactions of 1704, and is entitled The Campaign. The two great actions of Schellenberg and Blenheim are described with historical accuracy, combined with poetic animation and grandeur. The wisdom, foresight, vigour, activity, and courage of MARLBOROUGH, leading and animating his brave soldiers to victory; his calm, intrepid heroism, allowing him, in the time of imminent danger, the full undisturbed exertion of his great mind, most effectually to insure success, is exhibited with a sublimity adequate to the exalted theme. The moral of the poem is excellent, by shewing the close connection between great qualities, exerted in their full force, and the attainment of great objects. Striking as are many passages of this performance, the effect of the whole would have been more compleat, had there been more compression and more unity. He is too circumstantial in his detail

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of military operations. The rapidity of MARLBOROUGH's progress, the forcing of the lines at Schellenberg, and the victory at Blenheim, producing the salvation of the Germanic Empire, would have made ONE great compleat action, and aggrandized the hero without any additional matter. The subsequent proceedings of the Campaign after the enemy was discomfited, were comparatively of little difficulty, and therefore of little grandeur. The annexation of these transactions leaves the impression of the glorious Blenheim less entire on the mind.

The Campaign met with loud and general applause, as might have been expected from the subject, though the poem had been much less perfect. The next year our Author attended Lord HALLIFAX to Hanover. In 1706 he was chosen Under Secretary to Sir CHARLES HEDGES, then appointed Secretary of State. The Earl of SUNDERLAND a few months after succeeded Sir CHARLES HEDGES, and continued Mr. ADDISON in the same office.

At this time there prevailed a general taste for Italian operas. The musical pieces in that language were equally distinguished for the deficiency of sense and the fineness of sound. In No. 5. of the Spectator we have a very particular account of the variegated absurdity and nonsense of the operatical pieces, scenery, and machinery of those days. They consisted of a mixture of scenes real and imaginary; *enchanted* chariots drawn by *Flanders* mares, *real* cascades in *artificial* landscapes, sparrows flying about in *painted* groves; with many other exhibitions no less childish and unnatural than our modern pantomimes, calculated for *children* of all ages.

In No. 18. ADDISON gives us a history of the progress of the Italian opera on the English stage. At one time some of the actors were Italians, others English. Lovers often could not carry on their dialogues without an interpreter. "The audience, (says ADDISON) tired of understanding half the opera, and to ease them-

themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is in an unknown tongue." Trifling and ridiculous as such performances were, yet the brilliant wit and energetic humour of a CONGREVE, and the pathos of an OTWAY, were abandoned for the Italian opera. Music, ADDISON observes, is certainly a very agreeable entertainment; but when it usurps the attention due to arts that have a much more powerful tendency to refine human nature, then it is pernicious.

From the operas that were then presented to the public, an idea was entertained that it was impossible to introduce sense in one of those performances. Lord HALLIFAX, and other persons of taste and distinction, importuned ADDISON to try, in our own language, a musical drama which might combine intellect with harmony. He accordingly undertook the task, and composed *Rosamond*. *Rosamond* is one of the most pleasing of ADDISON's poetical compositions. The subject is chosen with judgment; the fable is agreeable and interesting; the thoughts are just, and generally vigorous; the imagery beautiful; the sentiments natural, and often tender; the versification easy and harmonious. The songs are good, but inferior to the thoughts, sentiments, and language.

The success of operatical pieces has always depended much more on the music than on the sentiments, humour, or manners. The adaptation of songs to the voice of some applauded singer is of infinitely more weight in procuring a *run*, than the conformation of the characters to real life.

Rosamond did not succeed on the stage: the music was *not* Italian; it was not *like* the operas that had been generally performed, in any thing else, but in introducing songs in situations in which people do not usually sing. Written with sense and genius, it bore no other resemblance to Italian operas. It was hissed and rejected. Though ADDISON's attempt of combining sense with

with opera, from its novelty, was unsuccessful on the stage, yet has it been productive of advantage as to theatrical pieces. Men of genius have since followed his plan of excluding nonsense from monopolizing operas, and have rendered intellect palatable, by accompanying it with *stage effect*, in which he was deficient. Without this, probably even the vigorous observation and just moral satire of *The Beggar's Opera*; the humour, wit, and genius of *The Duenna*, would have been but coldly received by a theatrical audience.

ADDISON, conscious that *Rosamond* merited a different judgment, determined to refer it to a much less fallible tribunal. He published it, inscribed to the Dutchess of MARLBOROUGH.

This inscription is censured by no less a Critic than Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, because the Dutchess was a woman without skill, or pretensions to skill in poetry or literature. "His dedication, (says the Doctor) was an instance of servile absurdity to be exceeded only by JOSHUA BARNES's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the Duke." Highly as we reverence so eminent authority, yet we must confess, we think JOHNSON's charge of *servile absurdity* severe, and the comparison degrading. Inscriptions and dedications, as appears from general practice, are considered as solicitations of patronage, not of advice; or as expressions of respect either for situation or general character; or of gratitude for services from the objects; not as acknowledgments of their critical abilities. The inscription to a Lady of the first rank and consequence, and of eminent talents, though she did not pretend to literature, of a performance which contained a just and high panegyric on her husband, does not stamp the inscriber with the character of either servility or absurdity. JOSHUA BARNES's dedication of ANACREON to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH was no doubt, egregiously absurd. He dedicated to a hero the works of a poet who sung only love and drinking, though that hero not only did not understand the language

guage of the poem to which his patronage was entreated, but also of the dedication in which that patronage was asked.

The Opera, which had been exploded on the stage, was, and is universally applauded in the closet.

About this time Sir RICHARD STEELE produced a Comedy entitled *The Tender Husband*. Mr. ADDISON wrote the prologue, which was very humorous, apposite, and much admired. Sir RICHARD dedicated to him the play in a style worthy of the object.

In 1709, the Marquis of WHARTON being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, insisted that Mr. ADDISON should accompany him into that kingdom as his Secretary. Queen ANNE, to whom he had been recommended by the Dutchess of MARLBOROUGH, entertained a very high opinion of our Author, and, as a mark of her favour and esteem, augmented the salary annexed to the place of Keeper of the Records to 300l. a year, and bestowed it on ADDISON. When he was in office, SWIFT informs us, he established a rule to himself never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends. "I may," said he, "have a hundred friends," and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than the two. The evil suffered, therefore, beyond all proportion exceeds the benefit done."

Whilst Mr. ADDISON was in Ireland, Sir RICHARD STEELE began to publish the *Tatler*, which appeared for the first time April 12, 1709. ADDISON discovered STEELE to be the Author, from an observation on VIRGIL, which he himself had communicated to his friend. The remark in question was concerning the judgment of VIRGIL, in omitting, on one occasion, the usual epithet of *pius*, or *pater*, to ÆNEAS. That occasion was, when he meets with DIDO in the cave: where *pius* would have been absurd, and *pater* a burlesque. He therefore substitutes in their place *Dux Trojanus*, the Trojan Leader.

This discovery led him to afford STEELE assistances, which contributed considerably to advance the reputation of the periodical work.

On the change of the Ministry, ADDISON, with the other Whigs, lost his political employment, and thereby found more leisure to devote himself to literary pursuits and exercises. He now engaged more frequently in the Tatler. Such was the superiority of ADDISON's writing, that Sir RICHARD said, that he himself fared like a distressed prince, who called a powerful neighbour to his aid, and was undone by his auxiliary.

January 2, 1711, the Tatler concluded, without the participation of ADDISON. In the last Paper Sir RICHARD has given to Mr. ADDISON the honour of the most applauded essays in that performance. That acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without being accompanied with a specification of the particular essays. After the decease of ADDISON, it was necessary to have a complete collection of his works. His papers in the Guardian and Spectator had appropriate marks; in the Tatler they had not.

Mr. TICKELL, in consequence of the desire of the deceased ADDISON, requested Sir RICHARD to shew him those essays in the Tatler, which their friend had written. Sir RICHARD marked them with his own hand, and pointed out several papers in which they were jointly concerned.

Of the Tatler in general we shall speak particularly, when we come to treat of the Life of STEELE.

Among the Tatlers of ADDISON, the most celebrated are the *Distinguishing Characters of Men and Women, under the name of Musical Instruments*; *the Distress of the News Writers*; *the Inventory of the Play-House*; and *the Description of the Thermometer*; *the Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul and the glorious Prospects of another Life*. They abound in wit and chaste delicate humour, when he is gay; in just and wise observation, in sound ethics and theology, when he is serious; they

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are formed to please the taste, to amuse the imagination, to inform the understanding, and to improve the heart.

The Tatler afforded specimens of the talents, learning, and composition of ADDISON. The full display of his excellences was reserved for the *Spectator*.

The plan of this celebrated work was concerted between ADDISON and STEELE soon after the Tatler had ceased. The first paper appeared March 1, 1711. The work was continued daily to December 8, 1712. Mr. ADDISON furnished by much the greater number of those papers, both gay and serious, which are most liked and admired.

To form a comprehensive idea of the ends pursued, and the means employed in this great literary production, it is necessary to consider the character and manners of the age in which it was written.

Inimical as the reign of CHARLES II. was to the political interests of England, yet was it still more pernicious to her morals. The dissolute manners of the Court had infected the nation in general. The vitiated spirit transfused itself particularly into the literature of the time. The most eminent Writers, by the abuse of their powers, to please the Court and its imitators, were the panders of vice, instead of being the promoters of virtue. Perversion of moral sentiment was accompanied by depravity of taste. Indecency sullied the brilliancy of wit, grossness disfigured the beauty of elegant composition.

Theatrical representations, which have so powerful an effect in forming the taste and manners of the time, were peculiarly licentious. Even the pathos of Tragedy was intermixed with ribaldry. Comedy was of the most immoral tendency. Seduction, unprincipled extravagance, and debauchery, formed the prominent features of the hero's character. Avowed profligacy, contempt of moral and religious duties, were necessary constituents of the fine gentleman, held forth as a pattern for imitation. So accomplished, he is sure to be rewarded for

his deserts, by the possession of the richest and most beautiful woman in the piece. If an honest sober character made his appearance, he is sure to be either ridiculed or defrauded.

What rendered such exhibitions the more dangerous, was the genius of the Authors. The vigorous intellect, wit, and humour of WYCHERLY rendered his libertinism infinitely more agreeable, than it would have been from mere coincidence with the manners of the age. Though the corruption of the Court may have been the principal cause of this vitiated taste, yet did not the depravity cease when the Court became more virtuous. In the succeeding age, both literature and manners retained a deep tincture of the reign of CHARLES. CONGREVE, though less indecent than DRYDEN and WYCHERLY, is by no means friendly to morality. Folly he exposes with characterizing humour, strong and brilliant wit. Vice he occasionally lashes, but more frequently paints in the most attractive colours. The fool, the braggart, the coward, are finely ridiculed. The debauchee, the spend-thrift, the seducer, are adorned with the most pleasing qualities, and crowned with success. Other familiar writings abounded in the same corrupting ingredients as Comedy.

In real life, as well as in fictitious exhibition, looseness of manners, sprightly licentiousness, formed a part of the character of a man of ingenuity, breeding, and refinement. To correct so erroneous ideas, to turn men from impropriety, folly, and vice, to propriety, wisdom, and virtue, was the principal object of the Spectator. Wit, humour, and elegance, had been employed in varnishing error, and bedecking wickedness: here they are exercised in adorning justness of thought and rectitude of conduct.

The philosophy inculcated is of the highest importance; comprehending the principles of conduct towards God and man, and the reasons in which these principles are founded. This philosophy is simplified to ordinary

capacities. The ethics and religion are of the purest kind. Criticism is superadded, comprehending both the general principles of composition, and such as are peculiar to the several species, and illustrated by particular examinations of eminent works. Themes then new, in the natural history of the human mind, are skilfully handled. In short, most subjects of literature are discussed.

These instructive and important topics are agreeably interspersed with topics of pleasantry and amusement. The serious and gay relieve each other by a most judicious distribution.

The dramatic form which the Spectator assumed, has afforded occasion for much pleasing and useful matter.

The character of Sir Roger de Coverly is admirably supported by Mr. Addison. The Knight is drawn as a person of great probity and benevolence of heart, mixed with an eccentricity and singularity which stamped his sentiments, words, and actions. This peculiarity is made to arise, in some degree, from the operation of disappointment on a mind of more gentleness than ardent sensibility or force; but chiefly from an original cast of temper, combined with the prejudices attached to certain circumstances and situations acting on limited intellects and humane dispositions. In nothing that he has written do we see the exquisite humour of Addison more than in the character of Sir Roger; at his house, in church, with his tenants, with his servants, with his dependants, with his friends; at the play, at Vauxhall, at Westminster Abbey; in his tenets, his observations, his behaviour, we see the same exact and nice features, the same delicate colouring. The idea Addison had formed of Sir Roger, he would not suffer to be violated. So tender was he of his character, that when Sir Richard describes him as meeting a girl in the Temple, supposing her a fine lady, and treating her in a tavern, Addison insisted with his friend never to interfere with

Sir Roger in future. He himself some time after killed the Knight, as he humorously expresses it, that no one else might murder him.

The character of the Spectator is likewise exactly supported by Addison. He is uniformly taciturn, observing, and reflecting. He visits every public place, sees and hears what is going on, but never speaks. In Sir Richard's hands he does not always act so consistently. On one occasion he is described as going to visit a friend with an intention of *rallying* him; an amusement not very natural to a person who hardly ever uttered any words but *monosyllables*.

Will Honeycomb is also in many particulars ably pourtrayed by our Author. An antiquated beau, good humoured, lively, superficial, illiterate, abounding in fashionable cant phrases and common-place jests, boasting of conquests he had never made, and of acts of wickedness he had never committed; seeking applause, by falsely pretending to what, if true, would deserve disgrace.

In one particular the character of Will, even as drawn by Addison, is, we apprehend, unnatural. He is described as *absent* in company. In a dangling beau, we generally find the attention of troublesome officiousness, not the inattention of absence.

The other members of the club belong chiefly to Sir Richard.

Short as Will Wimble's appearance is in the Spectator, yet is the lesson taught by his history important—good dispositions, activity, and industry, from the mismanagement of his parents, are altogether useless to himself and others. The pride of his family would not suffer him to betake himself to trade, for which, with even his moderate parts, he was, by the qualities just mentioned, well adapted. The vanity which would restrain the well born of no fortune and narrow capacities, from professions in which that narrowness of understanding would be no impediment to the acquisition of riches, Addison

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fails not to expose. Since his time, the folly of debarring young men of family from commercial employments, and thereby suffering them to be dependent idle gentlemen, rather than independent active traders, is now decreasing, though it has not altogether ceased. ADDISON has the merit of being one of the first that placed it in a striking light.

The papers of MR. ADDISON are either parts of whole discussions, or detached essays. Of the first kind are the numbers on true and false wit. He begins with drawing the general characters of true and false wit and humour. A beautiful allegory describes the sources from whch they are severally derived, the general appearance they exhibit, and the objects for which they are exerted. Truth was the father of good sense; good sense of wit; from whom, so sprung, issued humour. On the other hand, falsehood was the father of nonsense; nonsense of false wit and false humour.

"False wit," says he, "is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries. He so much delights in mimickry, that it is allowed to him, whether he exposes vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty. He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch, that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. Being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous for the sake of being so. His ridicule is always personal, aimed at the vicious man or writer, not at the vice or writing." Our Author proceeds to trace the history of *false wit*, to distinguish the several kinds of it, and insists particularly on those which were in his time most prevalent.

He goes over rebusses, anagrams, connundrums, acrostics, and puns; and with exquisite humour exposes the vanity and folly which give them birth. The whole concludes with a description and definition of true wit, taken from LOCKE, and illustrated by examples.

This treatise alone would establish ADDISON's character for wit, humour, and knowledge of the human mind. It was admirably adapted to general utility, and actually produced the effect he desired. It banished the acrostics, puns, and other absurdities, which disfigured beautiful composition: so that since his time they make their appearance in none but the most frivolous performances. It caused a general disrelish for *false*, and relish for *true wit*.

ADDISON is accused of not having entered into the subject with philosophical accuracy and depth. Concerning this charge, we must observe, that our Author was the first who professedly treated of those operations of the mind. That farther enquiry produced discoveries which escaped Mr. ADDISON, is certainly true. Our ideas of wit and humour may be more accurate and complete, from perusing the writings of a KAIMS, a GERARD, and a CAMPBELL, than they could have been from ADDISON's. But that is not the smallest derogation to the character of our Author. ADDISON drew masterly outlines, which is all that has ever been done by any of the first enquirers into any operation of mind. His draught shewed what was, and what was not consistent with a just taste.

To have entered profoundly into the causes why wit pleases, would not have produced the effect he intended. Knowledge was then much less generally diffused than now. Philosophical discussions were confined to a few. To convey instruction to the many, detail was more fitted than generalization; familiar example than abstract reasoning. As his paper was addressed to the many, it would have been unwise to be profound, because to them unintelligible. He therefore acted judiciously in taking a contrary course, and answered an important purpose, by dispelling false taste, and introducing true.

Another treatise by Mr. ADDISON in the Spectator, on a subject before untouched in the natural history of the

the human mind, is the essay on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*. On this subject the taste, knowledge, and genius of our Author appear to very great advantage. He begins with considering the comparative perfection of our senses, and traces the pleasures of the imagination to sight, the most perfect of them. He divides the pleasures in question into *primary* and *secondary*. He denominates those *primary*, which proceed from objects before our eyes; *secondary*, those which result from objects that suggest the idea of the primary. He marks the rank they hold between the pleasures of sense and of understanding.

The primary pleasures he derives from three sources---the *great*, the *new*, the *beautiful*. He describes the emotions these severally cause, and, with great appearance of truth, assigns the final causes, why such objects excite such emotions. He applies his general principles to works of nature; shews their superiority; applies the same principles to works of art addressed to the sight; shews that works of art are the more pleasing, the more they resemble those of nature. He goes through gardening, plantations, architecture, as affecting the imagination. He illustrates by examples his observations concerning the works of art and of nature. In illustrating the former he discovers exquisite taste; the latter, a fine fancy.

He proceeds to what he terms the secondary pleasures of the imagination---those which result from ideas arising from visible objects. Under this head he considers statuary, painting, description, and music; and compares their effects. He endeavours to account for the pleasure they produce, from the resemblance the mind traces between the ideas we have of such objects themselves, and these their representatives. On the same principle he accounts for the pleasure resulting from wit and humour. He ends the essay with describing the literature that pleases the imagination. He supposes an analogy between the causes that please

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our fancy in literary compositions and certain proportions and colours that would please the eye. In his assignation of final causes, he takes every opportunity of placing in the clearest light the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being.

This essay bears the most unequivocal marks of genius, and considering he was the first that wrote on the subject, shews that he was not unacquainted with philosophical discussion. We find his philosophy indeed not equal to his genius, but for one travelling in an untrodden path, generally accurate as far as he goes, and, in what he calls his primary pleasures, well founded.

In his secondary he seems to us to err, in attributing them to an indirect reference to objects of sight, where the pleasure has not necessarily any such reference.—Even in statuary and painting, the pleasure consists not in the reference to certain visible objects, for then the reference would not be pleasing, unless the objects referred to were pleasing, but in the resemblance itself. The novelty, beauty, or grandeur of the object imitated, may increase the pleasure, but it is the *imitation* itself that produces it. ADDISON is aware of this, and endeavours, after stating the pleasure from imitation as one of the secondary, to bring it under the head of the pleasures of the understanding. "A picture," says he, "excites a certain image; we are pleased with it for its fitness to produce the idea of that image; but if we examine the operation of our own minds, we shall find that our approbation of imitative performances does not wait for such judgments of the understanding." The pleasure of imitation seems to be as much a primary pleasure as those from great, new, and beautiful objects. The pleasure of wit and humour seems to us totally unconnected with visible objects. These may accidentally contribute to it, but are not necessary. Neither has the pleasures of sound any necessary reference to objects of sight. Dr. GERRARD has clearly shewn that the pleasures of imitation, ridicule, and harmony, are primary, as well as of novelty, beauty,

beauty, and grandeur. The analogy between the causes that please us in literary works, and certain pleasing objects of sight, appears to us fanciful. Many of the thoughts, sentiments, and characters, which afford us exquisite pleasure in books, never suggest to us the slightest idea of visible objects. The analogy between subjects abstract from matter seems to be chiefly in the *emotions they produce* in our minds, not in the *subjects themselves*. Thus we can find no visible resemblance between the impetuosity of a torrent and the impetuosity of a PINDAR. The resemblance we find is in the emotions they excite. Certain sentiments elevate the mind like external greatness; certain sentiments please the mind like external beauty. The former constitute what some Writers call the sentimental sublime; the latter what they call sentimental beauty, from the resemblance of the effect, but not of the objects.

The sources mentioned by ADDISON are certainly the greatest, and on them he enlarged. We see, with many excellences in his discussion, some defects; yet must we remember that it was he who first kindled the light by which those little spots in the beauty of his work are beheld.

The accuracy, learning, and acuteness of a GERRARD has developed the various sources of the pleasures of the imagination. The extensive erudition, brilliant fancy, and inventive genius of a BURKE has thrown new light, beauty, and grandeur on the subject. ADDISON, however, has the merit of commencing the enquiry, and of affording, though not all, at least the principal materials.

The next portion of ADDISON's works in the Spectator which we shall consider, is the criticism on MILTON's *Paradise Lost*. In forming our opinion concerning a literary performance, it is often necessary to know the state of circumstances at the time of its production. On these frequently depends the importance of the object. On its relation to the object, depends

pends, in a great degree, the goodness of the work. Let us apply this observation to the criticism on MILTON.

MILTON, it is well known, never enjoyed, during his life, the character he deserved. His wonderful poem was hardly known for many years. The narrow-minded prejudices of King CHARLES and his Courtiers prevented them from discerning and patronizing extraordinary genius in a man who had supported anti-monarchical principles. They had not sufficient greatness of mind to overlook the political tenets which he had once embraced. The chief Wits were on the side of the Court, and discountenanced the work of a man obnoxious to their patrons. The nation remained ignorant of its excellence. MILTON was left to poverty, his poem to neglect. The public continued for a long time unacquainted with the merits of Paradise Lost. From obscurity it might have sunk to oblivion, had it not met with a man of taste to relish its sublime excellences, inclination and genius to render them publicly known. Such a man it found in our Author.

ADDISON perceived and admired its perfection, and endeavoured to diffuse the knowledge and admiration of so glorious a monument of English genius. His criticism is therefore chiefly to be estimated by its tendency to render that excellence known which was before unknown.

He examines the Paradise Lost by the general principles of epic poetry, formed by Critics from the observation of what pleased in the well known poems of HOMER and VIRGIL. He considers the ACTION, the CHARACTERS, the SENTIMENTS, and the LANGUAGE. He states the constituents of an epic action, *unity*, *entireness*, and *greatness*; shews that it possessed these three qualities, and the last in a superlative degree.

He proceeds next to the *characters*. These he shews to be supported with a discriminate propriety equal to that of HOMER's; and though from the nature of the subject,

subject, not nearly so various as those of the Grecian Poet, yet as much diversified as was possible, consistently with the plan.

In the characters, he proves MILTON to be infinitely superior to VIRGIL. The *sentiments* he demonstrates to be adapted to the characters in those circumstances in which they are placed; the language, by the selection of words and phrases, by metaphors and other figures, and by arrangement, to be raised to a dignity and elevation suitable to the theme.

Sublimity he shews to be the supereminent excellence of MILTON: in that he prefers him even to HOMER. Interspersed with this sublimity, he points out much pleasing beauty and tender pathos, not inferior to those of the Mantuan Bard.

Having discussed the general excellences of Paradise Lost, he enters into the qualifications of a Critic, previously to his mentioning the defects which occasionally spotted the divine beauty of the poem. He touches the imperfect parts with the hesitation of modesty, accounts for them with the candour of liberality; but marks them with the impartiality and discrimination of informed justice.

He next devotes a paper to the particular merits of each book. He, in examining the several books, describes the principal parts of the action contained in them, more especially those that tend to illustrate the passages he cites. In his remarks on those citations he not only shews their general excellence, but the special nature of that excellence; whether it be beauty, sentiment, character, pathos, or sublimity.

His criticism, on the whole, discovers a mind *feelingly alive to every fine impulse*, a taste at once delicate and correct, a genius that catches the spirit it describes, and is fitted to transfuse it into the reader.

It has been objected to this criticism, that it is rather experimental than scientific; that the Author only points out excellences and defects, but does not assign the causes:

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in short, that as a historian, he collects and narrates the facts, but does not as a philosopher investigate and ascertain the principle. "Could he," (says a Right Reverend Prelate, still more distinguished for his learning and ability than for his high rank) "have discovered and produced to observation those peculiar qualities in sentiment which occasion the impression of *grandeur*, *pathos*, &c. this had been advancing the science of criticism very much, as tending to lay open the more secret and hidden springs of that *pleasure* which results from poetical composition." The Doctor* soon after observes, that, though Mr. ADDISON's taste was truly elegant, he wanted that philosophical spirit which is essential to the character of a Critic.

High as the veneration of every man of letters must be for this Writer, great regard will no doubt be paid to his authority. It is however to be observed, that on the same principle, on which he refuses the character of a Critic to Mr. ADDISON, he refuses it also to most of the moderns, and to all the ancients except ARISTOTLE. Even LONGINUS he places in the same predicament. It cannot surely be a degradation of the character of any examiner of fine writing, to be excluded from a title of which LONGINUS, pursuing the same object, was thought unworthy. It may be farther observed, that philosophical criticism is proper or improper, according to the ends pursued, or the objects addressed. In writing to philosophers on subjects in which they know the facts, but have not yet discovered the causes, the investigation of those causes may be highly useful. They, knowing the phenomena, will be able to judge of the reasoning tending to establish the principles; and if that reasoning be just, will acquire, by the perusal of it, scientific knowledge. In addressing the public at large on a subject generally unknown, philosophy would be premature. Before the excellences of MILTON were known

* HURD, Bishop of Winchester.

known and felt, enquiries concerning the causes of those excellences would have been generally unintelligible, and consequently useless. They would have been above the capacity, at least beyond the knowledge of most of his readers. The criticism might have been admired by a few, but MILTON would have still been neglected. By the criticism which ADDISON has given us, he rescued from obscurity, and rendered universally known, the first poem of modern times.

We shall next consider ADDISON's Spectators, as exhibiting life and manners; shewing what they were, and what they ought to be; as persuading men from folly and vice, and inciting them to wisdom and virtue.

Few Authors in the English language have in this respect done so eminent service to mankind. His humour is natural, easy, various, extensive, and delicate; he always characterizes, never descends to caricature. His exposure of vice and folly insinuates itself so gently into the mind, as to render those whom it touches ashamed or grieved for themselves, yet pleased with the satirist. As a reformer of manners, Doctor YOUNG, by a short allegory, shews him to be superior to his celebrated cotemporaries, POPE and SWIFT.

"ADDISON," says he, "prescribed a wholesome and pleasant regimen, which was universally relished, and did much good; POPE preferred a purgative of satire, which, though wholesome, was too painful in its operation. SWIFT insisted on a large dose of epicacuanha, which, though readily swallowed, from the fame of the physician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taste, he threw up the remedy instead of the disease."

In all his humorous papers, we see that the removal or prevention of something inconsistent with prudence, propriety, good sense, morality, or religion, or the recommendation of the contrary, is his object. Thus in his essay on expectation from lotteries, illustrated by a letter from GEORGE GOSLING, consulting the SPECTATOR on the means of laying out the money to which the capital

pital prize amounted before he had drawn it, he exposes the absurdity of forming projects to be executed in circumstances not likely to exist. In his papers on *ladies head-dresses*; the *use of the fan*, so as to correspond with certain emotions of the mind; on the interference of ladies in political parties, the principles they embraced, or the persons they supported, being demonstrated by their patches, or some other appurtenance of dress; on the favourite Authors in a lady's library; on the fluency, copiousness, and topics of female eloquence, mark the little foibles and errors of the fair sex, in such a way as must convince themselves, without displeasing them. JOSIAH FRIBBLE exhibits the folly and bad consequences of extravagant *pin-money*, or a separate source of expenditure to a wife; JOHN ENVILLE, Knight, the imprudence of rich people, of no rank or education, entertaining an ambition of being allied to persons of quality. TIMOTHY DOODLE, who, with his handsome wife and a Colonel in the Army, devoted his time to blindman's buff, when the gentlemen hoodwinked themselves by turns, and the one not blindfolded hid himself for half an hour in holes and corners with the lady, presents to us a picture laughable, yet pitiable of excessive credulity. On such an occasion Mr. ADDISON, with the greatest gentleness, but clearness, unveils the snares that designing wickedness lays for unsuspecting folly. The dissection of a *beau's head*, with the cavities filled with ribbons, lace, embroidery, love letters, dances, vows, promises, protestations, nonsense, and *totally destitute of brains*, though smooth, is keen moral satire. Equally delicate and satirical is the description of a *coquette's heart*, in which there was a number of labyrinths and recesses, which are not found by anatomists in the heart of any other animal; in which there were innumerable little scars, that had been occasioned by darts and arrows, which glanced on the outward surface, but had not penetrated farther; and in which no communication could be discovered between that heart

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and the tongue. The account of NICHOLAS HART, the annual sleeper; the journal of the honest citizen, whose life consisted merely of eating, drinking, walking, and sleeping; the journal of CLARINDA, whose time is divided between a beau and a lap-dog, fashionable amusements and frivolous talk, all convey to us, in soft, insinuating language, a most just and contemptuous idea of insignificance and idleness; the *whistling* and *grinning* matches expose the absurdity of courting distinction in things in which superiority does not imply real excellence; the letters of WILL HONEYCOMB, which he intends to be severe upon the fair sex, are accurate exhibitions of feeble vivacity and impotent attempts at satire.

His serious essays are equally excellent with his humorous, and lead to the same great end----of diffusing wisdom, virtue, and happiness. They unfold the causes of misconception, misconduct, and distress; they pour balsam into the wounds they handle; they heal the sore, cure the illness, and invigorate the constitution against future attacks. The essay on jealousy is a master-piece in its kind. The various constituents of that unhappy affection are painted, the causes investigated, and the remedies adapted to the diversified phenomena, most fully and accurately described. Equal praise is due to the essay on *zeal*, the nature and abuses of which are admirably exhibited. Zeal, the Author describes as laudable only where the object is worthy of earnest pursuit, and when the earnestness does not exceed the bounds of that worthiness. He shews that, though proper with those limitations, that as it very seldom observes them, it frequently does much harm instead of good; that if zeal be more inflamed against heresy, that is, difference of speculative opinion, than against vice, that zeal must be bad, because heresy is not such an evil either to individuals, or society, as vice; that interest, pride and malignity, are apt to assume the appearance of zeal, and under its colours to impose on the mind; that

therefore those who suppose themselves the votaries of zeal ought carefully to scrutinize their own sentiments and motives; lest, instead of being actuated by a desire of doing general good, they should intend only selfish or malignant gratifications. He marks in striking colours, the absurdity and madness of the zealots, both of superstition and infidelity. The love of fame, that ambiguous principle which produces so many good and so many bad actions, he describes in a most discriminating style; shews under what limitations it cooperates with virtue, and in what cases it tends to produce a contrary effect; when it is a noble emulation, and when a contemptible vanity. The nature, and unhappiness of envy to its votaries, is finely painted: no less so is the meanness and wickedness of calumny.

Good nature he considers both as a constitutional habit and a moral virtue; shews that, though the constitutional temperament be originally wanting, the moral quality may exist, and that in that case, the merit is the greater. He contrasts that good nature which seeks the happiness of mankind, with that facility which merely complies with their wishes, without regarding the effect that compliance may have towards the real happiness of the individuals or the general good. In all those dispositions, habits, and principles, in which the good and the bad nearly approach one another, he carefully describes their respective territories, and fixes the boundaries by the most exact demarkation. The various virtues he recommends, both from general considerations, and from those peculiar to each. Temperance he inculcates, as intimately connected with health, fortune, independence, tranquility, and happiness. Candour and caution, economy and liberality, justice and charity, patriotism and benevolence, he treats in the same manner.

In addition to the general duties of social life, he discusses the special duties which result from particular rela-

relations, such as parent and child, husband and wife, citizen and state, master and servant. He suggests those motives which have the most powerful efficacy in producing virtuous conduct, in the most pleasing, insinuating, and impressive mode. His instructions shew a knowledge of the human mind, in its general nature, and as it is modified by particular circumstances, at once comprehensive and minute. From his essays in the Spectator might be collected a compleat system of excellent ethics.

Though his philosophy be such as the most learned must approve, yet it is rendered easy to be understood by the most ordinary capacities. He divested philosophy of the metaphysical dress in which many were accustomed to array her, and made her beauty be generally felt, by being generally seen.

As the foundation of all virtue, he earnestly insists on piety to the Supreme Being. He sets his attributes in the clearest light, especially his display of them towards man, in his creation, preservation, and redemption. He deduces the immortality of the soul from the nature of the soul itself, and from the perfections of the Divinity, and confirms his doctrine from revelation. The cause of Christianity he strenuously supports; employs all the powers of his mind to display the divine origin of the system, the excellence of the doctrines it maintains, the precepts it delivers, and the examples it exhibits.

With the blandishments of humour and the force of argument, the enchantment of fancy frequently combines in displaying and recommending truth. His *allegories* bear the marks of a vigorous, fertile imagination, guided by exquisite judgment. Among the most excellent we shall not hesitate in ranking the allegory of *Pleasure* and *Pain*, and the *Vision of* MIRZA.

The style of ADDISON has ever been considered as one of the best in the English language. Perspicuity, purity, and propriety, he possesses in the highest degree.

His words and phrases are the best adapted that can be found, for conveying the idea, and stamping the impression he intends. It varies with the subject; is, on gay occasions, familiar without meanness; on grave, serious without solemnity. It combines simplicity with ornament, ease with elegance. He abounds in well-chosen, well applied pleasing figures. His sentences are clear, naturally arranged, and musical without artifice. He affects not the measuring of clauses, and the balancing of periods; yet does he please the ear. He aims not at splendid, glowing diction; yet does he please the taste, and warm the fancy. He seeks not pointed phrases and elaborate contrasts; yet does he distinctly inform, and completely convince the understanding, and powerfully persuade the will. "Whoever," says the great JOHNSON, "wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and his nights to the volumes of ADDISON."

Of the Spectator, as may be imagined, the approbation was great and general. The sale was numerous and extensive. The circulation was not confined to London and the environs, but spread itself to the most remote quarters of the island.

Rare as the intercourse was between the capital and the Highlands of Scotland, yet did the Spectator find its way regularly to that part of the kingdom. Mr. STEUART of Dalguise, a gentleman of Perthshire, of very great respectability, who died near ninety, about twelve or fourteen years ago, has informed us, that when, as usual in that country, the gentlemen met after church on Sunday, to discuss the news of the week, the Spectators were read as regularly as the journal. He informed us also, that he knew the perusal of them to be general through the country.

The following year produced to the world that performance which brought Mr. ADDISON, during his life, the

the greatest praise of all his works---the Tragedy of CATO.

The plan of this tragedy he is said, as we mentioned before, to have formed during his travels, and even to have finished four acts. He retouched, and concluded the performance without any fixed design of bringing it on the stage. Having a high opinion of the judgment of MR. POPE, ADDISON consulted him concerning CATO. POPE, judging from the real nature of the piece, that it was more proper for publication than theatrical exhibition, advised the Author to have it printed.—ADDISON declared his opinion of its probable effect to be the same with POPE's.

England was, as every historical reader must know, divided between the Whigs and Tories. ADDISON was chiefly connected with the Whig interest. His friends, apprehensive that liberty was in danger, from the machinations of the Tory Ministry, thought the representation of CATO might be of use to the cause of freedom. They warmly urged him to finish it for the stage, and at length prevailed. When it appeared, the Whigs praised and applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a reprehension of the unconstitutional projects they imputed to the Tories. The Tories joined in the applause, to manifest their unconsciousness of any such intentions. BOLINGBROKE, one of the leaders of the Tories, called into his box the Actor who personated CATO, and made him a present of fifty guineas for so ably defending freedom against usurpation and arbitrary power.

Through the emulation of contending factions, CATO was acted thirty-five nights without intermission. The prologue was written by Mr. POPE, in that strain of sound, vigorous sense, and beautiful versification, for which he was so eminently distinguished. The epilogue came from the pen of GARTH, and is very humorous, though, like many prologues and epilogues, not peculiarly applicable to the play.

CATO was recommended by many copies of verses. The verses of Sir RICHARD STEELE shew a warm affection and sincere admiration of the Author. Those of HUGHES and YOUNG marked the merits of the performance. TICKELL's shew its excellences, both absolute and relative to other English theatrical pieces. EUSDEN's verses describe the principal compositions of ADDISON, give to each what appears to him their appropriate praise, and gives CATO the preference over them all.

Neighbouring nations have bestowed no less applause on this work, than our own. It was translated frequently into the French language, and underwent both Italian and German versions.

Her Majesty Queen ANNE, though attached to the opposite party, bestowed great praise on ADDISON's CATO. The Queen intimated an inclination that the tragedy should be dedicated to her. The Author had proposed to inscribe it to another personage, (we believe to the Dutchess of MARLBOROUGH) but published it without a dedication, and by that means, says TICKELL, neither offended his duty nor his honour.

A composition which faction, rank, and literature, concurred in praising, could not escape censure; from a regard to truth, if the applause was unjust; or if just, from envy and malignity. A Scholar of Oxford attacked it as a party play. Doctor SEWEL defended it in a pamphlet entitled *Observations on* CATO.

The most strenuous impugner of its merits was DENNIS, now known from the animadversions and ridicule of POPE, more than from his own multifarious writings. DENNIS was a professed Critic, in the sense ascribed to that term by the humorous Author of TOM JONES; that is, a searcher after faults, not an observer of excellences as well defects.

Though CATO breathed the noble spirit of liberty, though DENNIS was a strenuous Whig, and indeed a much more violent partizan of that interest than it was consistent with the good sense, moderation, and well regu-

regulated temper of ADDISON himself to be on any side, yet did he direct all the malignity of censorious criticism, all the fury of angry invective against CATO. He first wrote a pamphlet, and then another work, consisting of no less than seven letters, in which he endeavoured to abuse the tragedy, and to shew that all the world were wrong in bestowing on it applause, or even approbation.

One of his objections is, the neglect of poetical justice, which is one of his favourite principles. "'Tis certainly," says he, "the duty of every Tragic Poet, by the exact distribution of poetical justice, to imitate the divine dispensation, and to inculcate a particular Providence. This rule the Author violates, since vice triumphs over virtue. CATO, the supporter of justice and liberty, is vanquished by the usurping CÆSAR."

To this it may be answered, that as tragedy is a representation of real life, a strict observance of that poetic justice would not always be consistent with its end. Many of the remarks of DENNIS are frivolous, and more are captious. There are not, however, wanting in his strictures remarks that have considerable weight. He displays a mind which, with more enlarged observation and greater liberality of sentiment, might have succeeded in criticism.

Modesty often leads men of very considerable abilities to imitation, in cases wherein the exertion of their own genius would have produced better effects. The modesty of VIRGIL borrows from HOMER, though the resources of his own genius were sufficient to supply all he could want. His *Georgics*, his second, his fourth, and his sixth *Æneids*, wherein there is comparatively little imitation, are the best of his works. From the same diffidence, ADDISON, in the plan of his tragedy, strictly imitates the ancients, though he would have succeeded better by exerting the force of his own mind. However necessary rigid adherence to the dramatic unities may be in Grecian plays, from their constitution

and manner of representation, less confinement to the unities of time and place is required. A Greek tragedy was an uninterrupted exhibition: the stage was continually occupied by either the Actors or the Chorus. Hence, as that judicious Critic and elegant Writer, Doctor BLAIR, observes, no room was left for the imagination to go beyond the precise time and place of the representation.---- But as the same Author remarks soon after, the practice of suspending the spectacle totally for a little time between the acts, has made a great and material change. While the acting of the play is interrupted, the spectator can, without any great or violent effort, suppose a few hours to pass between each act, or can suppose himself moved from one apartment of a palace, or one part of a city, to another: and therefore, too strict an observance of these unities ought not to be preferred to higher beauties of execution, nor to the introduction of more pathetic situations, which sometimes cannot be accomplished in any other way than by the transgression of those rules.

The rigid observance of unity of place in CATO is the source of various improbabilities. The whole action of the play passes in the great hall of CATO's house in Utica. There PORTIUS and MARCUS converse----there SEMPRONIUS and SYPHAX plot the ruin of CATO---- there SEMPRONIUS attempts the execution of his villanous designs---there CATO holds his senate---there MARCIA and LUCIA talk of their love----there CATO reads his philosophy, and deliberates and resolves on suicide.

This improbability DENNIS fails not to perceive and to remark. His objections are not without foundation, and are urged with force. The *critique* abounds in quaint witticisms and vulgar merriment, which convey no high idea of the Author's taste and refinement.---- That, however, does not affect the justness of his criticism. As DENNIS's attack, whatever may be its own merit, derives an adventitious importance from its object and consequences, we shall cite the principal passages,

sages, which will give our readers an idea both of the arguments and manner.

"On the departure of PORTIUS, SEMPRONIUS makes but one soliloquy, and immediately in comes SYPHAX, and then the two politicians *are at it* immediately. They lay their heads together, with their *snuff-boxes* in their hands, and, as Mr. BAYES has it, *league it away*. But in the midst of this wise scene, SYPHAX seems to give a seasonable caution to SEMPRONIUS.

"But is it thus, SEMPRONIUS, that your senate
"Is call'd together? Gods, thou must be cautious—
"CATO has piercing eyes."

"There is a great deal of caution shewn indeed in meeting in a Governor's own hall to carry on their plot against him. Whatever opinion they have of his *eyes*, I suppose they had none of his ears, or they would not have talked at this rate so near. "Gods, thou must be cautious!" Oh! yes, very cautious; for if CATO should overhear you, and turn you off for politicians, CÆSAR would never take you; no, CÆSAR would never take you. When CATO, act II. turns the senators out of the hall, upon pretence of acquainting JUBA with the result of their debates, he does what is neither reasonable nor civil. JUBA might certainly have been better informed of that result in some private apartment."

DENNIS censures the quarrel and rage of JUBA and SYPHAX, the invectives of SYPHAX against the Romans and CATO, the advice he gives JUBA to bear away MARCIA by force, as very unlikely to have happened in CATO's hall.

For the same reason he censures the progress of the plot carried on by SYPHAX and SEMPRONIUS. "It is," he says, "equally absurd as if two people had gone to Westminster-Hall to conspire against the Government. There could," he proceeds, "be no probability that they should meet there, because there would be places more private and more commodious.

"In

"In the third act, SEMPRONIUS comes into the hall with the leaders of the mutiny; but as soon as CATO is gone, SEMPRONIUS, who had just before shewed himself a consummate knave, discovers himself, like an egregious fool, to be an accomplice in the conspiracy.

"SEMP. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
"To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
"They're thrown neglected by; but if it fails,
"They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do."

"'Tis true," the second leader says, "there are none here but friends." But is that possible at such a juncture? Can a parcel of rogues attempt to assassinate the Governor of a town of war, in his own house, at mid-day, and after they are defeated? Can there be none near them but friends? Is it not plain from these words of SEMPRONIUS,

"Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth to sudden
"death,"——

"and from the entrance of the guards on the word of command, that those guards were within ear-shot.—— Behold SEMPRONIUS then palpably discovered. How comes it then to pass, that instead of being hanged with the rest, he remains secure in the Governor's hall, and there carries on his conspiracy the third time, the same day, with SYPHAX? After some conversation, SEMPRONIUS says to SYPHAX,

"Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose—
"MARCIA, the charming MARCIA's left behind."

"Well! but though he tells the half purpose he has failed of, he does not tell us the half that he has carried. But what does he mean by "MARCIA's left behind?" She is now in her own house, and we have neither seen nor heard of her any where else. But now let us hear SYPHAX:—

SYPH.

"SYPH. What hinders then but that thou find her out,
"And hurry her away by manly force."

"But what does old SYPHAX mean by finding her out? They talk as if she were as hard to be found *as a hare in a frosty morning*."

DENNIS now ridicules the contrivance of SEMPRONIUS personating JUBA.

"SEMPRONIUS is, it seems, to pass for JUBA, in full day, at CATO's house, where both were so well known, by having JUBA's dress and guards. How does SYPHAX procure JUBA's dress for SEMPRONIUS? Is he both general and master of the wardrobe? But why guards? For *the devil of any* guards has JUBA appeared with yet."

On the combat between SEMPRONIUS and JUBA, he proceeds:

"On hearing the clash of swords, LUCIA and MARCIA come in. Why do no men come on hearing the noise of swords in the Governor's hall? Where were his guards? Where were his servants? Such an attempt so near the person of the Governor of a place of war was enough to alarm the whole garrison; yet for almost half an hour none appeared but two women."

DENNIS attempts to be very witty on the mistake of MARCIA, and then goes on to the fifth act.

"But let us come to the scenery of the fifth act.—— CATO appears first on the scene, sitting in a thoughtful posture; in his hand PLATO's Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, and a drawn sword on the table by him. Now let us consider the place in which this sight is presented to us.

"The place, *forsooth*, is a long hall. Let us suppose, that any one should place himself in this posture, in the midst of one of our halls in London. I desire the reader to consider whether such a person as this would pass with them who beheld him, for a great patriot, a great philosopher, or a general; or for some whimsical person who fancied himself all these. In short, that CATO should sit long enough in the aforesaid posture, in the midst of this large hall, to read over PLATO's Treatise

Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, which is a lecture of two long hours; that he should propose to himself to be private there upon that occasion; that he should be angry with his son for intruding there; then that he should leave this hall upon the pretence of sleep; give himself the mortal wound in his bed chamber, and then be brought back into that hall to expire, purely to shew his good-breeding, and save his friends the trouble of coming up to his bed-chamber; all this appears to me to be improbable, incredible, impossible."

The passages we have scited will serve as specimens of the ingenuity of that malignant criticism which shewed, exaggerated, or created defects in a noble performance, without taking the least notice of a single excellence. This mode of criticism seems to bear some analogy to political performances, which consist of observations on the defects, real and imaginary, of certain systems, without mentioning their advantages; and call those works examinations of the principles of that political system, a most partial mode of giving judgment, which manifests either very uncomprehensive views, malicious intentions, or a combination of both.

Among those whom the ill-natured criticism of DENNIS had provoked, was POPE, who, different as he was from DENNIS in intellectual qualifications, yet resembled him in irritability and resentment. DENNIS had inveighed with great bitterness against the Essay on Criticism. POPE at this time professed great friendship for ADDISON. He had now an opportunity of paying his court to ADDISON, and at the same time vilifying DENNIS; he wrote a very severe, but humorous piece, entitled *a Narrative of the Madness of* JOHN DENNIS.—This pamphlet tended much more to ridicule the Critic than to refute the criticism.

ADDISON, who was thoroughly acquainted with the world, imputed POPE's attack to the real motive. He sent notice to DENNIS, that he was sorry for the severity with which POPE had treated him; and that whenever he himself should answer his observations, that he would confine

confine himself entirely to the subject, and abstain rom all personality. Our Author, however, never answered the objections of DENNIS, probably judging that an answer from him might confer an importance on DENNIS, to which that criticism did not entitle him, and by that means give value, in the estimation of the Public, to the censure of his poem.

If we consider CATO as a tragedy that is a representation of natural situations, characters, sentiments, and passions, in one action, it certainly admits of just censure. Rigidly as he adheres to the inferior unities of time and place, yet is he deficient in the most material, *unity of action*. As Doctor BLAIR observes, all the love scenes in the play, the passion of CATO's two sons for LUCIA, and that of JUBA for CATO's daughter, have no connection with the principal action, and no effect in producing the catastrophe. The characters are far from being interesting: we do not often consider what they are doing, or what they are suffering.

But it is of more consequence to ascertain the merits of a performance, than to determine the class to which it may be referred. Though CATO be a performance which is of a very different nature from a MACBETH, or a *Venice Preserved*; though PORTIUS, JUBA, and MARCIA, excite our sympathy in a very inferior degree to DESDEMONA, HAMLET, and BELVEDERA, yet is the subject of our discussion of great and multiform excellence. The sentiments breathe a spirit of the most exalted morality and enlarged philosophy. The blessings of liberty, the duty of defending it, the wickedness of tyranny, the dependence of happiness on personal qualities, not on external circumstances, vigour of mind supporting man under adversity, and that vigour joined with benevolence, comprehending patriotism, parental love, friendship, every affection that has the good of mankind for its object, with prudence, with piety, all deriving their efficacy from being the result of reason, reflection, and fixed principles; the rashness of doubting Providence,

dence, from every apparent disregard of the merits and demerits of objects, in the distribution of rewards and punishments, and the duty of submission to the divine will, are among the important moral and religious lessons taught and inculcated by ADDISON's CATO. To convey those doctrines to the mind, all the charms of beautiful dignified language and harmonious versification are adhibited. Such is the effect of the sentiments and expressions, that, as JOHNSON observes, there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader does not wish to impress upon his memory.

We are informed by TICKELL, that he intended to have witten another tragedy, entitled the *Death of* SOCRATES, but was prevented by his political occupations. The subject was admirably adapted for the display of that exalted morality, in exhibiting which Mr. ADDISON so much excelled.

Had he executed his intentions, it is probable, both from the subject and from the Author, that it would not have been altogether in the style of our most affecting English tragedies, but would have been replete with elegance and instruction.

Soon after the appearance of CATO, another daily paper was published, nearly on the plan of the Spectator, entitled the *Guardian*. STEELE was the Editor. ADDISON gave considerable assistance, though not so regularly as in the Spectator. As his papers in the Spectator were distinguished by the letters *C. L. I. O.* in the Guardian they were marked by a *band*. As we have spoken so much of Mr. ADDISON's papers in the Spectator, it is not necessary to enter particularly into those of the Guardian, as they are written in the same strain of humour and serious observation. In the Guardian, the humorous occupies rather a smaller share, proportionably to the serious, than in the Spectator. About this time he wrote a few papers entitled the *Whig Examiner*, in answer to some essays in the Tory paper of that name. Without entering into the strength of the argu-

arguments, which may appear forcible or feeble, fair or sophistical, to different individuals, according to their general principles, or their ideas concerning political affairs at that time, we think the Examiners of ADDISON are written with poignant humour. His satire is here much severer than in the Spectator. His wit seems to have more of the spirit of SWIFT than any other part of his writings. His application of the story of the *green goose* cuts as deep as any of the Dean of St. PATRICK'S. His trial of Count TARIF and GOODMAN FACT, written to expose the commercial part of the treaty of Utrecht, abounds in keen ridicule. From the Examiners we see, that though ADDISON'S wit was generally gentle and delicate, he could be severe. Those who estimate humour by its severity, must have an inadequate idea of the talents and qualities necessary to produce severity. Whoever has a genius for wit may be severe if he pleases. He whose weapons are well tempered, and who can direct them with force and skill, may, without any additional exertion of ability, dip them in gall. It is much to the honour of Mr. ADDISON'S dispositions, that with the powers of severe satire he possessed, his writings were generally mild and good natured. The year after the Guardian was published, the Spectator was revived; no marks were added, to distinguish the Authors. To ADDISON twenty-three are ascribed. In this volume, as in the Guardian, there is a greater portion of the serious than in the former seven. When he is humorous, however, his humour is equal to that which he before shewed. *The opening of the* SPECTATOR'S *mouth, the letter of the Ambassador of* BANTAM *to his Master, the widow's club, the paper on egotism, political innuendoes, the sagacious dogs of Sicily, the cacoethes of writing, the Cave of* TROPHONIUS, teem with wit and humour. The papers on the *discontent of the human mind* are an exquisite comment on HORACE'S first satire. There are several papers on the *attributes of the Divinity*, in which the soundest arguments are conveyed,

veyed, in language which must be generally understood. In his moral and religious writings we perceive not only the powers of the intellect, but the feelings of the heart.

During the last years of Queen ANNE, ADDISON was in no public employment. On the death of the Queen he was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices, who constituted the Regency till the arrival of the King from Hanover.

Copious and elegant as was the style of ADDISON, yet from the high ideas he had formed of excellence, joined with the most modest opinion of his own compositions, he on some occasions could not write in such a manner as to give himself satisfaction. It was his official business to write to Hanover that Queen ANNE was dead. He found it so difficult to find expressions that he thought proportioned to the importance of the event, that the Lords of the Regency were obliged to employ a Mr. SOUTHWELL, one of the Clerks, who had just taste and knowledge enough to qualify him for a writing-desk. SOUTHWELL stated the fact, as he was ordered, in the ordinary perspicuity of business. The more confined a man's views are, the higher is his estimation of any little talents he himself possesses. SOUTHWELL, from being more ready in the common style of office, supposed himself superior to ADDISON.

It was proposed, on the accession and arrival of GEORGE, to make ADDISON Secretary of State. This he himself strenuously declined. He a second time accepted the post of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, then Lord SUNDERLAND. The Earl was soon removed, and ADDISON was appointed one of the Lords of Trade. His political employment diverted him from executing a design which he had formed, of composing an English Dictionary, a circumstance the Public would have had cause to have regretted, had not the composition of such a work since called forth the learning and intellect of a JOHNSON.

During the rebellion 1715, he commenced a periodical

cal work in support of the established government, entitled *The Freeholder*. It consisted of fifty-five papers, and continued twice a week, from December 1715, to June in the following year.

The intention of the Freeholder is to shew the folly and wickedness of rebellion, and of prejudices against the government as established by the nation.

His arguments are generally just and strong, his humour exquisite. He enters into the various causes of disaffection, and addresses himself to the various classes of the disaffected; shews the futility of the causes, and the disadvantages that accrued to the several descriptions of malecontents, from persevering in their prejudices. For a Party Writer, he is very moderate in most of the essays. He with great force exhibits the absurdity of imagining, that the only protector of the national religion ought to be a man whose religious prejudices must make him wish its downfall, and that the pupil of priests, a tyrant, and his courtiers, was the person most fitted to govern a free country.

He demonstrates the pernicious consequences to the weak-minded of both parties, of the cry set up by hypocrites, bigots, and incendiaries, "that the church was in danger." The weak Tories, he shews, filled with groundless fears, were inspired with outrageous anger against those from whom they causelessly apprehended such danger. The weak Whigs contracted an aversion to that ecclesiastical constitution, to which they were represented as hostile; and by a very natural association in *such* minds, imputed to the system itself, the violence and illiberality of its pretended supporters. He gives high praise to the ecclesiastical establishment itself, but proves that the bigotry of some of its professed friends had a much more powerful tendency to injure it than the attacks of its enemies. He is delightfully humorous in his discussions of female political parties, and of the reasons which determined the politicians in petticoats on both sides of the question. The creed of a tory fox-hun-

ter, and the strong reasons on which it was founded, are described in a manner which must extort a smile from the most bigotted high churchman himself.—— Complete impartiality from a Party Writer is not to be expected. ADDISON makes his Jacobites all either ignorant, weak, or vicious. This partiality is certainly by no means justifiable, though other eminent Writers have pursued the same course.

FIELDING's chief Jacobites are, an Attorney's Clerk, Mr. PARTRIDGE, the School-master, and Squire WESTERN.

JOHNSON reckoned honesty and whiggism incompatible, and abominated our deliverer King WILLIAM.

Many parts of the PRETENDER's Journal are admirable. His education, his ignorance, the frivolity of his attainments, are just subjects of ridicule. His poverty, which did not arise from any extravagance or misconduct, is not laughable. Poverty did not disqualify AGESILAUS from making the despot of Persia tremble on his throne. Much better founded is his satire on his accomplishments. A man is certainly not fit to govern a nation, whose most distinguishing excellence is his DANCING.

On the whole, the Freeholder, though in some particulars rather partial, is an excellent political paper, finely adapted to remove prejudice, to settle the government, and to make the country tranquil and happy.

Soon after the conclusion of the Freeholder, our Author married the Countess Dowager of WARWICK. He is said to have first known that lady, by being tutor to her son. At what time he was in the Warwick family in that capacity, is not ascertained. From the commencement of their acquaintance, he had begun to conceive an attachment to the Countess. His extreme diffidence made his advances very timorous. She is said to have discovered his passion, and to have amused herself with it, before he assumed courage enough to declare himself her admirer. As his reputation and importance in the

State

State became great, he ventured to solicit her with more confidence, and at last prevailed. It is said, that he derived little happiness from the accomplishment of his wishes. She, like his own Lady MARY ODDLY ENVILL, in the Spectator, treated her husband as her inferior, because her inferior by birth. In her estimation, the native lustre of genius was not adequate to the adventitious glare of ancestry.

The following year he was appointed Secretary of State. Mr. ADDISON is an instance, that brilliant genius, extensive and elegant learning, a complete knowledge of the constitution and of politics, even accompanied with unsullied virtue, do not qualify a man for being a Statesman. In addition to these he had, by his regular ascent through the inferior offices, acquired a considerable knowledge of the forms and practice of business; yet was he confessedly inadequate to the place, and in point of real utility, inferior to many of his predecessors and successors, of much less parts and acquirements. From his excessive modesty, he could not speak in parliament. He was thereby incapable of explaining to friends, or vindicating to opponents, the measures he supported. In his office, he wanted the dispatch which is an essential ingredient in the transaction of numerous affairs. He could not, JOHNSON tells us, issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions. His health, which had been before impaired by an asthma, suffered greatly from the fatigue of his office. Finding, at last, that public business was too much for him, he solicited leave to relinquish his employment. He was accordingly permitted to resign, and gratified with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. By the friends of short parliaments he is censured, as one of the framers and movers of the septennial bill.

From politics he returned to literature, his proper element. He had, during the last years of Queen ANNE's reign, formed a plan of writing a treatise on the Evidences of the Christian Religion. At that time

he devoted his attention chiefly to the ancient writings which furnish materials for such a work. His political employment, during the first years of GEORGE, had prevented him from executing it. He now, on his resignation, betook himself again to the examination of the evidences, and had only performed one half of his design, when an untimely death put a period to his labours. He had also projected a new poetical version of the Psalms. These works POPE imputes to a design of taking orders, and of obtaining a bishoprick: but says JOHNSON, "POPE might have reflected, that a man who had been Secretary of State in the ministry of SUNDERLAND, knew a nearer way to a bishoprick, than by defending religion, or translating the Psalms."

About this time appeared a performance not acknowledged by our Author, but universally ascribed to him—the Comedy of *The Drummer*, or *Haunted House*. That the *Drummer* was written by ADDISON, we have the testimony of Sir RICHARD STEELE, and the silence of every other claimant, as external evidence; the humour, characters, and tendency of the performance itself, as internal. No doubt is now entertained that he was the Author. VELLUM, the formal old steward, is an excellent picture of methodical dulness. The superstitious credulity of the servants is highly natural and humorous. The chief character of the piece is TINSEL, an infidel upon trust; whose deism and atheism were derived entirely from implicit faith in the assertions of a few individuals, without the smallest examination by himself. The frivolous witticisms of a shallow caviller, the groundless fears of a person who professed to laugh at what was really awful, a defier of Omnipotence, frightened by an empty sound, are exposed in the most delicate satire.

The following quotations will justify our opinion.

"TIN. My dear Widow."

"ABI. My dear Widow, marry come up!"

"LADY

"LADY. Let him alone, *Abigal*; so long as he does not call "me my dear Wife, there's no harm done."

"TINS. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left "you——your servants have made a convert of my booby. His "head is so fill'd with this foolish story of a Drummer, that I ex- "pect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by "moon-light."

"LADY. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, what a loss of billet-doux would "that be to many a fine lady!"

"ABI. Then you still believe this to be a foolish story?— "I thought my Lady had told you, that she had heard it herself."

"TINS. Ha, ha, ha!"

"ABI. Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses."

"TINS. Ha, ha, ha!"

"ABI. There's manners for you, Madam." *[Aside.*

"LADY. Admirably rally'd! that laugh is unanswerable! now "I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I "should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night."

"TINS. Fancy!"

"LADY. But what if I should tell you my maid was with "me!"

"TINS. Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear Widow, will "you answer me one question?—Had you ever this noise of a "drum in your head all the while your husband was living?"

"LADY. And pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, will you let me ask you "another question? Do you think we can hear in the country, as "well as you do in town?"

"TINS. Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a cure "for these imaginations."

"ABI. Don't tell my Lady of imaginations, Sir, I have heard "it myself."

"TINS. Hark thee, child—are thou not an old maid?"

"ABI. Sir, if I am, it is my own fault."

"TINS. Whims! freeks! megrims! indeed Mrs. *Abigal*."

"ABI. Marry, Sir, by your talk one would believe you "thought every thing that was good is a megrim."

"LADY. Why truly I don't very well understand what you "mean by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every "thing we saw was made by chance."

"ABI. A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his "mistress with."

"LADY. But I suppose that was only a taste of the conver-
"sation you would entertain me with after marriage."

"TINS. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lec-
"tures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to
"think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than
"a month, that all about us is chance-work."

"LADY. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so
"you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was
"made by chance!"

"TINS. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear!—why, faith, thou
"wert a very lucky hit, that's certain."

"LADY. Pray Mr. *Tinsel*, where did you learn this odd way
"of talking?"

"TINS. Ah, Widow! 'tis your country innocence makes you
"think it an odd way of talking."

"LADY. Tho' you give no credit to the stories of apparitions,
"I hope you believe there are such things as spirits?"

"TINS. Simplicity!"

"ABI. I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye Sir?"

"TINS. Foolish enough!"

"LADY. I vow, Mr. *Tinsel*, I'm afraid malicious people will
"say I'm in love with an Atheist."

"TINS. Oh, my dear, that's an old fashion'd word—I'm a Free-
"thinker, child."

"ABI. I am sure you are a free speaker."

"LADY. Really, Mr. *Tinsel*, considering that you are so fine a
"gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this learning! I won-
"der it has not spoil'd your breeding."

"TINS. To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into
"these dry matters myself; but I am convinc'd by four or five
"learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I
"frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the
"world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all
"the people upon earth, except those two or three worthy gentle-
"men, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbl'd, abus'd, bamboozl'd—"

"ABI. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? He talks
"like the London prodigal."

"LADY. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such
"things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—she
"need not be afraid to lie by herself."

"TINS. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but
"to frighten away spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct
"thee in several other comforts of matrimony?"

"LADY.

"LADY. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that "you would always be laughing at my ignorance—you learned men "are so apt to despise one!"

"TINS. No, child! I'd teach thee my principles: thou should'st "be as wise as I am—in a week's time."

"LADY. Do you think your principles would make a wo- "man the better wife?"

"TINS. Pr'ythee, Widow, don't be queer."

"LADY. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you "rally things that are serious."

"TINS. Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying any "thing else!"

"TINS. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opi- "nion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now "——There is no such thing, I give thee my word."

"LADY. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, your authority must be of great "weight to those that know you."

"TINS. For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those "points."

"LADY. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but "his ignorance." [*Aside.*

"TINS. I'll tell thee what now, Widow—I wou'd engage by "the help of a white sheet and a pennyworth of link in a dark "night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their "senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! "what noise is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy."

"LADY. It beats more terrible than ever."

"TINS. 'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to speak "against my conscience, only to shew my parts!"

"LADY. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not "anger'd it by your foolish discourse."

"TINS. Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my heart; I "hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless raillery."

"LADY. Harmless, d'ye you call it? it beats hard by us, as "if it wou'd break through the wall."

"TINS. What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?"

[*Scene opens, and discovers* Fantome.

"TINS. Mercy on us! it appears."

"LADY. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir *George*! 'tis my "husband!" [*She faints.*

"TINS. Now would I give ten thousand pounds that I were "in town. [Fantome *advances to him drumming.*

"I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more."

[Fantome *still advances drumming.*

"By my soul, Sir *George*, I was not in earnest [*falls on his* "*knees*]. Have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a "coxcomb—[Fantome *points to the door.*] But see he waves me "off—ay with all my heart—What a devil had I to do with a "white sheet?" [*Steals off, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

The *Drummer* did not succeed very well on the stage; it wanted that bustle and incident with which the most trifling pieces do, and without which the most excellent, do not succeed on the English stage.

ADDISON, after having spent some time in the tranquil occupation of literary composition, after his retirement from the Cabinet, returned to a political discussion.

In the beginning of 1719, the Earl of SUNDERLAND proposed a bill for the better regulation of the peerage. The scope of the bill was this---that instead of the sixteen Scotch peers, there were for the future to be twenty-five hereditary peers of Scotland, by the junction of nine more to the sixteen then sitting; that six English peers should be added, and then the Crown be restrained from creating new peers but on the extinction of an old family. To enquire into the merits of this bill would be foreign to our purpose. To examine whether any restriction of that prerogative of the Crown would be proper, and if so, if that would be a wise restriction, is the business of politicians, not of biographers. All that concerns us is, what relates to Mr. ADDISON. The peerage bill gave great alarm through the nation. A pamphlet was published without any name, but since known to be written by STEELE, called the *Plebeian*, intended to expose the aristocratical tendency of the bill. An anonymous answer came out, entitled the *Old Whig*, known afterwards to be from the pen of our Author. The *Plebeian* replied. In the next number the *Old Whig* shews his belief that STEELE was the Author of the *Plebeian*. He styles him a perfect pamphleteer

phleteer in one place, little *Dicky* in another, tells him he had made the most of a bad cause. STEELE in his next *Plebeian* shews his belief that ADDISON was the Author; and in favour of the old establishment, quotes from CATO the following lines:

"Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
"The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
"From age to age by your renown'd fore-fathers;
"(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
"O! let it never perish in your hands,
"But piously transmit it to your children."

The peerage bill was laid aside for that session, and afterwards rejected by a majority of eighty-eight.

The end of this great man's life was now near at hand. In addition to his asthmatical complaint, he was at this time afflicted with a dropsy. After a long and manly struggle with his distemper, he at length abandoned all hopes of life. He gave directions to his friend TICKELL concerning the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend and successor, Mr. CRAGGS, Secretary of State. Conscious virtue and religion waited with the most resigned tranquility for death. As it had been the business of his life to promote piety and morality, he was desirous that his death might contribute to the same noble end. His step-son Lord WARWICK was dissipated, and ADDISON had striven in vain to reclaim him from his irregularities. When at the point of death, he sent for the young Lord. The Earl had many amiable qualities, and had a very exalted respect for ADDISON, though juvenile passions would not always listen to his admonitions.—— Approaching the dying man, the youth said, "Dear Sir, you have sent for me——I hope you have some commands——I shall hold them most sacred." Eagerly grasping the young man's hand, he softly said, "SEE IN WHAT PEACE A CHRISTIAN CAN DIE." He spoke, and soon expired. This event took place June 17th, 1719, at Hol-

Holland-house, near Kensington. He left no issue, but one daughter.

Of the manuscript works, which he left to the charge of TICKELL, one of the best is the *Dialogue on Ancient Medals*. He first enters into their general uses, shews that they tend very frequently to the clearing of doubtful passages, to the ascertaining of important points in chronology, biography, and history. He then proceeds to consider their peculiar utility, as explications of poetical passages.

Three series of medals are placed before the reader. The first exhibits, under a female appearance, the principal virtues and abstract qualities as personified by the poets. The second represents some metaphorical or allegorical description of sentiments, characters, and events. The third signifies some cities, nations, and provinces, with their characters, under the appearance of women. Each figure is compared with some piece of Latin poetry. The Author shews in this performance a very nice knowledge of those classics, and is both curious and useful.

From the excellences of the *Treatise on the Christian Religion*, in the unfinished state in which his death left the work, we may form an idea of what it would have been, had the Author lived to complete his design.

We have now mentioned the principal transactions of Mr. ADDISON's life. We have endeavoured to characterise his various compositions, and have dwelt longest on those which appear to us most important.

In his manners and habits, nothing was more observable than his general taciturnity in company. His friend STEELE frequently mentions his remarkable bashfulness, as a cloak which hid and muffled his merit. CHESTERFIELD declares that ADDISON was the most timorous and aukward man he ever saw. Concerning his timidity, all Writers are agreed. From CHESTERFIELD, who considered a fine address as the supreme excellence, the charge of aukwardness was a very heinous accusation.

That

That it was just, we have only the evidence of that Lord, who was very ready in bestowing contemptuous epithets on men of the first talents.

Little regard is due to the assertion of a man who gave the appellation of *botentot* to one of the greatest geniuses and literary characters of an ingenious and learned age. Perhaps CHESTERFIELD might suppose that, by ascribing to great men a deficiency in those qualifications which in his estimation were the highest, he made them appear inferior to himself, who possessed those qualifications. Men are very apt to lay the greatest stress on those acquirements or talents in which they themselves excel. Parson ADAMS looked on a schoolmaster as the highest of all characters, and on himself as the first of all schoolmasters. On this principle CHESTERFIELD might consider himself as superior to an ADDISON or a JOHNSON.

TICKELL, STEELE, YOUNG, POPE, and all those who knew him best, declare he was the most pleasing companion they ever knew. He himself acknowledges that he was very deficient in fluent conversation. He could draw, he said, bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket.

Indeed it frequently happens, that those who have the greatest stores of intellectual riches, have not the greatest quantity of ready cash. Those who shine most in conversation, it has been often observed, are men of second-rate parts.

Doctor MANDEVILLE, the Author of the *Fable of the Bees*, once expressed to Lord MACCLESFIELD, whom ADDISON visited, a desire to be introduced to him.—His Lordship brought them together. After they had passed the evening in company with his Lordship, and ADDISON was departed, MACCLESFIELD asked the Doctor what was his opinion of Mr. ADDISON. "I think," answered MANDEVILLE, "he is a *parson in a tye wig*." MANDEVILLE probably meant this for wit, and founded his intended sarcasm on ADDISON's gravity. It is not likely

likely that a man who endeavoured to shew that there was no distinction between right and wrong, and that private vices were public benefits, would be cordially received by one who was the strenuous supporter of virtue and religion. A grave, cold demeanour, from him to a person of such principles, could not surely be blameable.

However silent ADDISON might be before strangers, among his friends he was a communicative, entertaining, and delightful companion. STEELE says, that he was above all men in that talent called humour. "I have often reflected," says he, "after a night spent with him, that I had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of TERENCE and CATULLUS, who had all their wit and pleasantness, heightened with humour more exquisite than any other man ever possessed." This might be considered as the partiality of a friend, if it were not confirmed by the testimony of others who were not his friends. POPE, who, every one will believe, would not be partial in ADDISON's favour, speaks no less highly of his colloquial talents:— "ADDISON's conversation had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar; before strangers he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence."

Of the course of ADDISON's life, before his marriage, we have the following account from JOHNSON and POPE. His chief companions were STEELE, BUDGEL, PHILLIPS, CAREY, DAVENANT, and Colonel BRETT. With one or other of those he always breakfasted. BUDGEL or PHILLIPS, or both, were generally in his house. He studied all the morning; then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to BUTTON's.

BUTTON had been a servant in the Countess of WARWICK's family, and, under the patronage of ADDISON, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russel-Street, between Covent-Garden and Charles-Street. Here the Wits of the time used to assemble. From the coffee-

house

house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. "In the bottle," says JOHNSON, "discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that ADDISON was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succour from BACCHUS, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

The moral character of ADDISON is not to be learnt from his writings alone, but from the general testimony of the age in which he lived. So generally were his excellences acknowledged, that SWIFT, who was not peculiarly friendly to him, after having observed that the election of ADDISON, though he adhered to a party, and to principles then become unpopular, had passed without a dissenting voice, adds, "that if he had proposed himself for King, he would have been hardly refused."

ADDISON had uniformly, as is universally known, attached himself to a party in politics, at a season when disputes ran very high. Both Whigs and Tories were in the daily practice of loading each other with the bitterest invectives. Party zeal magnified foibles into follies, and faults into crimes; yet was the character of ADDISON never impeached.

His station was eminent in the State; he had risen to that eminence by his talents. He had outstripped many who were once before him, and had, no doubt, by his rise, provoked envy.

Envy, with her usual malignant sagacity, would detect imperfection; and with her usual distorting ingenuity, would, if possible, make it wear the appearance of vice.

Party zeal, in his moral character, never fancied a stain---envy never imputed to him a crime.

Such

Such was the opinion entertained of Mr. Addison during his life.

Against a name so amiable and respectable, not only candour, but justice is cautious in admitting a censure. —The more perfect the character, the more positive and forcible must be the testimony which would shew that the praise bestowed on it is unmerited.

Addison, high as he stood in the public estimation, has since his death been accused of having, in his conduct to Mr. Pope, exercised a great deal of jealousy, envy, and malevolence. Particular charges are alledged, which, if proved to be true, would convict him of the greatest malignity, and even baseness.

The person who has brought the most circumstantial accusation against him is Mr. Ruffhead, in his Life of Pope. As his charge contains every thing important that has been asserted to Mr. Addison's prejudice, we shall first state the alledged facts, and then examine the evidence.

The first public notification of the malignity and baseness discovered in our Author, is that bitter character of him under the denomination of Atticus, by Mr. Pope, not published during Addison's life, when he could have defended himself, if innocent; but after his death, when he could not. Every one must acknowledge that the verses in which the character is drawn, are energetic and harmonious. Poetical description, however, may be excellent, without historical truth.

The following are the verses:

" Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
" True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
" Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
" And born to write, converse, and live with ease—
" Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,
" Bear, like a Turk, no brother near the throne;
" View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
" And hate for arts that caus'd him elf to rise;

" Dunn

" Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
" And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
" Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
" Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
" Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
" A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
" Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
" And so obliging, that he n'er oblig'd;
" Like CATO, gives his little senate laws,
" And sits attentive to his own applause.
" While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
" And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
" Who but must laugh, if such a man there be!
" Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he!"

The allegations stated to justify this character, are briefly these:—That Mr. ADDISON's and Mr. POPE's friendship commenced about the year 1713, and continued for a considerable time. During this period, according to the account, ADDISON promoted the subscription for POPE's translation of the Iliad. POPE (as we have before mentioned) wrote a prologue to CATO, and attacked the virulent Critic DENNIS. At length, ADDISON became jealous of Mr. POPE's genius. This jealousy discovered itself on the following occasion.

Mr. POPE advised with Mr. ADDISON about inserting the machinery of the Sylphs and Gnomes in the Rape of the Lock. ADDISON dissuaded him from this improvement. The dissuasion POPE imputed to jealousy. His suspicions were afterwards confirmed by the publication of the first book of HOMER, said to be TICKELL's translation, in opposition to POPE's. He believed it to be ADDISON's own performance.

This belief occasioned a breach between POPE and ADDISON, which their common friends endeavoured to reconcile, and procured an interview between them.—But the haughty behaviour of ADDISON rendered a reconciliation impracticable. Whilst warm with the idea of the injury he believed done him, POPE wrote the character of ADDISON just quoted.

About

About this time the Earl of WARWICK, our Author's son-in-law, told POPE that it was in vain to think of being well with his father-in-law, who was naturally a jealous man, and was hurt by POPE's superior talents in poetry, to such a degree, that he had secretly encouraged GILDON to abuse POPE and his family in a virulent manner, in a Life which he wrote of WYCHERLY, and paid him ten guineas for his scurrility. The morning after he had received this information, he wrote ADDISON an expostulatory letter, in which he inclosed the verses containing his character. This had so good an effect on him, that from that period to the time of his death, he always treated POPE with civility, and, as he believed, with justice.

Such is the account given by RUFFHEAD, the biographer of POPE, of the conduct of ADDISON. Other panegyrists of our English HOMER have treated the Author of CATO with no less severity.

Were the account proved to be true, ADDISON's moral character would deserve to be very different from what it was generally respresented.

We doubt not that its impugners believed their judgment to be right. To have vilified any character, much more such a character as ADDISON's, without the conviction that it deserved to be so, would have been very iniquitous.

If they had abused him to magnify POPE, their calumny, besides its injustice to ADDISON, would have been derogatory to the merit of POPE. That poet's own genius and excellence are too great to require any adventitious support. If they were not, the humiliation of ADDISON would not imply the exaltation of POPE.

But without dwelling on the intention or wisdom of the charge, let us proceed to its justice.

The accusation resolves itself into four heads---ADDISON's advice respecting the machinery of the Rape of

the

the Lock, his behaviour at the interview, the abuse of POPE by GILDON, and the publication of TICKELL's translation of a book of HOMER's Iliad.

The supposed advice of ADDISON about the projected alterations in the Rape of the Lock must have been previous to the publication of that poem with those alterations. Though ADDISON may have given such an opinion, it does not follow that jealousy must have been the motive. He might think it difficult to interweave the machinery without breaking the unity of the design. It is not even asserted, that after the improvement was made, ADDISON disadvised the publication. In fact, it appears that POPE either did not impute the advice to any sinister motive, or was himself insincere. The improved edition of the Rape of the Lock was published in Summer 1713. His letters to ADDISON, in October, November, December, and January following, are full of the strongest expressions of friendship and confidence. Mr. POPE either was sincere in his protestations, or he was not. If he was, it is a proof he did not impute our Author's advice to so mean motives as are alledged in the charge. If he was not, the less credit is due to his supposed allegation, or to any opinion founded on that allegation. Mr. POPE not only expressed in his letters, but afterwards manifested in his conduct, the highest confidence in Mr. ADDISON. To him he intrusted his design of translating the Iliad. Mr. ADDISON warmly encouraged him to undertake the task. POPE in his preface acknowledges that it was the advice of ADDISON which determined him to take in hand the translation. He urged him to turn it to the best pecuniary advantage, and for that purpose, to avoid engaging in party disputes. It is not likely that if POPE had believed ADDISON to be inspired with that mean jealousy which is alledged, he would have consulted him concerning a work of the greatest importance he had ever attempted. It is not probable that, even if he had asked his counsel out of compliment, he would have been

entirely determined by it, if he thought ADDISON desirous of injuring his reputation. If ADDISON had wished to lessen the fame of Mr. POPE, he could not have given an advice, compliance with which would have a more contrary tendency. The most sincere friend of Mr. POPE could not give him more beneficial counsel than this supposed enemy.

Soon after this time, a quarrel broke out between ADDISON's friend PHILIPS and Mr. POPE, which involved ADDISON in its consequences. PHILIPS had acquired tolerable reputation as a writer of pastorals. POPE wrote an ironical comparison between the pastorals of PHILIPS and his own. So ingeniously does he appear to prefer the feebleness of PHILIPS, with so refined irony does he commend those passages which are most frivolous and mean, that Sir RICHARD STEELE understood, and published it as a panegyric on his friend PHILIPS. ADDISON immediately perceived the drift of it. PHILIPS soon discovered the severity of the irony, and seems to have been filled with bitter resentment against POPE. Men of no great importance in themselves, frequently endeavour to borrow, from their connection with personages of celebrity, a consequence they could never attain from their own talents or exertions.

PHILIPS, in 1714, soon after the criticism on his pastorals, at BUTTON's, insisted that POPE was a Tory, united with SWIFT to write against the Whig interest; that his attachment to the Whigs, and his zeal for the Succession, had produced the illiberal attack on his pastorals; that both SWIFT and POPE were anxiously desirous to undermine himself, STEELE, and ADDISON.—This story was too absurd to be credited by ADDISON. As he could not be unconscious of his own talents, nor ignorant of the estimation in which he was held, it is not likely he would believe that the literary characters of PHILIPS and him would be the objects of the same attack. In fact, he went to POPE, declared his disbelief of so incredible an assertion, and expressed his wish

that

that their friendship might continue. Addison had often cautioned Pope the preceding year against attaching himself to a party, as impartiality would tend much more to advance both his fame and fortune. Pope now very openly adhered to the Tory party. A coldness took place, towards the close of 1714, between him and our Author, and lasted for several months.

Sir Richard Steele, consistently with that good nature which he eminently possessed, was eager to have them reconciled. He procured an interview between them, which had not the desired effect. The interview, as appears from Johnson's Life of Pope, took place before the publication of either Pope or Tickell's translation; not after the appearance of these works, as asserted in the charge.

At the interview, Pope, it is universally acknowledged, conducted himself with great impetuosity, and uttered severe invectives against Addison. Our Author, who was much above Pope in age and station, demeaned himself with the haughtiness of conscious superiority, offended at the arrogance of an inferior; but neither shewed jealousy nor malice.

That the haughtiness of Addison on this occasion was altogether justifiable, we will not attempt to prove. It will, we think, be admitted, when the circumstances of the case are considered, that it was very natural.

When Pope and Addison became first acquainted, the former was only at the commencement of his literary fame—the latter near the summit of his glory. Addison was then, without doubt, much the superior of Pope, in that excellence which Pope was pursuing. Pope behaved himself to Addison with the respect and deference due to acknowledged superiority.

The character of Pope rose rapidly; consequently the distance between him and Addison lessened. Men are slow in admitting the idea of equality between those, who have been once much their inferiors, and themselves. Notwithstanding the fame Pope had now acquired,

Addison might very naturally consider him as the youth whom he had patronized, not as the man who rivalled him. Pope's violence and severe invectives against a man who still considered him as an inferior, must have appeared outrageous insolence. That Addison acted with perfect propriety, we do not pretend to alledge.—At the same time, we can discover no circumstance in his behaviour at this interview that contains any ground of impeachment against his moral character.

The next article of the accusation is, the employment of Gildon by Addison to abuse Pope. The person from whom Mr. Pope is said to have received this anecdote, was the Earl of Warwick, Mr. Addison's son-in-law. The Earl at that time was only seventeen years of age. Now, is it probable that Mr. Addison, a statesman, a politician, a man of very high character, if he was employing a person in so base an undertaking—an undertaking which would deservedly blast that high character—would intrust the secret to a boy, and that boy not in the smallest degree a necessary instrument to its success. The folly of such a confidence would be equal to the baseness of the transaction. It is certainly much more natural to suppose, that the story was founded in the misapprehension or erroneous conjecture of the Earl, than that such a man as Addison would be guilty of such complicated baseness and folly. It is quite inconsistent with his general character—it never made its way into print until sixty years after his death. The only evidence was a boy, who could not be directly trusted, and who, from his age and knowledge, was not capable of discovering it by the sagacity of penetration. Such a charge, so supported, must inevitably fall to the ground.

The last and greatest article of the accusation is, the publication of Tickell's translation of a book of the Iliad, in opposition to Pope's. At the time of the publication of the first volume of Pope's Homer, Tickell's version was published. Whether this was really

Tickell's

TICKELL's own, or ADDISON's, cannot be pronounced with certainty, unless we knew the circumstances which convinced POPE that it was our Author's. At present we have only POPE's opinion. Opinion is no proof, especially the opinion of one who supposed his character and interest so much concerned. Whether it was or was not ADDISON's, is not of very much consequence as to his innocence or guilt. He was the patron of TICKELL, TICKELL took no important step without his concurrence. If therefore he did not suggest the publication, he must have approved of it. This fact we think the warmest admirers of Mr. ADDISON must admit.—The question, therefore, is not concerning the fact, but the motives. Intention in this, as in every other case, must be inferred from general conduct, compared with particular circumstances.

Mr. ADDISON's character was so generally good, and has been so often mentioned, that we shall say nothing of it until we discuss the transaction itself.

To apologize for presenting this translation to the public at such a juncture, the following advertisement was prefixed by Mr. TICKELL: "I must inform the reader, that when I began this first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad; but I had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not, therefore, be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of HOMER's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of HOMER's Odyssey, wherein I have already made some progress."

Mr. ADDISON had a very great affection for TICKELL, and might have either written it, or revised it, to confer a pecuniary obligation on him, by promoting a subscription for his Odyssey. Whether that was or was not his motive, there is no evidence that ADDISON caused it to be published from envy and malice, as has been asserted, to injure Mr. POPE. One reason that induces us to believe

that he had no intention to oppose Pope, is, that at the time of the appearance of Tickell's Homer, opposition to the Iliad could not do its Author any material injury. His subscription was full, and his contract with his bookseller completely performed. Had Addison wished to obstruct Pope's translation, the time for effecting his purpose would have been, when the subscription was beginning. He might then have set on foot a subscription for Tickell, which would have interfered with Pope's. The influence of Addison with the Whigs was fully equal to that of Swift with the Tories. With those who were of neither party, his recommendation would have had more weight than Swift's, because, though certainly not superior to the Dean in original genius, he was in greater estimation for elegant literature in general, and particularly for classical knowledge. Malice not only embraces, but creates opportunities for injuring its object. —Addison neglected the most favourable opportunity of hurting the supposed object of his malice, and according to the hypothesis of his accusers, made no attempt against him until it was too late to be successful.

Those who impute malice and envy to Addison, to give consistency to their charge, ought to have added folly. It certainly would have been the rankest folly in a man, maliciously inclined towards another, to have abstained from executing his malicious intentions when he could have done harm, and not attempt mischief till he could do none.

It may be asserted, that Mr. Addison did not wish to injure the pecuniary interest of Mr. Pope, but from jealousy, to lessen or eclipse his fame. A possibility is not a proved fact. Jealousy arises from the consciousness or apprehension of some positive or comparative deficiency.

Pope's Iliad is, no doubt, a performance which evinces a clear conception of the ideas and sentiments of the sublime bard, a thorough knowledge of the English language

language and numbers, and exquisite judgment in the selection and application. Nor does it merely shew judgement and knowledge, but also masterly genius. But ADDISON must have been very unconscious of his own powers, and of the excellence of his best performance, if he considered his most perfect *original* compositions surpassed by any *translation*. If ADDISON thought himself capable of writing a translation equal to POPE's, in force, animation, elegance, and harmony, and at the same time less removed from the original, an attempt to translate it, instead of deserving reproach, would deserve praise. It would have preserved the simple majesty of HOMER; and at the same time have been written in a beautiful style, and musical numbers: it would have done service to literature. Had he been conscious of inferiority to POPE in the qualifications of a translator of poetry, the attempt would have been foolish—but not malicious: it would have injured his own literary fame by the comparison, and have raised his supposed adversary, in the same proportion. That he had any intention of publishing a version of the Iliad, there is no evidence even probable. The circumstance of the *time* which provoked the irritable disposition of POPE, is sufficiently explained by the advertisement above quoted. This advertisement was industriously suppressed in POPE's publication on the subject. Had ADDISON been actuated by jealousy, it is not probable he would have spoken so highly of POPE's Iliad, as he did in the Freeholder. Jealousy is not wont to descant on the excellence of its object, to those of whose esteem it is afraid; it may by that object be deprived. A lover seldom celebrates to his mistress the charms of a rival whom he is apprehensive she prefers. On the whole, the circumstances not only do not prove, but do not even render probable the charge of envy, jealousy, and malice, alledged by POPE against ADDISON. Characters long allowed to be either eminently excellent or eminently depraved, are not to be changed from slight

circumstances or vague reports: nothing will overturn them but the force of direct, positive, unbiassed testimony. Pope might impute meanness and disingenuity to Addison: his friends and partizans might repeat the charge. But now that Addison and Pope are regarded not as Whig and Tory, as head of one party of literati or of another, but merely as men of distinguished genius, whose labours produce to the world a very great increase of intellectual treasure, our opinion of their moral characters is formed not from the exaggerations or invectives of their prejudiced adherents or enemies, but from the history of their conduct, and the testimony of their impartial cotemporaries. Listening to the general voice in his favour, we shall not, by a few murmurs, be withheld from expressing our conviction, that Addison was a man of moral excellence, no less exalted than his intellectual. In addition to the great virtues of justice, beneficence, and patriotism, he possessed in a very high degree the lesser virtues of moderation, economy, and prudence, which are necessary to the consistent operation of the others. His temper was calm, equable, and agreeable.---Candour and liberality were eminently conspicuous both in his criticism, and in his intercourse with mankind.

Though belonging to a party, he loved goodness, and venerated talents in those of the opposite side. When in Ireland with Lord Sunderland, he could not be prevailed upon to discontinue his intimacy with Swift, though extremely obnoxious to the Administration under which our Author was acting. He preserved his regard for him to the last.

The following letter, copied from Swift's Works into the *Biographia Britannica*, exhibits a very amiable picture of our Author's dispositions and politeness.

Bristol, Oct. 1, 1718.

DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE received the honour of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last Winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well, nor safely be trusted in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir RALPH GORE, that I was, by a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice, to act in it; and have since troubled my Lady ASHE with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I will farther enquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left me to negociate as you propose.

"I still live in hopes of seeing you in England; and if you would take my house at Bilton in your way, (it lies upon the road, within a mile of Rugby) I would strive hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. SMALRIDGE, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops.* I would say, Clergymen were not Deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you; and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you, how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem of you even to those who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure, a zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad

* Dr. ASHE, Bishop of Derry.

bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I ever am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

And most humble servant,

J. ADDISON."

The partial abusive criticism of DENNIS he never resented, not even with contemptuous behaviour. The violent attack of POPE he forgave, and according to that gentleman himself, always spoke very handsomely of him, and ascribed due merit to his compositions.—He embraced every opportunity of conferring benefits on the deserving, of conducing to the welfare of his country, and of promoting the happiness of mankind.

Possessing, and exerting so many amiable and estimable qualities, ADDISON was universally loved and venerated.

In the intellectual character of ADDISON, the most prominent features were *judgment, taste, and humour.*

He perceived with quickness, clearness, and distinctness, the nature and tendency of objects—of his own ideas, and of the conceptions of others. He readily saw what were the best ends; selected with nice discrimination, from the mass of his knowledge, those parts which were fittest for answering the purposes which he deemed it wisest to attain. He accurately distinguished between resemblance and identity, appearance and reality. He detected fallacy, however varnished or enveloped; he discovered truth, however disguised or hidden.

Taste was likewise a predominant quality in the mind of ADDISON. His perception of the pleasing and unpleasing, of the excellent and defective, in the works of nature and art, was instantaneous, yet complete; minute, yet comprehensive. His feeling of the perfections and imperfections which he perceived, was exquisitely delicate. He had improved his taste by an intimate acquaintance with the best specimens of the fine arts, and

elegant

elegant literature. Naturally delicate, refined by the examination of the best models, and united with sound and acute judgment, the taste of ADDISON was so exact, that no beauty, no deformity, however intermixed, could escape its discernment.

The humour of our Author is ingenuous, variegated, and peculiar to himself. "It is," as JOHNSON observes, "so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences." "He never (to use the words of the same wise and just judge) *outsteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation.—He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination."

Humorous description of actions and exhibitions of characters, as well as serious, may be either compressed or dilated. A Writer may either paint by a few strokes, or a full delineation. ADDISON, in his mode of unfolding his conceptions, resembles the diffuseness of a LIVY, more than the conciseness of a TACITUS. His descriptions are minute and copious. Diffuseness is often accompanied by feebleness. With many, occasional co-existence passes for cause and effect. ADDISON's humour, because diffuse, is esteemed weak. Force is not to be estimated by compactness, because they often coincide, but by effect. That humour cannot be deemed weak, which overcame so many strong prejudices, and pulled up so many deeply rooted follies and absurdities. Though ADDISON does not content himself with selecting a few circumstances, yet all those which he employs are conducive to the purposes of humour. To assail a strong antagonist, by a succession of well directed blows, without being exhausted, and at last to conquer him, requires as much force as to subdue him at one stroke.—It conveys to the spectators a much fuller idea of the skill

skill and dexterity of the victor; it produces a more complete effect, by disabling the antagonist more, and so rendering him for a longer time unfit to renew the contest.

No nation has produced so many Authors, who have excelled in wit and humour, as these kingdoms. Among the ingenious men distinguished for those qualities, we recollect none before ADDISON, who uniformly preserved decency in his humorous representations. In his own time, the other most shining wits were remarkable for indelicacy. ADDISON considered that, even independent of morality, indecency is unworthy of a man of genius, and requires no intellectual exertion. He rigidly abstained from every impure and disgusting image and idea in his compositions. In that particular, as well as many others, he has highly improved the taste and writings of his countrymen. Since his time, humour has been refining; men of genius have long, in imitation of our Author, with wit and humour combined decorum. The first pieces in the language are distinguished for purity of idea, as well as brilliancy of wit, force and variety of humour.

Indelicacy is now the *resource* of dullness and frivolity, not the abuse of genius; it may be found amidst the insipid absurdity of ephemerous farces, but is totally excluded from a *School for Scandal*. The humour of our Author is not only exquisite and refined in itself, but has tended most powerfully to refine the humour of posterity.

Though ADDISON is most eminently remarkable for those qualities of intellect which we have mentioned, yet was his *invention* fertile, and his fancy brilliant.

The predominancy of different powers depends considerably on the superior frequency of exertion. The ends which he pursued, and the circumstances in which he pursued them, required the exercise of judgment, taste, and humour, more frequently than of imagination. But when he does employ his fancy, we see in parts

parts of his poetry, and no less in his allegorical prose, force and copiousness.

The *knowledge* of ADDISON was extensive, though perhaps not equal to his talents. He was intimately acquainted with Greek and Roman literature. He had also studied with success many branches of modern learning. He was thoroughly master of the literary compositions, both in prose and poetry, of the French and English, and knew a considerable portion of those of Italy. He was well versed in the history and politics of Europe, and in the constitution of his country. The principal subject of his enquiry was the human character. Man he had surveyed with the most accurate observation. He had examined his powers and affections, as they shew themselves in action; the circumstances, general and particular, which excite them; and the objects for which they are and ought to be called forth. He was more versed in the active force, than in the anatomy of the human intellect and affections. His knowledge of the mind partook more of the nature of that of HOMER, of SHAKESPEARE, of SWIFT, and of FIELDING---than of ARISTOTLE, of LOCKE, of HUTCHESON, or of REID. Of great compass of scientific knowledge, we have in our Author's writings no evidence. With metaphysics he seems not to have been profoundly acquainted. His observations on passages which he quotes, or doctrines which he states from LOCKE's Essay, would be now deemed superficial. In his adoption of the theories of that great philosopher, we see more frequently the submission of deference to authority, than the assent of conviction to argument.

Great as is the excellency of LOCKE's Essay as an accession to science, still greater as it is in sharpening and expanding the mind for the acquisition and comprehension of knowledge, the reasoning is certainly far from being always just---the conclusions from being indisputable. Those principles in the Essay on which ADDISON touches, are frequently neither obvious, nor proved

proved to be true; yet he draws inferences from them as if certain. We have no proofs, that our Author was profoundly acquainted with mathematics or natural philospohy, any more than with metaphysics. But though he did not know every thing, he knew a great deal, and applied his knowledge to the most beneficial purposes.

The writings of ADDISON are chiefly poetical, critical, and moral.

During his life the reputation of our Author stood very high as a Poet. It is said, that in his own estimation his poetry was superior to any of his works. Nothing is more common than for men to form an erroneous judgment concerning the comparative merit of different performances of their own. HUME ranks his *Treatise on Human Nature* above his *History of England*. As ADDISON valued himself chiefly for his poetry, it was natural for his friends to celebrate his compositions of that description beyond all the rest of his writings. The eminence of his station procured from others that praise of his poetry which the partiality of affection drew forth from his friends. The fame of our Author rests now less on his poetry than on his prose.

We have before remarked, that his fancy was much less frequently exercised than his judgment. His poetry in general, it must be acknowledged, is rather sound philosophy and just morality versified, than animated description or interesting exhibition. He seldom displays that magic power which hurries us where the Author pleases. He does not often either warm our fancy or move our heart. Like his own PORTIUS, *his steady temper* surveyed, *in the calm lights of mild philosophy*, objects which would *torture even to madness* poets of warmer feelings. He conveys to us in his poetry excellent moral instructions, whose own strength impresses them on our judgment and will, without much assistance from our imagination or passions. But though the poetry of ADDISON be not generally either very picturesque, animated, or impassioned, yet there are many passages which evince real poetical genius. Such indeed

indeed is the vigour which he occasionally shews, that we regret he did not always, when writing on such subjects, give more reins to his fancy.

We have already observed, that in his letter to Lord HALIFAX from Italy in the Campaign, and some other pieces, there are striking instances of poetic talents. We have been more full upon CATO. The muse that dictated those passages, might have generally, we think, afforded more fire and pathos. Dr. HURD, with great candour and ingenuity, accounts for the deficiency of ADDISON in the power of invention. In discussing the question, Whether the usual forms of learning are not rather injurious than assisting to a poet, the Bishop observes, "that it should seem to be so for a *natural reason.* For the faculty of invention, as well as all our other powers, is much improved and strengthened by being exercised; and great reading prevents this, by demanding a perpetual exercise of the memory. Thus the mind becomes not only indisposed, but for want of use, really unqualified to turn itself to other views than such as habitual recollection easily presents to it. And this, I am persuaded, hath been the case with many a fine genius, especially with *one* of our own country, (Mr. ADDISON) who, as appears from some original efforts in the sublime allegorical way, had no want of natural talents for the greater poetry; which were yet so restrained by his constant and superstitious study of the old Classics, that he was in fact a very ordinary Poet."

Of the truth of the general doctrine here stated, not only HOMER and SHAKESPEARE are eminent instances, but even VIRGIL and MILTON. The most interesting parts of the Georgics and Æneid are those which are derived, not from the perusal of other writings, but from the poet's own genius. Though Paradise Lost abound in learning, yet the sublimest parts are those in which none is introduced. The learning of MILTON sometimes seems to smother his wonderful genius.—

It

It is certain, the most learned are the least interesting and exalted parts of the poem. We make no doubt that the Doctor's observation concerning the effect of learning is just, as to ADDISON in particular.—Perhaps to the confined exercise of imagination the modesty of our Author also contributed. Great modesty produces submission to authority in minds fully capable of discussing argument, and adoption of the ideas of others, in those qualified to invent much better themselves.

But whatever may have been the cause of the unfrequent exertion of the full force of ADDISON's inventive powers, we cannot admit, in its full extent, the justness of the censure, that he was only a very *ordinary Poet*. Various portions of the performances which we have mentioned, appear to us to claim a higher praise, though not the highest. Were we to rank eminent British Poets according to our idea of their poetical genius, placing POPE, OTWAY, and DRYDEN in the next class to MILTON and SHAKESPEARE, we should assign to ADDISON one of the foremost stations in the third rank.

As a Critic, we have already endeavoured to shew, that ADDISON is entitled to great praise. We admitted, that as philosophical treatises, they were inferior to some of those of a more modern date. They nevertheless evince an acute, discriminating understanding, and an exquisite taste. They have, besides, the appropriate merit of being skilfully adapted to the state of literary knowledge at the time. They divest learning of that stiffness and austerity which deterred many from becoming her votaries. They present knowledge in a winning form, to excite men's desire of her; and exhibit her as easy and accessible, to encourage the pursuit.—"His attempt," says JOHNSON, "succeeded; enquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and from his

his time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged."

Before the time of ADDISON, gentlemen were generally illiterate; now, almost every gentleman has a considerable portion of elegant knowledge. Learning was then esteemed pedantry in fashionable circles; now, ignorance is esteemed a certain proof of a vulgar education. A man who cannot converse on subjects of literature, who cannot display critical knowledge, is looked on as a blank in every polite company. The praise of commencing this very important improvement, and of carrying it to a great length, is justly due to ADDISON.

A still higher praise belongs to ADDISON. No writings are better fitted than his for serving the cause of virtue and religion. He exposes vice and impiety in their natural deformity, makes them contemptible and hateful; shews that they involve in them erroneous reasoning, and false ideas of our own honour and happiness, as well as a disregard for our duty, and the welfare of society.

Virtue he arrays in the most pleasing dress, that her garb may co-operate with her native dignity and beauty, in rendering her venerated and loved. He places morality and religion not in a consummate perfection unattainable by man, but in affections, habits, and actions, which are within our power. Whilst he wisely avoids raising the standard of moral excellence too high, lest he should discourage exertion from the impossibility of success, he with no less caution avoids sinking too low, lest he should flatter indolence, with the idea that little exertion is necessary. He proposes the most powerful motives to induce men to leave folly and vice, and betake themselves to virtue; he applies to their reason, their taste, and their affections, to prevail with them to pursue effectually their own most complete happiness.—— Success followed so wise and benevolent an attempt. He left society, by his writings, wiser and better than he found it.

We praise genius, not merely for its compass, but for its use. SOCRATES we venerate, no doubt, as a man of extraordinary intellect; but we venerate him still more as the father of moral philosophy. BACON we admire for his wonderful genius; but highly more for discovering the only sure road to knowledge and wisdom. LOCKE we esteem as the improver of the human intellect, and the supporter of human rights. Estimating men of genius not merely by efficacy but by effect, not by possible but by actual good, few stand higher than the PRINCIPAL AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

END OF THE LIFE OF ADDISON.

THE LIFE
OF
SIR RICHARD STEELE.

RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin, about the year 1675. His parents were English, of a good family. A near relation of his father possessed a fine estate in the county of Wexford, in Munster.

His father, a counsellor at law, was private Secretary to JAMES, first Duke of ORMOND. At an early age young STEELE was carried over to England, and placed at the Charter-house school in London. From an expression which our Author uses in his dedication of the *Lying Lover*, one of his plays, to the second and last Duke of ORMOND, it appears probable that he had been sent to the Charter-house by the influence of his father's patron, who was then one of the governors.--- "Out of gratitude," says our Author, "to the memorable and illustrious *patron of my infancy*, and your Grace's grand-father,* I presume to lay this comedy at your

* The Earl of OSSORY, father to the last Duke, died before his father. He was a man of great courage, honour, and integrity. When SHAFTESBURY and BUCKINGHAM, who, from being most arbitrary, corrupt Ministers, had, by no uncommon transition, become factious demagogues, charged in Parliament the Duke of ORMOND with mal-administration as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, OSSORY, by a plain manly defence, vindicated his father from their unjust aspersions, to the conviction of the whole

your feet." At the Charter-house he gave proofs of great quickness of apprehension, and made very considerable proficiency in classical learning.

One of the principal advantages of great schools, is the opportunity they afford of contracting intimacies, which may improve into friendships, pleasing and useful in life. This was the case with STEELE. At the Charter-house, he, as we have already mentioned, became intimate with ADDISON, which lasted, without interruption, during the greater part of that gentleman's life.

In 1692, he was removed to Merton College, in Oxford, where he applied himself chiefly to polite literature, and acquired the reputation, among his fellow students, of being an elegant scholar. Whilst he was at the university, he discovered an inclination to become a dramatic author, and actually wrote a comedy. Of this, the first production of his comic muse, we have not been able to learn the name. He shewed it to Mr. PARKER, one of his friends. That gentleman advised him to suppress it, as not worthy of the genius with which he knew him to be endued. STEELE wisely followed Mr. PARKER's advice.

His first appearance in print, was in a poem on the death of Queen MARY. This effusion did not manifest high talents for poetry: there are, however, several lines in it that describe with animation the benevolence and charitableness of that amiable Princess, and the various miseries of the objects. The poem is entitled the *Funeral Procession*. A great scarcity of provisions had prevailed in the beginning of WILLIAM and MARY's reign. The Queen

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whole house. He soon after died suddenly. His father, to whom he was extremely dear, said he would not exchange his dead son for any living son in Christendom.

HUME tells us, that when that Duke of ORMOND was coldly received at Court, through the intrigues of the *Cabal*, Colonel CAREY DILLON applied for his assistance to procure him promotion; saying, he had no friends but God and his Grace. "Alas! poor CAREY," replied the Duke, "you could not mention two who have less interest at Court."

Queen had used every effort to alleviate the distresses of the Poor. They were very deeply afflicted by the death of their bountiful benefactress. On this STEELE has the following lines:

"The poor, her first and deepest mourners are,
"First in her thoughts, and earliest in her care;
"All, hand in hand, with common friendly woe,
"In poverty, our native state, they go.
"Some, whom unstable errors did engage,
"By luxury in youth, to need in age;
"Some, who had virgin vows to wedlock broke,
"And where they help expected, found a yoke;
"Others, who in their want feel double weight,
"From the remembrance of a wealthier state.
"There mothers walk, who oft despairing stood,
"Pierc'd with their infants' eager sobs for food;
"Then to a dagger run, with threatening eyes,
"To stab their bosoms and to kill their noise.
"But in the thought they stopt, their locks they tore,
"Threw down their steel, and cruelty forbore.
"These modest wants had ne'er been understood,
"But by MARIA's cunning to be good."

Our Author himself was, from his youth, inconsiderate, extravagant, and consequently poor. That may account for his giving to profuse luxury the soft name of error.

He had early entertained a predilection for the army, and had resolved to enter into it as soon as he could procure an appointment. His friends remonstrated against this resolution, and refused to assist him in applying for a commission. They at the same time made several proposals to promote his interest in a civil line. He was deaf to their offers, and not being able to attain a station adequate to the rank of a gentleman, he left college without taking a degree, and enlisted as a private soldier in the horse-guards.

This imprudent step was followed by very hurtful consequences. His relation, who had the estate in the

county of Wexford, had always intended to make young STEELE his heir; but on hearing that he had so degraded himself, he looked on him as a reprobate who was a disgrace to his family, and left the estate to another.

The principle from which STEELE acted, in embracing a military life in so mean and disadvantageous a situation, was more hurtful to him in life, than even the loss of that fortune. A disregard for his interest, whenever it interfered with his inclination, uniformly marked his conduct, and was the cause of the endless pecuniary embarrassments in which he was involved.

STEELE had thus shewn himself utterly destitute of that prudence, without which, talents and benevolent disposition cannot be permanently beneficial. Though so greatly deficient in a quality so useful to himself, he daily exerted qualities which rendered him very agreeable to others. If STEELE had not caution sufficient to guard him from falling into situations which the generality of gentlemen would feel very disagreeable, his disposition was so happy that he could readily accommodate himself to any circumstances. In his humble station he was perfectly chearful, and gave full vent to his sprightliness and vivacity, among his comrades. He not only rendered himself the delight of the soldiers, but also attracted the regard of the Officers. They wished to have so pleasant a fellow as their own companion; they exerted their interest, and procured him an Ensign's commission.

This promotion was very probably no advantage to STEELE, as it encouraged him to continue longer in the army. Attached as he was to a military life, had he continued much longer in the ranks, it is probable he would have been disgusted, and have betaken himself to a more profitable employment.

Now, become an Officer, he gave himself up to every pleasurable excess. He became foremost in irregularity, prostitued his talents for humour and vivacity, to give his intemperance a more exquisite relish. Whatever

ever RICHARD pursued, he pursued without any moderation.

His debaucheries were not uninterrupted by reflections on the vicious nature, and destructive tendency of such indulgencies.

It was during his intervals of sober meditation, that STEELE wrote his little treatise, entitled *The Christian Hero*. This, he himself tells us, he did for his own private use, to fix on his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures. He dedicated it to Lord CULLS, who appointed him his own private Secretary, and procured him a company in Lord LUCAS fusileers. He who reads or writes to cure himself of a vicious habit, by convincing his understanding, loses his labour, by applying his remedy to a part of the mental system which is not diseased. Every man, when he reflects, is thoroughly convinced, that temperance is more moral, more christian, and more conducive to happiness, than intemperance; economy than extravagance; prudence than imprudence. To reason with himself on so obvious a subject is totally unnecessary. His object is to afford strong and permanent motives to his will, not arguments to his understanding. Reading and writing may be useful, by creating a diversion, but will be found inadequate to the purposes of a complete conquest. Men, from the powerful influence of self-deceit, in viewing their own conduct and sentiments, often mistake a perception, or even a feeling of the great excellence of virtue, for a resolution to devote themselves to her service. They do not reflect, that idea is not necessarily accompanied by feeling, feeling by volition. Sir RICHARD, however well he understood moral and christian duties, however much he sometimes even felt their obligation, still went on in his old course. Had he absented himself from that company, and those scenes, in which he had been under the greatest temptations to be dissolute, and

betaken himself to company, and scenes of a contrary description, he would most probably have contributed more largely to his own reformation, than by writing a hundred treatises. The difference between profession and practice, is a subject of daily surprise, though a subject of daily observation. The world weighed his conduct in the balance of the Christian Hero. He was every day found wanting in the scale which he had himself framed. In the midst of his follies, a friendly disposition and great goodness of heart were eminently conspicuous. His writings, by which chiefly he was a member of society, were generally conducive to virtue. He still continued his intimacy with ADDISON, who, though he saw, and regretted the excesses of STEELE, saw and liked his virtues, esteemed his talents and acquirements, and endeavoured to check and restrain his irregularities. He was equally ungovernable in his political, as in his moral conduct. ADDISON and he were both of the Whig party. ADDISON, with the calmness of a philosopher; STEELE, with the violence of a partisan. He himself tells us in his Theatre, No. XII. that ADDISON and he "had never any difference, but what arose from their different way of pursuing the same thing: the one, with patience, foresight, and temperate address, always waited and stemmed the torrent; while the other often plunged himself into it, and was as often taken out by the temper of him who stood weeping on the bank for his safety, whom he could not dissuade from leaping into it."

STEELE, as might be expected from his course of life, was often involved in pecuniary difficulties, and sometimes applied to ADDISON for relief. It is said, that once he had borrowed an hundred guineas from that gentleman, who insisted on re-payment; and that STEELE was very much afflicted at a demand which he did not apprehend would ever be made. ADDISON is blamed for his procedure in this business; whether justly or unjustly, we cannot determine, as we know neither the circumstances

of

of the loan, nor of the demand of re-payment. The enforcement of payment might be harsh or not, according to the specialities of the case. To have demanded the money, when he knew that his friend had no means of raising it, would be severe. To have demanded it, when he knew his friend, if he exerted himself, had the means of raising it in his power, would be justice unmixed with rigour. If STEELE could raise money, and ADDISON had not reclaimed his loan, STEELE, from his carelessness and extravagance, would have, most probably, applied it to his own pleasures. He who supplies a profuse man with money, is often, instead of being the real benefactor of his friend, the minister of his vices.

Whilst STEELE continued in the army, he wrote his comedy, called the *Funeral*, or *Grief-a-la-mode*, which was brought on the stage in the Winter of 1701.—He himself declares in his Apology written on his expulsion from the House of Commons, that the many sarcasms and attacks he met with for his declarations in favour of religion and virtue, which his conduct so publicly belied, set him, as he expresses himself, on enlivening his character, and that with that view he wrote that comedy.

One part of the play is aimed at the undertakers, whose enormities, he observes in the preface, they paint admirably themselves; "as, for example," says he, "on a door I just now passed by, a great artist informs us of his cure upon the dead."

"*Mr. W. known and approved of for the art of embalming, having preserved the corpse of a gentlewoman sweet and entire, without embowelling, and has reduced the bodies of several persons of quality to sweetness, in Flanders and in Ireland, after nine months under ground, and they were known by their friends in England. No man performeth the like.*"

"He must," continues our Author, "be strongly in love with his own life, who is not touched with this kind invitation to be pickled; and the noble operator must

must be allowed a very useful person, for bringing old friends together. Nor would it be unworthy his labour, to give us an account at large, of the sweet conversation that arose upon meeting such an entire friend as he mentions."

A part of the play is intended to expose the lawyers. The principal object of the piece is to exhibit the wickedness of young women, who insinuate themselves into the affections of doating old men, to the prejudice of their families; and the weakness and folly of the persons so deluded. The *Funeral* abounds in bustle and incident, possesses a considerable portion of humour, and exhibits natural character; though it is not without caricature. The directions of the undertaker, the tautology and barbarous Latin of the lawyers, are fully as farcical as comical. The plot wants unity; several of the incidents are parenthetical. The disguise of CAMPLEY is not in the smallest degree instrumental in producing the catastrophe. Indeed neither he nor his mistress are necessary characters. They are both natural and agreeable, *sed nunc non bis erat locus.* The affected grief of the supposed young widow for the fancied death of her old husband, the sympathy and consolation of her friends, the contest in her conduct, between affectation and reality, is very humorously represented in the following dialogue.

Widow, to her maid, on hearing that some ladies were coming to enquire for her:

"WID. But are you sure, *Tattleaid*, these ladies suspect not "in the least that I know they are coming."

"TAT. No, dear Madam, they are to ask for me."

"WID. I hear a coach." [*Exit.* Tat.

"I've now an exquisite pleasure in the thought of surpassing my "Lady *Sly*, who pretends to have outgrieved the whole town—they "are certainly coming. Oh, no! here let me—[*Widow on her couch*; "*whilst she is raving as to herself*, Tattleaid *softly brings in the la-*"*dies*]. Wretched, disconsolate as I am! Oh that I could lie "down, and die in killing anguish! But what—how? My dear,

"dear

" dear Lord, why do you look so pale, so ghastly at me!—Wot-
" too, Wottoo, fright thy own trembling wife!"

" TAT. Nay, my good Madam, be comforted."

" WID. Thou shalt not have me." [*Pushes* Tat.

" TAT. Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your Ladyship's own
" woman."

" WID. Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am
" left?——Speak to me not, hold me not [*Looks surprised at see-
" ing company, then severely at the maid*]. Ah, *Tattleaid!*"—

" *First* LADY. Nay, Madam, be not angry with her, we would
" come in spite of her—we are your friends, and are as concerned
" for you."——

" WID. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an un-
" done woman—Oh me! alas! oh! oh! [*all join*] I swoon, I
" expire!" [*Faints.*

" *Second* LADY. Pray, Mrs. *Tattleaid*, fetch a cordial to her."
[*Exit.* Tat.

" *Third* LADY. Indeed, Madam, you should have patience—
" His Lordship was old. To die is only going a journey we must
" all take."

Enter Tattleaid, *with bottles*; Third LADY *takes a bottle, and drinks.*

" *Fourth* LADY. Lord! how Lady *Flirt* drinks! I've heard
" indeed, but never could believe it." [*Drinks herself.*

" *First* LADY. But, Madam, don't you hear what the town
" says of the jilt the men liked so much in the park? Hark ye,
" [*whispers by interruption*] Silk stockings—key-hole—his wig—on
" the chair."

" *Second* LADY. Impudent flirt, to be found out."

" *Third* LADY. But I speak it only to you." [*Whispers to the next.*

" *Fourth* LADY. I can't believe it [*aloud*]—I always thought
" it, Madam." [*Whispers to the* Widow.

" WID. Sure 'tis impossible, the demure prim thing—Sure
" all the world's hypocrisy. Well, I thank Heaven, whatso-
" ever sufferings I have, I have none in reputation. I wonder
" at the men; I could never think her handsome. She has really
" a good shape, but no mien. Her charms are dumb. They
" want utterance.—But whither does distraction transport me to
" talk of charms?"

" *First* LADY. Charms! a girl's charms! let us, widows, be
" true to ourselves, and a fig for the maids—I mean the unmar-
" ried! But now we talk of charms, I envy this lady the beauty
" she'll appear in a mourning coach; 'twill so become her com-
" plexion.

"plexion. I confess, I myself mourned for two years, for no "other reason. Take up that hood there; oh, that fair face with "a veil!" [*They take up her hood.*

"WID. Fye, fye, Ladies! but I have been told indeed black "does become."

"*Second* LADY. Well, I'll take the liberty to speak it.—"There's young *Nutbrain* has long had (I'll be sworn) a passion "for this lady; but there is one thing, I fear, she will dislike—"he's younger than she is."

"*Third* LADY. That's no objection; but he is younger than "his brother."

"WID. Ladies, talk not of such affairs; who could love such "an unhappy relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what grounds have "you for that idle story?"

"*Fourth* LADY. Why, he toasts you, and trembles when "you're spoke of. It must be a match."

"WID. Nay, nay; you rally, you rally; but I know you "mean it kindly."

"*First* LADY. I swear we do." [Tattleaid *whispers the* Widow.

"WID. But I must beseech you, Ladies, since you have "been so compassionate as to visit and acccompany my sorrow, to "give me the only comfort I can now have—to see my friends "cheerful, and to honour an entertainment *Tatty* has prepared "for you within. If I can find strength enough I'll attend you; "but I wish you'd excuse. I have no relish of food or joy, but "will try to get a bit down in my own chamber."

"ALL. No, no; you must go with us."

"*First* LADY. There's no pleasure without you."

"WID. But, Madam, I must beg of your Ladyship, not so to "importune my fresh calamity, as to mention *Nutbrain* any more: "I'm sure there's nothing in it. In love with me, quoth'a?"

[*Is helped off. Exeunt.*

This play had very considerable success on the stage, and still continues to be received with great approbation.

King WILLIAM was very much pleased with the performance, and resolved to give the Author essential marks of his favour. The death of that glorious Prince soon after prevented the execution of those benevolent intentions.

Meanwhile,

Meanwhile, his friend ADDISON had recommended him to Lord HALIFAX, the MÆCENAS of the age. Lord HALIFAX introduced him to Lord SUNDERLAND. On the prevalence of the interest to which those noblemen adhered, they procured for our Author the post of Editor of the Gazette. The duties annexed to this office he performed with the most exact fidelity to his masters.

In 1704, he brought forward his comedy of the *Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools*. To this ADDISON wrote the prologue, as we observed in his Life. STEELE dedicated it to that ingenious friend. The comedy in question is friendly to morality, and written with considerable humour. The tendency of fashionable amusements, carried to excess, to overturn moral principle, and produce vicious indulgences, is very clearly exhibited in the character of Mrs. CLERIMONT. HUMPHREY GUBBINS, a young booby squire, is a natural character, but not new; hardly equal to JERRY BLACKACRE, much inferior to Sir JOSEPH WITTOL, and since exceeded by Squire RICHARD WRONGHEAD. To have equalled Mr. ABRAHAM SLENDER, or Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, was not to be expected, unless from a writer of a very extraordinary genius. BOBBY ACRES only comes up to the cousin of Justice SHALLOW, and the admiring imitator of Sir TOBY BELCH.

HUMPHREY seems to be the model from which TONY LUMPKIN is drawn in GOLDSMITH's *Mistakes of a Night*. The AUNT, though to us she would appear a very common character, was, as far as we can recollect, then new. TIPKIN, a rich old fellow, who estimated wit by wealth, is by no means an unnatural character among those whose stock of money is great, but of wit small. But the most prominent character in the piece is Miss BIDDY, the young lady, who is so far gone in romance as to form all her ideas of propriety of life, of characters, and of conduct, from that species of composition. Her departure from the rules she had derived from that which appeared to her the best source, when they would not justify

justify her in marrying an agreeable lover, is perfectly in nature. Romances, it is to be observed, were then the favou ite study with many ladies, as novels are now, and tended no less to fill their minds with erroneous ideas of manners and characters. Such studies, and the notions resulting from them, were therefore a very proper and useful subject of ridicule. Our Author ridicules them very successfully in the following scenes. Captain CLERIMONT is introduced to the AUNT and NIECE by his friend POUNCE, who had previously advised him to address the NIECE in her own romantic style. POUNCE, to give the Captain an opportunity of conversing with Miss TIPKIN, entertains the AUNT apart.

"POUNCE. But, Madam, there's a certain affair I should com-
"municate to you." [*Apart.*

"AUNT. Aye, 'tis certainly so—He wants to break his
"mind to me." [*Captain* Clerimont *passing.*

"POUNCE. Oh, Captain *Clerimont*, Captain *Clerimont*——
"Ladies, pray let me introduce this young gentleman, he's my
"friend, a youth of great virtue and goodness, for all he is in a
"red coat."

"AUNT. If he's your friend, we need not doubt his virtue."

"CAPT. Ladies, you are taking the cool breath of the morn-
"ing."

"NIECE. A pretty phrase." [*Aside.*

"AUNT. That's the pleasantest time, this warm weather."

"CAPT. Oh, 'tis the season of the pearly dews, and gentle
"zephyrs."

"NIECE. Aye! pray mind that again, *Aunt.*" [*Aside.*

"POUNCE. Shan't we repose ourselves on yonder seat? I
"love improving company, and to communicate."

"AUNT. 'Tis certainly so———He's in love with me, and
"wants opportunity to tell me so—I don't care if we do———
"He's a most ingenious man." [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Aunt *and* Pounce.

"CAPT. We enjoy here, Madam, all the pretty landscapes
"of the country, without the pains of going thither."

"NIECE. Art and nature are in a rivalry, or rather a confe-
"deracy, to adorn this beauteous park with all the agreeable

"variety

" variety of water, walks, and air. What can be more charm-
" ing than these flowery lawns?"

" CAPT. Or these gloomy shades?"——

" NIECE. Or these embroider'd vallies?"——

" CAPT. Or that transparent stream?"——

" NIECE. Or these bowing branches on the banks of it, that
" seem to admire their own beauty in the crystal mirrour?"

" CAPT. I am surprized, Madam, at the delicacy of your phrase
" ———Can such expressions come from Lombard-street?"

" NIECE. Alas! Sir, what can be expected from an inno-
" cent virgin, that has been immured almost one and twenty-years
" from the conversation of mankind, under the care of an Ur-
" ganda of an *Aunt?*"

" CAPT. Bless me, Madam, how you have been abused!—
" many a lady before your age has had an hundred lances broken
" in her service, and as many dragons cut to pieces in honour of
" her."

" NIECE. Oh, the charming man!" [*Aside.*

" CAPT. Do you believe *Pamela* was one and twenty before
" she knew *Musidorus?*"

" NIECE. I could hear him ever."— [*Aside.*

" CAPT. A lady of your wit and beauty might have given
" occasion for a whole romance in folio before that age."

" NIECE. Oh, the powers! Who can he be? Oh, youth
" unknown! But let me, in the first place, know whom I talk to,
" for, Sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your person and
" your history—You seem, indeed, by your deportment, and the
" distinguishing mark of your bravery which you bear, to have
" been in a conflict. May I not know what cruel beauty obliged
" you to such adventures, till she pitied you?"

" CAPT. Oh, the pretty coxcomb! [*Aside.*] Oh, *Blenheim,*
" *Blenheim!* Oh, *Cordelia, Cordelia!*"

" NIECE. You mention the place of battle——I would fain
" hear an exact description of it—Our public papers are so defective,
" they don't so much as tell us how the sun rose on that glorious
" day———Were there not a great many flights of vultures be-
" fore the battle began?"

" CAPT. Oh, Madam, they have eaten up half my acquain-
" tance."

" NIECE. Certainly never birds of prey were so feasted——
" by report, they might have lived half a year on the very legs and
" arms our troops left behind 'em."

" CAPT.

"CAPT. Had we not fought near a wood, we should never "have got legs enough to have come home upon. The Joiner "of the Foot Guards has made his fortune by it."

"NIECE. I shall never forgive your General——He has put "all my ancient heroes out of countenance; he has pulled down "*Cyrus* and *Alexander*, as much as *Louis le Grand*—But your own "part in that action?"

"CAPT. Only that slight hurt, for the astrologer said at my "nativity——Nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musquet shall "destroy this child, let him but avoid fair eyes.—But, Madam, "mayn't I crave the name of her that has captivated my heart?"

"NIECE. I can't guess whom you mean by that description; "but if you ask my name——I must confess you put me upon "revealing what I always keep as the greatest secret I have—— "for, would you believe it——they have call'd me——I don't "know how to own it, but have call'd me——*Bridget*."

"CAPT. *Bridget?*"

"NIECE *Bridget*."

"CAPT. *Bridget?*"

"NIECE. Spare my confusion, I beseech you, Sir, and if "you have occasion to mention me, let it be by *Parthenissa*, for "that's the name I have assumed ever since I came to years of "discretion."

"CAPT. The unsupportable tyranny of parents, to fix names "on helpless infants which they must blush at all their lives after! "I don't think there's a sirname in the world to match it."

"NIECE. No! what do you think of *Tipkin?*"

"CAPT. *Tipkin!* Why, I think if I was a young lady that "had it, I'd part with it immediately."

"NIECE. Pray how would you get rid of it?"

"CAPT. I'd change it for another——I could recommend to "you three very pretty syllables——What do you think of *Cle-* "*rimont?*"

"NIECE. *Clerimont! Clerimont!* very well—But what right "have I to it?"

"CAPT. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in possession of it. By a very few words I can make it over to you, and your "children after you."

"NIECE. Oh, fye! Whither are you running! You know "a lover should sigh in private, and languish whole years before "he reveals his passion; he should retire into some solitary grove, "and make the woods and wild beasts his confidants——You

"should

" should have told it to the echo half a year before you had dis-
" covered it even to my hand-maid. And yet besides——to talk
" to me of children—Did you ever hear of an heroine with a big
" belly?"

" CAPT. What can a lover do, Madam, now the race of
" giants is extinct? Had I lived in those days, there had not
" been a mortal six feet high, but should have own'd *Parthenissa*
" for the paragon of beauty, or measured his length on the ground
" ——*Parthenissa* should have been heard by the brooks and de-
" sarts at midnight——the echo's burden, and the river's murmur."

" NIECE. That had been a golden age, indeed! But see,
" my *Aunt* has left her grave companion, and is coming towards
" us——I command you to leave me."

" CAPT. Thus *Oroondates*, when *Statira* dismissed him her
" presence, threw himself at her feet, and implored permission but
" to live." [*Offering to kneel.*

" NIECE. And thus *Statira* raised him from the earth, per-
" mitting him to live and love." [*Exit. Capt.* Cler:

The scene in which the lover is introduced to his mistress, disguised as a painter, is happily conceived, and ably executed. The plot in this, and in all STEELE's plays, is irregular. The incidents are not so numerous as in the *Funeral*; but are natural, though unexpected; and are also agreeable. The characters are, we think, on the whole, better drawn, and shew a more enlarged knowledge of the world, than those in his former dramatic pieces. This comedy also has always been very well received.

STEELE now began to be held in great estimation as a literary character. About this time Mr. COLLIER had written against the immorality of the stage. STEELE greatly admired that book, and bethought himself of writing a comedy called the *Lying Lover*, in the severe rigidity which COLLIER required. The hero kills a man in a drunken quarrel; and finding himself the next morning in prison, feels the natural remorse for his crime, and sorrow for the situation to which he had reduced himself. His anguish is increased to a most poignant degree by the arrival of his father, of whom

he was the only child. Their mutual affliction is exquisitely pathetic. The distress arising from vicious indulgence is very favourable to morality; but the misery of the sufferers, and their cause, are too tragical for comedy. The audience certainly regarded it in that light, and gave it a very different reception from that which they bestowed on his former performances. He himself, in his defence before the House of Commons, mentions the event of this play as an instance of his suffering in the cause of virtue. "I have carried," says he, "my inclination to the advancement of virtue so far, as to pursue it even in things the most indifferent, and perhaps foreign to it. To give you an instance of this, Sir, I wrote a comedy some years ago, called the *Lying Lover*. The preface to which says, though it ought to be the care of all governments, that public representations should have nothing in them but what is agreeable to the manners, laws, religion, and policy of the place or nation wherein they are exhibited; yet it is the general complaint of the more learned and virtuous amongst us, that the English stage has been extremely offended in this kind. I thought, therefore, it would be an honest ambition to attempt a comedy which might be no improper entertainment to a Christian audience." He then states the circumstances in the play which we mentioned, and says, his intention was to encourage virtue, by stripping vice of the gay attire which she had long wore on the stage, and presenting her in her native dress of shame, remorse, and misery. "I acknowledge," he continues, "I cannot tell, Sir, (Mr. Speaker) what they would have me to do, to prove myself a churchman; but I think I have appeared one even in so trifling a thing as a comedy. And considering me as a comic poet, I have been a martyr for the church, for this play was damned for its piety."

The unfortunate event of this comedy determined him to turn his talents into another channel.

STEELE was at this time in habits of intimacy with SWIFT.

SWIFT had, in 1707, published his celebrated predictions for 1708, to ridicule the absurd prophecies of judicial astrologers, and had assumed the name of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. Under the same name, he had carried on the pretended contest with PARTRIDGE, the almanac-maker. The wit, humour, and satire which he displayed in this discussion had greatly increased his fame.

STEELE began the *Tatler* in concert with SWIFT, and took the name of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF; because, as he himself tells us in his preface, his friend's writings under that denomination created in the town an inclination to peruse any which should appear in the same disguise.

The professed intention of this periodical paper was, to expose the false arts of life; to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and ostentation; to recommend a general simplicity in dress, discourse, and behaviour. In the prosecution of his design, the Tatler exposes the weaknesses and follies, and combats the vices and impieties of men, and materially promotes the cause of sense, manners, morals, and religion.

STEELE himself produced the greater part of this performance. His gay essays are very pleasant, his serious very instructive. Many of his papers, both in constituents and effects, are compounded of those qualities. His humour, it must be confessed, is not equal to that of his two coadjutors, SWIFT and ADDISON. It is certainly in strength inferior to the humour of the former, in delicacy, to the humour of the latter: yet in that quality he has considerable excellence. It is sufficiently delicate to convey pleasing emotions, and sufficiently powerful to expose absurdity and folly in sentiments and in conduct. His serious essays, without discovering the vigour and penetration of a SWIFT, the discrimination and elegance of an ADDISON, are fitted to produce important im-

provement in the understanding and heart of the reader. The follies and vices which he chiefly exposes, are not merely such as are temporary or local, but such also as are in every age, and in every country, to be found among mankind. He points out clearly the defects themselves, their sources, and the means of correcting them, and the excellences to be substituted in their stead. He does not content himself with giving a general idea of the objects of pursuit, and of rejection, but exhibits them in that natural particularity of circumstances, which impresses ideas and images powerfully on the mind.

In judging of the genius and literary merit of STEELE, many apply a very unfair criterion. Instead of considering the positive merit of his writings, their actual usefulness, or agreeableness, they consider only their merit, compared with the essays of those who were engaged with him in his principal works. SWIFT wrote in the Tatler, POPE in the Spectator and Guardian, and ADDISON much more frequently than both in all those performances. STEELE is often, therefore, compared with these great men, especially with the last. A man may be a very ingenious Writer, without having such ability as to stand in comparison with the first of the age. It would be very unfair, to weigh the Writers of fictitious history in the same scale with a FIELDING; or dramatic writers with SHERIDAN; and to allow them *no* weight, because they would be found lighter than those two masterly Authors. Many were the learned men in the last age, who were not WARBURTONS; the men of genius, who were neither JOHNSONS nor HUMES. The candid mode of appreciating talents of any description is, by considering what their possessors have done, not whether any others did or could do more.

Among many excellent papers of STEELE in the Tatler, are those upon domestic happiness, comprehending directions for our conduct in the various relations of that description, illustrated by apposite examples.

The

The relative duties of husband and wife, after being the subjects of general essays, are naturally and finely illustrated in the proceedings of ISAAC's sister and her husband, with the brother's remarks on their conduct. The various sources of domestic unhappiness are also skilfully unfolded by STEELE; the precautions which may prevent the evils, and the remedies most efficacious in curing them, when they have not been prevented. The duties of parents and children are very clearly explained, and strongly enforced; the errors which cause deviations from these duties are made manifest. In the account of gamesters, STEELE mixes much humorous and just satire with serious exhortations. Gamesters and sharpers of every description call forth the severest animadversions of our Author. He has a paper describing these miscreants, under the denomination of dogs, which is replete with wit as well humour. He demonstrates the powerful tendency of vanity acting upon youth; inexperience, or weakness in impelling men to addict themselves to follies and vices to which they have little or no natural inclination. One of the principal objects of his attack in the Tatler is *duelling*. He endeavours to prove its folly and barbarity: he combats it by authority, from the example of the most polished nations. The circumstance, indeed, of this practice not having obtained among the Greeks and Romans, though often alledged as a reason to shew the impropriety of duelling, is merely a fact respecting *their customs*, not an argument respecting *our duty*. The *history* of duelling is not material, to prove or disprove its *wisdom* or *morality*. STEELE shews the frivolity of the usual causes; its inefficacy, as a criterion of truth, or as a punishment of injury; and enlarges on the miseries it has so often caused to individuals and families. He demonstrates its inconsistency with the Christian religion. He shews how, in a variety of cases, duels may be avoided with honour.

Our Author, from his earliest years, had reprobated this practice. When he was in the Coldstream regiment, an Officer had communicated to STEELE an intention of challenging another gentleman. STEELE prevailed on him to desist from his purpose. Soon after, some other Officers persuaded the intended challenger that STEELE had acted from regard to the other, not to him, and that his own honour had suffered by the success of STEELE's interposition. The young gentleman on this challenged STEELE. STEELE, though he well knew his own superiority in the use of the sword, the weapon then used on such occasions, endeavoured by ridicule and argument to dissuade the youth from prosecuting his design. The youth was neither to be rallied nor reasoned from going to the field. STEELE accordingly met him, and endeavouring to disarm and chastise his antagonist, without endangering his life, aimed at his arm, but by the turning of the young man to parry the thrust, ran him through the body. The young man was for a considerable time in great danger from the wound, but fortunately at length recovered. The grief and anxiety this affair caused to STEELE, rendered him a still more determined enemy to duelling.

The fiction of PACOLET, his *genius*, afforded to STEELE an excellent opportunity of unfolding movements of the mind, and explaining sentiments and conduct. Those papers in which PACOLET is introduced, are, in knowledge of the human mind, and sound morality, among the best of STEELE's Tatlers. The Court of Honour, which is partly STEELE's, partly ADDISON's, abounds in wit and humour.

In the Tatler there is much more political news than in either the Spectator or Guardian. STEELE takes various opportunities of manifesting his very high opinion of the Whig Ministry of Queen ANNE. When the prosecution by the Whigs had raised an insignificant bigot

bigot into importance; when condemnation rendered SACHEVERELL triumphant, STEELE could no longer refrain from controversial politics.

In addition to his employment as Gazetteer, he had about this time been made Commissioner of the Stamp-Office, by the Whig Ministers. Gratitude added to principle in rivetting his attachment to that Administration. That party was now tottering. A preacher of absurdity caused a total change in the counsels of Great Britain and in the situation of Europe. STEELE wrote several essays, under the name of PASQUIN, in defence of his patron. He compares the Tory leaders to HANNO, who, from envy, opposed HANNIBAL, to stop the career of his victories, and thereby eventually caused the ruin of his country. SWIFT, who during the prevalence of the Whigs had joined no party, declared now in favour of the Tories. He, in a letter inserted in the Tatler, advised STEELE to abstain from politics, and made repeated applications to the same purpose. STEELE seems to look on his interference as proceeding from a desire not of prevailing with him to be impartial, but to join the opposite party. If such was SWIFT's intention, did not succeed. In the last volume of the Tatler, the comparative merits of the Treasurer HARLEY, and his predecessor GODOLPHIN, are stated. GODOLPHIN is represented as a man of wisdom and integrity; HARLEY as very deficient in the latter quality. The abilities, however, of STEELE, made HARLEY desirous of gaining him over to his side. He continued him in the Stamp-Office, and expressed a high opinion of his talents, and a resolution to befriend him. STEELE continued unchangeable; but determined to forbear political subjects. He dropt the Tatler January 2, 1711.

About two months after the Tatler ended, STEELE, in conjunction with ADDISON, began the Spectator.

The essays of STEELE in this celebrated performance, are by no means so generally perused as they deserve. The extraordinary excellence of ADDISON's papers,

both gay and serious, so much engross many readers, that they pass STEELE's, to come as expeditiously as possible to the compositions of so entertaining and instructive an essayist. In their eagerness to peruse the best, they overlook many very good writings. Though inferior to ADDISON's, most of STEELE's papers are worthy not only of being read, but also of being examined with accurate attention.

His description of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's behaviour and remarks, on reviewing the pictures of his ancestors, abound in humour and character: the pleasure with which the old gentleman enlarged on the merits of those who had, in his opinion, reflected lustre on the family, the eagerness with which he disclaims all connection with a citizen of the name, who had amassed a fortune by industry and trade, present to us a very natural picture of the ideas and prejudices of an honest country gentleman of higher birth than understanding. The difficulty of arranging his guests according to their rank and consequence, is in the same stile of humorous satire on anxiety about trifles. Family vanity was a frequent subject of animadversion both with STEELE and ADDISON. That weakness more generally prevailed in that age than the present. Besides, STEELE was, as a Whig, intimately connected with the monied interest, which might add to the frequency of his strictures on the pride of birth. The account given by Sir ROGER in the gallery of his renowned ancestor, who narrowly escaped being killed in a battle, by being dispatched on a message the evening before, coincide with the character of the Knight as drawn by ADDISON. The observation with which our Author concludes that paper, (109) is not altogether justified by Sir ROGER's discourse. He says, he was at a loss to determine, whether he was more delighted with his friend's wisdom or simplicity. Whatever marks of simplicity Sir ROGER exhibits in his observations in the gallery, we cannot think that in them he discovers any proofs of wisdom.

wisdom. The Knight's account of his expedition to the county town in quality of High Sheriff, of his captivation by the fair widow, of the compliment she paid him, of his construction of it, of his preparations to visit her, by adorning himself and his horses; of his reception, and of his remarks, are lively and characteristical. The description of the Officer who travelled with the SPECTATOR to town in the stage coach, exhibits to us the very usual and absurd vanity of frivolous people, of endeavouring to appear amongst strangers persons of extraordinary merit and importance. SMOLLET in his *Roderick Random*, and FIELDING in his *Joseph Andrews*, have improved on this idea of STEELE; of introducing persons who, for a short-lived gratification, assume, where they are not known, a character which does not belong to them, and which they are soon forced to lay down. The letter from an acknowledged *liar*, displays in a very just and ridiculous light, the folly of dealers in the marvellous, who promote no pleasure or advantage to themselves, and effect no other purpose than to render themselves, from being merely insignificant, contemptible and disgusting. The *liar*'s declaration in the letter in question, that there was not an honester man or a warmer friend, must, like other assertions by such a gentleman, not be too implicitly credited. Those who accustom themselves to depart from truth in things apparently unimportant, would not, we apprehend, be invincible to strong temptation, to assert falsehood in matters of consequence. Attentive observation of human character will convince us, that there is a greater number of habitual liars, who are dishonest, than honest. His paper on *castle building* is very humorous. That wandering of the imagination out of the regular tracts of probability into the regions of wishes, he considers as lying to ourselves. STEELE is in many of his papers at great pains to shew that those who labour to appear, either to others or themselves, what they are not, appear with the more expedition and mortification what they really are.

The

The tediousness of circumstantial *story-tellers*, the folly of making obvious observations, and of endeavouring to pass them as new or profound, of quoting authorities, or adducing arguments to prove undeniable positions, are very humorously pourtrayed by our Author. He very pleasantly exposes the idleness of disputes on subjects either trivial in themselves, or of no consequence to the disputants. He marks the absurdity of determining questions of particular fact, or of general reasoning, by *wagers*, which being neither testimonies, nor arguments, are inapplicable criteria. The gentleman who, without any learning, had to his own satisfaction confuted a scholar, in a dispute concerning a passage in TACITUS, by producing ten guineas, a sum beyond the contents of his opponent's pocket, is an humorous illustration of the absurdity of this practice. He also very successfully ridicules bawling, whispering, whistling, and many other impertinencies, and improprieties of behaviour, the effects of affectation and of ignorance, or the resources of emptiness. His paper on the reigning favourites among women is full of severe satire. The frivolity of the qualifications of those heroes in gallantry, the grounds on which they are preferred, and the pernicious consequences of the prefe ence of men of their principles, are admirably described. The adventures of SIMON HONEYCOMB, who was despised by the SEX, whilst he continued in the paths of innocence, and became a distinguished favourite, when he addicted himself to loose pleasure, form an excellent illustration of his account of women's men. His letters from NATHANIEL HENROOST and from ANTHONY FREEMAN, contain an humorous description of the state of the *henpecked*, and of the usual causes which place the reins of domestic government in the hands of wives. His observations on the usual motives for asking advice, are replete with good sense, and very pleasantly illustrated by the letter from a lady who consulted the Spectator in the choice of a husband, after she was actually married. The tendency of amiable dispositions and agreeable manners to captivate

captivate discerning men, in preference to beauty, with a supercilious and arrogant behaviour, is beautifully illustrated in the story of LÆTITIA and DAPHNE. The observations of WILL HONEYCOMB on a tragedy, his approbation of the most pathetic passages as *genteel*, his minute investigations of the *dresses*, are natural descriptions of the *wise* and *important* remarks of many fashionable play-house critics. As literature is now much more generally diffused, it is probable that theatrical critics are now less superficial, at least those of the rank of gentlemen. But as our examiners of dramatic merit are by no means all of that description, and many of them are totally uneducated, we still often hear criticisms not more profound than those of Mr. HONEYCOMB. The history of the MOHOCKS, a set of Bucks, who made a practice of shewing their courage by attacking and annoying their inferiors in strength and in number, the description of fortune-hunters, who suppose themselves qualified to gain the affections of rich ladies, because, from the want of ability and industry, they have no other means of getting a livelihood; the admirers of a quack, who believe his assertion, that he can cure all sorts of distempers, because he has travelled; the young gentlemen who aspire at eminence, by displaying their skill in driving hackney coaches, are all happy instances of that humour which consists in exhibiting the inadequacy of the *means* employed to the attainment of the *ends* desired. The history of Lady BLUEMANTELE, who spent her time in animadversions upon her neighbours, in minute enquiries into their private affairs and conduct, and in the publication of her discoveries, with her own additions and annotations, give us a natural and complete picture of those intended disturbers of social intercouse, known by the name of *mischief-makers*. The chief source of her Ladyship's curiosity and volubility is very justly represented to be a total want of any useful knowledge, and a total want of any thing else to employ her time. Her gossipping serves in some measure

measure to fill up the vacuity. Detestation for the malignancy which animates her narrations, is altogether overwhelmed by contempt for its impotence, and for the insignificance of talent, and of character, to which it owes that direction. STEELE's papers on conjugal love, and on the means of preserving it; on economy, on the misery of debt; abound in excellent observations. In his essays on domestic subjects, he makes many very judicious and just remarks on the causes of good and bad behaviour among servants. The wickedness of seduction he very frequently exposes, and unfolds those arts by which it is most frequently effected. In short, the scope of his writings, humorous, argumentative, and suasery, is to ridicule folly, to expose vice, to promote virtue and religion. His papers are highly valued by all readers of taste and of judgment, and if they were not compared with those of ADDISON, would be held in still greater estimation. In the Spectator, STEELE, as well as ADDISON, generally forbore interfering in politics. When we consider the ardour of STEELE's temper, the warmth with which he had embraced the Whig Party, that, at a season when the Whigs were irritated by unmerited obloquy, he with very little deviation adhered to his resolution of abstaining in the Spectator from political subjects; we think he exhibited strong evidence of self-command.

Although we allow great merit to STEELE's Spectators, we must acknowledge he is by no means without defects. We frequently see marks of haste and of carelessness. We can perceive sometimes, that he does not write because he has very important matter to communicate to the public, but because he is obliged to furnish a certain quantity against a certain time. The rich stores of an ADDISON, the energetic and rapid movements of a JOHNSON, could, from the treasures collected, or the facility of instantaneous collection, afford plentiful supplies for immediate expenditure. STEELE, whose actual wealth, or means of ready acquisition, were not altogether

altogether so great, ought to have exerted his foresight and industry, to have provided for certain demands.

The language of STEELE is perspicuous, natural, and often animated. He was not in his style habitually correct; he frequently sunk into slovenliness, and seldom rose to elegance. The construction of his sentences is sufficiently clear; but frequently careless. The collocation often is not fitted to give the complete effect to the vigour of the thought. His periods are sometimes musical, but their harmony is manifestly more the result of accident than of intended arrangement.

Readers are often more highly displeased with inattention to language, than with erroneous information, or inconclusive reasoning. Nor do they in this judge so wrongly, as may on the first view appear: complete information is often very difficult to be obtained, and men of considerable talents may be easily imposed on by plausible falsehood. Where facts have been misconceived, false reasoning must ensue, even from enlightened men, without any intention of fallacy. But frequent inaccuracy of expression, as it may be easily avoided, is very blameable. It has the appearance of a want of a sufficient desire for pleasing his readers, when a Writer is careless in his diction.

Inattention to language frequently arises from pride. Authors conceive so very exalted an opinion of the intrinsic excellence of their materials, that they believe a rigid adherence to propriety of expression, however necessary in others, in them would be totally superfluous. Dress, they think, though it may set off ordinary figures, can confer no additional majesty on Herculean strength.

Every man that fancies himself a HERCULES, and thereby exempted from compliance with the fashion of the time, is not a HERCULES—Besides, a HERCULES would not, in a civilized country, appear in an uncooth dress.

dress. If he did, he would subtract from the pleasure of the beholder, without, if that beholder was endued with discernment, encreasing his idea of HERCULES's strength. In fact, men of the first abilities are not generally inattentive to language. They neglect no avenue to the heart, and know that taste is one of the most easy roads. The occasional imperfections of STEELE's language, we do not think, arose from any high idea of the excellency of his materials. He never appears to have conceived an overweening idea of his own merit. On the contrary, he always manifested his consciousness of his inferiority to those who were really his superiors in talents. His inaccuracies probably were the effects of partly that variety of occupations in which he was often engaged, and partly of his irregularity and dissipation.

But although STEELE's language be by no means faultless, yet are his Spectators, on the whole, vehicles of agreeable amusement, and of useful instruction. Though he cannot be placed in the same rank with ADDISON or with JOHNSON, the first Writers of miscellaneous essays, we may safely station him among the highest in the second class.

During the continuance of the Spectator, a few days after the dismission of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH from his employment, STEELE wrote him an anonymous letter, entitled *An Englishman's Thanks to the Duke of Marlborough*. STEELE had for some time been honoured with the friendship of that renowned personage, and was warmly attached to him. The letter contains a very great, but not exaggerated panegyric on that consummate General and Statesman. Through the Duke of MARLBOROUGH STEELE was introduced to Prince EUGENE, when his Highness visited England, on the dismission of the Duke. The Prince stood godfather to STEELE's second son, who was named after him EUGENE.

STEELE,

STEELE, in one of his letters, narrates the following repartee by his Highness to Lord OXFORD. OXFORD was declaring his happiness in being in company with the greatest General in Europe: "If I am," replied the Prince, "you are the cause;" alluding to the dismission of MARLBOROUGH from the post of General, through the intrigues of OXFORD.

The extraordinary success of the Spectator we have already mentioned. Encouraged by the celebrity and the extensive sale of that performance, STEELE began a new paper on the same plan, in the character, and under the title of *The Guardian*. The professed objects, as we are told in the preface, was to make the pulpit, the stage, and the bar, all act in concert in the cause of piety, justice, and virtue; and to have nothing to manage with any person or party.

During the first forty papers, he adheres to this plan, and calls wit and humour as auxiliaries to the execution. The account of the Lizards is entertaining: the characters of the several members of that numerous family are natural, skilfully diversified, and ably supported. His principal aid in the first volume was derived from POPE; in the second, from ADDISON. In his forty-first number, he commences a contest with the Tory Paper, entitled *The Examiner*. After this, though the plan in other respects be adhered to by STEELE and his coadjutors, yet in respect of politics it is often abandoned. The professed object of STEELE, in his strictures on the Examiner, is the vindication of private characters: but they are really political. Parties now ran still higher than they had done during the publication of the Spectator. The conclusion of the peace of Utrecht, with all its concomitant circumstances, known and suspected, alarmed and enraged the Whigs. The encreasing abuse of Tory pamphlets added to their rage, from their scurrility; and to their apprehensions, from the principles which they

they openly maintained, and the topics which they openly discussed.

An opinion now began generally to prevail among the Whigs, that the Ministry had entered into an agreement with France, about defeating the Act of Settlement, and on the death of Queen ANNE, of establishing the PRETENDER. STEELE had concurred in that apprehension, and was very much disaffected towards a Ministry whom he believed capable of so betraying the liberties and religion of their country. He had formerly attacked Lord OXFORD under borrowed names, particularly in *The Medley*, a Whig periodical paper. He now openly and warmly engaged in party politics. He determined to endeavour to procure a seat in Parliament, that he might oppose the Ministers more effectually; and openly avowed his determination. Apprehending a forcible dismission from the Stamp-Office, he resolved to anticipate compulsion, by a voluntary resignation. He wrote a letter to Lord OXFORD, containing his relinquishment. That letter shews the opinion of STEELE concerning that Minister's character and views, and the consequences to the nation likely to ensue from them, combined with the circumstances of the times. We shall submit the letter to our readers, not only as it shews his sentiments concerning the Treasurer, but as it exhibits some of the leading features of STEELE's own character.----The following is a copy of the letter:

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD HIGH TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Bloomsbury-Square, June 4, 1713.

"MY LORD,

"I presume to give your Lordship this trouble, to acquaint you, that having an ambition to serve in the ensuing

ensuing Parliament, I humbly desire your Lordship will be pleased to accept of my resignation of my office as Commissioner of the Stamp Revenues.

"I should have done this sooner, but that I heard the commission was passing without my name in it. I would not be guilty of the arrogance of resigning that which I could not hold. But having since heard this contradicted, I am obliged to give it up, as with great humility I do by this present writing.

"Give me leave, on this occasion, to say something in relation to the late men in power; and to assure you that whatever I have done, said, or written, has proceeded from no other motive than the love of that which I think truth. For merely as to my own affairs, I could not wish any man in authority, in preference to your Lordship, who favour those who become your dependants with a greater liberality of heart than any man whom I have before observed. When I had the honour of a short conversation with your Lordship, you were pleased not only to signify to me, that I should remain in this office, but also to add, that if I would name to you any one of more value, that would be more commodious to me, you would favour me in it. I am now, my Lord, going out of any particular dependance on your Lordship, and shall tell you, with the freedom of an indifferent man, that it is impossible for any man, who thinks, and has public spirit, not to tremble at seeing his country in its present circumstances, in the hands of so daring a genius. If incidents should arise, that should place your safety, and what ambitious men call greatness, in a balance against the public good, our all depends on your choice under such a temptation. You have my hearty and fervent prayers to heaven, to avert all such dangers from you. I thank your Lordship for the regard and distinction which you have at sundry times shewn me, and wish you, with your country's good, all happiness and prosperity. Share, my Lord, your

good fortune with whom you will, while it lasts, you will want no friends; but if any adverse day happens to you, and I live to see it, you will find, that I think myself obliged to be your friend and advocate. This is talking in a strange dialect to the first man of the nation, by a private person: but to desire only a little, exalts a man's condition to a level with those who want a great deal. I beg your Lordship's pardon, and am, with great respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient,
And most humble Servant,
RICHARD STEELE."

This letter evidently declares STEELE's belief, that should either the continuance or increase of the Treasurer's power, and the good of his country, come into competition, he would prefer his own greatness.—— The incident to which STEELE alludes, is the death of the Queen, and an opportunity of procuring the Succession to the PRETENDER. That the Tory Ministry intended to re-establish the STUART family, to the prejudice of all civil and religious liberties, was the opinion of many at the time, and is the opinion of many still. SWIFT endeavours to vindicate the Ministry from the charge of having formed so pernicious a design. The truth or falsehood of the imputation it is not our business to discuss.* STEELE shewed the boldness of his character by writing such a letter to the first subject in the

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* Those readers who are desirous of receiving information on this subject, not contained in any of the Histories of England, we beg leave to refer to the Memoirs of the Duke of BERWICK, and to Mons. MENAGER's Account of his own Negociations.

the kingdom. He shewed, that the exalted rank of an offender would not deter him from declaring an offence either actual or intended. But whatever probable grounds there might then have been for the charge, there was then certainly no positive evidence of its truth. The accusation, though indirect, would have been precipitate, as there was no proof, whoever had been the object. But when we consider the rank and station of Lord OXFORD, the charge, though indirect, as its meaning was obvious, shewed very great temerity. STEELE appears both on this, and on every other occasion, to have been very sincere. But his sincerity and boldness were by no means uniformly tempered by discretion.

At the same time with his post in the Stamp-Office, he resigned a pension, which had been hitherto paid him by the Queen, as one of the household of her deceased husband, Prince GEORGE of DENMARK.

Meanwhile STEELE continued to contribute a considerable portion of gay and serious matter to the Guardian, assisted by POPE, by BUDGELL, by PARNELL, by GAY; but principally by ADDISON.

In the beginning of August, 1713, the Magistrates of Dunkirk presented a humble address to her Majesty, praying that she would, out of her goodness, dispense with the execution of that article of the treaty of Utretcht which respected the destruction of the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk.

STEELE and the other Whigs were very eager for the demolition of a place, which, if suffered to remain entire, would be very hurtful to England; and which might, besides its general utility to France, be particularly commodious for that power in seconding the PRETENDER. This petition our Author believed to be drawn up with the connivance of the Ministry. He wrote a very strong letter in opposition to it, in the Guardian. That we shall copy, as it was the commence-

ment of that contest which caused his expulsion from the House of Commons. It is addressed to Mr. IRONSIDE, the imaginary Guardian, and that it may appear a matter of public consequence, not of Whig politics, it is subscribed ENGLISH TORY.

MR. IRONSIDE,

"You employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolously, when you consider so often little circumstances of dress and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-subjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifesting your loyalty to your Queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an insolence done to them both with the disdain it deserves. The inclosed printed paper, in French and English, has been handed about the town, and given gratis to passengers in the streets, at noon-day. You see the title of it is, "A most humble Address, or Memorial, presented to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, by the Deputy of the Magistrates of Dunkirk." The nauseous Memorialist, with the fulsome flattery, tells the Queen of her thunder, and of her wisdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the same time that he attempts to undermine her power, and escape her wisdom, by beseeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealousy to her people. What the sycophant desires is, That the mole dikes of Dunkirk may be spared; and it seems, the Sieur TUGGHE, for so the petitioner is called, was thunderstruck by the denunciation (which he says) the Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE made to him, That her Majesty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful sentence she had pronounced against the town. Mr. RONSIDE, I think you would do an act worthy your general

general humanity, if you would put the Sieur TUGGHE right in this matter, and let him know, that her Majesty has pronounced no sentence against the town; but his most Christian Majesty has agreed, that the town and harbour shall be demolished.

"That the British nation expects the immediate demolition of it.

"That the very common people know, that within three months after the signing of the peace, the works towards the sea were to be demolished, and within three months after it, the works towards the land.

"That the said peace was signed the last of March, O. S.

"That the Parliament has been told from the Queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French King.

"That the Sieur TUGGHE has the impudence to ask the Queen to remit the most material part of the articles of peace between her Majesty and his Master.

"That the British nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almost all the ports of France, either in the ocean, or in the Mediterranean.

"That fleets of above thirty sail have come together out of Dunkirk during the late war, and taken ships of war as well as merchantmen.

"That the PRETENDER sailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have till you come to Brest, for the whole length of St. George's Channel, where any considerable armament can be made.

"That destroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconsiderable advantage to England, in comparison to the advantage of destroying the mole dikes and harbours, it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

"That the British nation expects the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

"That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, that the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

"That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing in the Thames and Medway.

"That all the suggestions, which the Sieur TUGGHE brings concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

"That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished, it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England that it should be so.

"That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off from Great Britain than it is at present.

"That after the demolition there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French on all the Channel but at Brest; and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest."

"Pray, Mr. IRONSIDE, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, that the demolition of Dunkirk will remove France many hundred miles further off from us; and then repeat again, that the British nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.

"I demand of you, as you love and honour your Queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent, that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

"Be honest, old NESTOR, and say all this; for what ever half-witted hot Whigs may think, we all value our estates

estates and liberties, and every man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

"It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the Ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest brave people be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

"I cannot go on for indignation; but pray God, that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

Your humble servant,

ENGLISH TORY."

In this letter, STEELE, though very zealous for the destruction of the fortification, does not reflect on the Ministry. He is very far from using any expression in the smallest degree disrespectful to her Majesty.

In his eagerness to promote so beneficial an object, the reader may observe, that he repeats the expression, *the English nation expects the demolition of Dunkirk.* In that word EXPECTS, the ingenuity of party malignity discovered the most audacious insolence, and the most unexampled ingratitude to her Majesty. One of the pamphleteers speaking of the expression quoted above, exclaims, "See how the villain treats the best of Sovereigns, the best Mistress to him, whose bread he has eaten, and who has kept him from gaol!" After this despicable abuse, the pamphleteer proceeds in an attempt to prove, that the words, *the British nation expects*, &c. were intended as a threat against her Majesty. The bitterest of STEELE's antagonists, both at this and other times, was the Examiner. The Examiner had uniformly been very illiberal and virulent in the treatment of STEELE. It attacked his private character, and still more his circumstances. In one of the numbers, the whole of the wit, humour, and information consist in a description of the poverty of STEELE, of his not pay-

ing a note when it became due, being arrested and carried to a spunging house. Such strictures did not proceed only from the inferior writers in that paper; scurrility from them might admit of some apology, as their talents and learning could afford no better materials: but when we see the elegance of an ATTERBURY, the splendour of a BOLINGBROKE, and the force of a SWIFT, employed in so illiberal personalities, how must we lament the contracting spirit of party malevolence!—— Speaking of the letter in the Guardian about the demolition of Dunkirk, the Examiner says, "I believe I may challenge all nations in the world, and all the histories of this nation for a thousand years past, to shew us an instance so flagrant as what we have now before us, viz. whenever a subject, nay a servant under a salary, and favoured, in spite of ill behaviour past, with a considerable employ in the Government, treated his Sovereign in such a manner as the Guardian has done the person of the Queen, and went unpunished. If the clemency of the Queen prevails to save such a man; if her Majesty thinks it below her to resent an injury from so contemptible a wretch, by so much the rather should every subject resent it, and shew their duty and respect to their Sovereign, by trampling under their feet the very name and memory of the man that can have the boldness enough to insult his prince, in a printed, and for that reason, a scandalous libel; and can have ingratitude enough to do it, while he is eating her bread."

Though violent, STEELE was not malignant. He never suffered his warmth to transport him into those personalities which so much disgrace the writings of his opponents. On the benevolent exhortation to his fellow subjects, that, if the Queen should pardon the supposed offender, they should, out of duty and respect to her Majesty, endeavour to render her mercy ineffectual, STEELE makes no observations. He overturns his false allegations, and proves that he was not at the time eating her bread; but that he had resigned every employ-

employment under her Majesty, from the time that he had determined to take an active part against her Ministers. He wrote a letter to the bailiff of Stockbridge, the borough which he was chosen to represent, containing his letter in the Guardian, the animadversions made upon it, and a very masterly proof of the importance of Dunkirk.

Soon after this the Guardian ceased. STEELE then began *The Englishman*, which he published three days in the week. In the Englishman he is the professed advocate of Whig principles, and of the Protestant Succession. During the continuance of this publication came out "*The Crisis*, or a Discourse representing, from the most ancient Records, the just Causes of the late Revolution, and the several Settlements of the Crown of England, with some seasonable Remarks on the Danger of a Popish Successor."

This treatise STEELE did not publish until he had consulted Dr. HOADLEY and Mr. ADDISON; both of whom approved of it, as of a very salutary tendency in the state of affairs at the time. He dedicated it to the Clergy, and used many arguments to prove to them that it was both their duty and their interest to support the Succession in the House of Hanover as by law established. He shews that the doctrines which some of the order inculcated were directly inimical to liberty, and would in their consequences, if not guarded against, be destructive to the religion which they professed.—He exhorts them to use their endeavours to unteach the people notions so absurd in their principle, and dangerous in their effect; and mentions the example of the first men of the church for rank, talents, and goodness, as an incitement to them to be zealous in promoting the cause of civil and religious liberty. He recommends to their consideration the *Crisis*, as powerfully tending to avert the evils apprehended, and procure the good desired. The people, he says, have a sufficient fund of patriotism to wish the preservation of the Constitution,

and of good sense to see the danger that threatens it: and also the means of averting it, if the facts are properly stated to them. In the Crisis he explains the causes, principles, and advantages of the Revolution, and the settlements consequent upon it; the evils of a Popish Successor: the reasons for believing that many were endeavouring to establish a person of that persuasion on the throne; and shews the certainty there was, that the friends of the House of Hanover were infinitely superior to their opponents in number, rank, wealth, talents, and virtues; and that if they were sensible of the danger, and properly roused, they must be triumphant.—To state to the people their situation, and the designs formed against them, and to excite their vigilant attention to their most important interests, is STEELE's professed object in this paper. He cites at full length the principal acts of parliament which established the Revolution and the Succession. He goes through the chief events at home and abroad; commends the object of the Succession war, the preservation of the balance of power by humbling the House of Bourbon; celebrates the wisdom and vigour of the Whig Administration, the extraordinary talents and success of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, which tended so powerfully to the attainment of the ends of the war. He censures his dismission and the termination of the war. He endeavours to shew that all the advantages proposed by the war, and so likely to be attained by the victories of the Allies, were lost at the peace. He attempts to prove that the power left in the House of Bourbon by the British Ministry at the peace, made the French and Spanish Kings much better able to second the PRETENDER, than the English were under any necessity of suffering them to be; and from thence infers pernicious designs. He states from history the manifold evils that have accrued to this country from Popery; and shews that our only security against the return of such evils is the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover. He

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professes his confidence, that by firmness and vigour, in defence of their constitutional rights, the British will prevail over their external and internal enemies. He concludes in the following words:

"It is easy to project the subversion of a people, when men see them unaccountably turned for their own destruction; but not so easy to effect that ruin, when they are come to themselves, and are sensibly and reasonably affected with thoughts for their preservation.—We cannot help it, if so many thousands of our brave brethren, who laid down their lives against the power of France, have died in vain; but we may value our own lives dearly, like honest men. Whatever may befall the glory and wealth of Great Britain, let us struggle to the last drop of our blood for its religion and liberty. The banner under which we are to enter this conflict, whenever we are called to it, are the laws mentioned in this discourse: when we do not keep them in sight, we have no colours to fly to, no discipline to preserve us; but are devoted, and have given ourselves up to slaughter and confusion.

"While we act manfully under them, we have reason to expect the blessing and assistance of Heaven on its own cause, which it has so manifestly acknowledged to be such, by our many wonderful deliverances, when all human assistances and ordinary means of succour seemed irrevocably removed. We have no pretensions to the divine favour, but from our firm adherence to that settlement, which he has, by so many wonders and blessings, after such great difficulties and misfortunes, bestowed upon us, and which we have in his sight, and with the invocation of his sacred name, after preparing ourselves at his altar, so frequently and solemnly sworn to defend. This plain, unperplexed, unalterable rule for our conduct, is visibly the work of his hand to a favoured people. Her Majesty's parliamentary title, and the Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, is the ark of God to Great Britain, and like that of old, car-

carries death to the profane hand that shall dare to touch it."

This paper excited a most furious rage among the friends of the Ministry. It was branded with the epithets of seditious and inflammatory. The Examiner proceeded in his usual stile of abuse against STEELE, not sparing the Whigs, whose support of our Author he very candidly imputed to his insulting the Queen, and prophesied that he would be expelled the House. The Crisis appears, from the circumstances of the times, and the opinion prevalent among the Whigs respecting these circumstances, and the intention of the Ministry, not to have been written without cause. STEELE, from his general character, and the special nature of the case, appears to have been very sincere. There is no doubt that he felt those apprehensions which he endeavoured to excite in others. Alarmed himself with the idea of designs in favour of a Popish Successor, we must allow that patriotism naturally led him to awaken others to a sense of their danger. Entertaining such an opinion, he certainly shewed more his regard for the welfare of his country, by rousing the people, than he would have done by suffering them to remain in lethargic supineness, and to be surprised by the presence of the greatest of evils, before they had formed the smallest idea of its approach; STEELE is therefore, we think, justified in point of intention. As he knew that the majority of the two Houses of Parliament were of the opposite side, and that Ministry would not fail to use their influence in procuring the punishment of a man, who either accused them wrongfully, or laid open their nefarious projects, he displayed boldness, by attacking them. At the same time, it must be acknowledged, that though we should allow the end of the *Crisis* to be meritorious, many passages were too violent; and that the violence of them was not the most efficacious way to the attainment of that end. A cool statement of his suspicions, and of the grounds on which they were founded,

founded, would have been sufficient to have called forth from the friends of the CONSTITUTION, and of the FAMILY whose sovereignty is necessary to its PERMANENCE AND WELFARE, without tending to excite disturbances. The violence of parts of the Crisis tended to inflame, as much as to enlighten, to encourage, to strengthen the friends of civil and religious liberty. The Parliament met in March 1714. On the very first day, STEELE shewed his determination to reprobate the most favourite measures of the Queen, and her Ministry. Sir THOMAS HAMMER was proposed for the Speaker: STEELE expressed his approbation of that gentleman in the following words:

"At the close of the last Parliament, her Majesty was graciously pleased to declare from the throne, that the late rejected Bill of Commerce between Great Britain and France should be offered to this House. That declaration was certainly made, that every gentleman, who should have the honour to be returned hither, might make himself master of that important question. It is demonstration, that it was a most pernicious bill, and no one can have a greater merit to this house, than he by whose weight and influence that pernicious bill was thrown out. I rise up to do him honour; and distinguish myself by giving him my vote, for that his inestimable service to his country.

"It will be impossible for the reader," continues he, "to conceive how this speech was received, unless he has happened to have been at a *cock match*, and has seen the triumph and exultation that has been raised, when a *volatile*, whose fall was some way gainful to some of the company has been nicked. At mentioning the Bill of Commerce the cry began; at calling it pernicious, it increased; at the words, *doing him honour*, it grew insupportably loud." STEELE proceeds in his Apology to tell us, that without being confounded by their clamour, he went on with what he intended. In this tumultuous state of the House, on March 12,

1714,

1714, a complaint was laid before it against certain paragraphs, in three printed pamphlets, said in the title to be written by RICHARD STEELE, namely, two papers of the *Englishman* and the *Crisis*, as reflecting on her Majesty, arraigning her Administration and Government, and tending to excite sedition. STEELE was ordered to attend. He did so, and heard the several paragraphs complained of read; after which he stood up, and desired time to make his defence, which, after great debates, was granted till the 18th. Mr. Auditor HARLEY, Lord OXFORD's brother, moved that he should be allowed no more time than till Monday the 15th. His motion was overruled, and the following Thursday was appointed. On Monday the 15th STEELE made a motion, necessary, he said, to his defence, "That a humble Address be presented to her Majesty, that she would be pleased to give directions, that the several representations of her Majesty's Engineers and others, who have had the care and inspection of the demolition of Dunkirk, and all orders and instructions thereupon, be laid before the House." The intention of this motion probably was to prove that the demolition had not gone on according to the tenour of the treaty; to infer from thence, that there was reason for alarm, and that was one ground on which he was justifiable in awakening the people.—This motion was negatived. STEELE then despaired of his cause. He made a very able defence, and was supported by ADDISON, WALPOLE, and others of the highest talents. He went over the paragraphs complained of, one after another, and endeavoured to prove that in none of them could there be found any proof of disaffection to her Majesty, or desire of disturbing her Government. He vindicates himself from being impelled by any bad motive in what he wrote; and contends, that if he declared his opinion of the evils of a Popish successor, and his apprehension of designs in favour of one, there was no criminality either in that opinion or in that apprehension. One of the paragraphs, on account

count of which he is accused, is a summary of the exploits of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, the aggrandizement of this country, and of her Allies, and the humiliation of her enemies through his exertions. To that summary is added an account of the abandonment of our Allies, of their defeat in consequence, and of the restoration and increase of the power of the French.—He pleads, that these are notorious facts, and that there can be no criminality in stating what is undeniably true, and universally known. He contends, that no words which he wrote, can be construed as criminal, by the natural and obvious interpretation; and can only be construed as such by forced implications. On this he quotes the authority of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT in support of a doctrine in itself very equitable. He had at the trial of SACHEVERELL used these words:

"My Lords, if there be a double sense, in either of which these words are equally capable of being understood; if in one sense the Doctor's words be undeniably clear, but in the other, some doubt might arise whether his words be criminal or not, the law of England is more merciful than to make any man a criminal, by construing his words against the natural import of them, in the worst sense. This is the great justice and clemency of our law in every man's case. My Lords, if the manner of this solemn prosecution has not altered the nature of things, I hope I may insist, without putting in a claim of right in behalf of all the factious and seditious people in the kingdom, to revile Government at pleasure; that by the happy constitution under which we live, a subject of England is not to be made criminal, by a laboured construction of doubtful words; or when this cannot serve, by departing from his words, and resorting to his meaning. Too many instances there were of this nature, before the late happy Revolution, and that put an end to such arbitrary constructions."

The fairness of his Lordship's general principle of in-

interpretation, and its applicability to that particular case, are very different questions. The former, few who know our admirable Constitution, will deny; the latter is by no means so obvious. STEELE's paragraphs, which make this subject of the charge, are all very intelligible. He who censures actions and measures as of a pernicious tendency, certainly imputes either wickedness or folly to the agents. That imputation, so far as it was believed, tended to take away the confidence of the public from these Ministers. That tendency was right or wrong, according to the merit or demerit of that Ministry combined with the consequences that would probably result from the exposure of their conduct.

STEELE thus concludes his defence: "I have heard it said in this place, that no private man ought to take the liberty of expressing his thoughts, as I have done in matters relating to the Administration. I do own, that no private man ought to be at a liberty which is against the laws of the land. But, Sir, I presume that the liberty which I have taken, is a legal liberty, and obnoxious to no penalty in any court of justice; if it had, I cannot believe that this extraordinary method would have been made use of, to distress me upon that account. And why should I here suffer for having done that, which, perhaps in a future trial, would not be judged criminal by the laws of the land? Why should I see persons, whose particular province it is to prosecute seditious writers in the courts of justice, employing their eloquence against me in this place? I think that I have not offended against one law in being. I think that I have taken no more liberty than what is consistent with the laws of the land. If I have, let me be tried by those laws. Is not the executive power sufficiently armed to inflict a proper punishment on all kinds of criminals? Why then should any part of the legislative power take the executive power into its own hands? But, Sir, I throw myself upon the honour of the

the honour of the House, who are able, as well as obliged, to screen any commoner of England from the wrath of the most powerful man in it; and who will never sacrifice a member of their own body to the resentment of any single Minister."

STEELE's defence was ineffectual with the House of Commons. After a very warm debate, the majority declared for his expulsion. Their sentence, and the professed motives of it, were expressed in the two following resolutions:

"Resolved, *That a printed pamphlet, intituled* The Englishman, *(being the* close of the paper so *called) and one other pamphlet intituled* The Crisis, *written by* RICHARD STEELE, *Esquire, a Member of this House, are scandalous and seditious libels, highly reflecting upon her Majesty, upon the nobility, clergy, gentry, and universities of this kingdom; maliciously insinuating, that the Protestant Succession in the House of Hanover is in danger under her Majesty's Administration, and tending to alienate her Majesty's good subjects, and to create jealousies and divisions among them.*

"Resolved, *That* RICHARD STEELE, *Esquire, for his offence in writing and publishing the said scandalous and seditious libels, be expelled this House.*"

Whether the pamphlets in question contained matter dangerous to the public, or only inimical to Administration and its friends, it is not our business to determine. Whether, if there was offensive matter that was properly cognizable by the House of Commons, or by a Court of Law, it is equally foreign to our object to decide. STEELE's conduct it belongs to his biographers to consider; but the motives of those who censured and punished him for any part of that conduct, it belongs to historians to investigate. STEELE's motives appear to have been patriotic, to warn his countrymen against a great probable danger. In his opinion, that the danger was probable, many men of the first intellectual, literary, and political eminence, concurred. If his opi-

nion was erroneous, that error makes no difference in the morality of his intention; nor is it any charge against his intellect, that he was deceived by the same circumstances which deceived a HOADLY, a HALIFAX, a SOMERS, and an ADDISON. If STEELE was mistaken in his suspicion of the intentions and views of the Tory Ministry of Queen ANNE, not only many men of his own time, but of succeeding ages, have fallen into the same error. Those who have imputed to that Ministry designs in favour of the PRETENDER, have drawn their conclusions from these premises, that their measures tended to strengthen the PRETENDER's friends, and to weaken those of the HANOVERIAN succession, that they were able men, and must have seen the tendency of those measures.

The Examiner attacked STEELE after his expulsion, with increased virulence. STEELE, in his answer to one of that writer's papers, makes the following observations, very often applicable to the inferior classes of political pamphlets.

TO THE EXAMINER.

SIR,

"Your paper which came out to day, is full of your usual kind of argumentation, which fills the mouths of those who are for you with mere words to vent their passions and their prejudices, but affords no reasons to convince those who are against you."

Though abused by the Examiner and other Tory writers, STEELE persevered in his resolution of abstaining from personalities.

Whilst thus persecuted by the Tories, STEELE was in very high favour with the Whigs, who considered him as a martyr for the cause of freedom.

STEELE continued to the Queen's death writing against her Ministers. A short time after his expulsion, he published proposals for writing a history of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH;

MARLBOROUGH; at the same time he began *The Spinster* and *The Reader*, against the Examiner. In the Reader, he gives an account of his plan concerning the history of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. He informs us, that it would be written from materials in his custody: that the history would commence from the date of his Grace's commission as Captain-General, and end with the expiration of his command. "It is not doubted," says he, "but his history, formed from the most authentic papers, and all the most secret intelligence which can be communicated with safety, to persons now living, and in the confidence of foreign courts, will be very entertaining, and put the services of her Majesty's Ministers at home and abroad in the true light. The work is to be printed in folio, and proposals for the encouragement of it may be seen at Mr. TONSON's, bookseller in the Strand." But the work was never executed, and the materials, after the Duke's death, were returned to the Dutchess Dowager.

He wrote also a piece, entitled *A Letter to Sir* MILES WHARTON, *concerning Occasional Peers*. By occasional peers, he means those who were created for the purpose of securing a majority in parliament. Sir MILES WHARTON had been offered a peerage, but he knowing the conditions implied in the acceptance, had declined the promotion.

In this pamphlet, STEELE, to prevent the mischiefs which might arise from the twelve peers newly created, the list of which, he says, was to be increased by a dozen more, proposes that a bill should be brought into the house to disable any peer to vote in any case, till three years after the date of his patent.

Another of his pamphlets is called *French Faith, represented in the present State of Dunkirk; a Letter to the Examiner in Defence of Mr.* STEELE. STEELE wrote it after the delivery of Dunkirk to the French, who were building a new harbour at Mardyke. STEELE's dread of LEWIS's machinations in favour of the PRETENDER,

made him alarmed at every measure which might second these views. The PRETENDER had, in his intended invasion of this country in 1708, sailed from Dunkirk. Mardyke might answer his purpose fully as well.

In May, 1714, a bill was brought into parliament to prevent the growth of Schism, and for the farther security of the Church of England as by law established. The design of it was, to prohibit Dissenters from teaching in schools and academies. Even the children of Dissenters themselves were to be taught by Churchmen. Whoever pretended to teach children belonging to parents of any sect, without conforming to the liturgy of the Church, was to be subject to three months imprisonment.

A bill on so illiberal a principle, which was intended to deprive parents of the power of chusing instructors for their own children, was reprobated, not only by the Whigs, but also by some of the Tories. It was considered as originating in bigotry, and tending to produce pernicious effects. It passed through both houses after violent debates, by a small majority, and received the royal assent. The death of the Queen, before it was to commence, rendered it, fortunately for the country, ineffectual.

It was not likely, that a measure disapproved of by moderate Tories, should pass unnoticed by so strenuous a Whig as STEELE. In fact, our Author wrote a pamphlet against it, entitled *A Letter to a Member of Parliament.* In this piece he shews, that he possessed views, at the same time liberal and discriminative, concerning toleration.

He shews, that a bill on such a principle, is a violation of natural justice, by which men have as much a right to chuse the means of knowledge, as to chuse their professions or means of life: that it is inconsistent with the spirit and analogy of the British Constitution, to restrain men from following their own wills in things neither in their nature wicked, nor in their consequences injurious

injurious to the community. He proves, that it is contrary to the precepts of the gospel, and to the examples of CHRIST and of the Apostles, to use any other means to bring gainsayers to acknowledge their doctrine than evidence. He next proceeds to shew the inexpediency of such a law, that it tended to render a numerous class of people, who had uniformly distinguished themselves by their zeal for Liberty, the Revolution, and the Protestant Succession, disaffected towards a Government by which they were so hardly treated. He contends, that the bill was even derogatory to the honour of the Church, which ought to employ argument, not prohibitory laws, in establishing her doctrines. Beside serious reasoning, he calls in the aid of ridicule, to expose the impropriety of the bill.

"When," says he, "we consider the putting this law in execution, there cannot be a more pleasant image presented to the imagination, than a poor schismatic schoolmistress brought before a zealous angry squire, for transgressing this act, and teaching one Presbyterian, little more than an animal, in what the letter D differed from the letter B; maliciously insinuating to another schismatic, aged five years old, without licence from the Ordinary, that O is round; and not contenting herself with merely shewing to the said schismatics the letters of a certain book covered with horn, but instructing the said heretics to put them together, and make words of them; as appears by the affidavit of one who heard infant Schismatic say, o-f, of; another, o-b, ob. Prodigious! that a church adorned with so many excellent and learned members, supplied by two famous universities, both endowed with ample revenues, immunities, and jurisdictions, should be affronted with the offer of being reinforced with penal laws against the combination of women and children! You might with the same propriety provide against schismatic nurses."

When we consider the consequences of a law dictated

by such bigotry, the ridicule in the passage quoted does not appear over-strained.

STEELE was a member of the Church of England, and entertained a high opinion of her doctrines and constitution. He was indeed so much convinced of her excellence, that he thought her a match for all her opponents, by reason alone, without the aid of persecution and intolerance.

About the same time, another treatise of our Author was produced, intitled *The Romish Ecclesiastical History of late Years.* This, he observes, is no more than an account of some collateral and contemporary circumstances and secret passages joined to an account of the ceremony of the last inauguration of saints by his holiness the Pope. "This account," continues he, "gives us a lively idea of the pageantry used in that church to strike the imagination of the vulgar, and needs only to be repeated, to give any serious man an abhorrence of their idolatry." STEELE, from his detestation of a Popish successor, was probably more vehement in his invectives against the Romish religion, than he would have been from the natural candour of his disposition.

The downfall of STEELE's enemies was now approaching. The Queen's health was every day visibly declining. Such had been the conduct of her Ministry, that they could expect no confidence from her destined Successor. Her Majesty soon died. On the arrival of King GEORGE in England, STEELE was recommended to the Monarch whose succession he had so ardently wished, and so strenuously supported. Informed of STEELE's zeal in favour of his illustrious House, the King appointed him Surveyor to the Royal Stables of Hampton Court, and made him Justice of the Peace for the county of Middlesex.

In October, the same year, he procured a licence to be chief manager of his Majesty's Company of Comedians at

at Drury-Lane. The theatre had, from the beginning of his literary career, been very much obliged to our Author. He had not only filled the house by the excellence of his dramatic writings, but also by pointing out in his periodical papers the general and the particular merits of the performers. In his Tatlers especially, he had recommended every actor and actress of any professional ability to the attention of the public. His observations had made many excellences manifest in the sons and daughters of the sock and buskin, which had passed before unobserved.

The licence of the managers of the company had expired with the Queen's death. These gentlemen had immediately applied to STEELE to use his interest to obtain the renewal of the licence, to have his own name first inserted, and to do them the honour to get their names to stand with his in the licence. "This, they told him," says CIBBER, "would put it still in his power to support the stage in that reputation to which his lucubrations had already so much contributed; that therefore he had a better title to partake of its success than other persons. The licence being obtained, they agreed to give STEELE 700l. per ann. as they had done to the former chief-manager." CIBBER mentions several circumstances concerning their agreement with Sir R. STEELE, which shew, not only the integrity, but the liberality of that gentleman in the transaction of business. At the time that CIBBER and the other proprietors had agreed to give the annual sum just mentioned to STEELE, the other house was not permitted to exhibit theatrical pieces. It had been silenced inthe late reign, and it was not expected that the prohibition would be taken off. No provisionary clause had been inserted by the other managers, into their contract with STEELE, against a contingency which might lessen the profits of Drury-Lane, because at the time the contingency was not reckoned probable. In a few weeks, however, the patentee of the Lincoln-inn-Fields theatre procured the prohibition

hibition to be cancelled. The managers now stated to STEELE, that as they had allowed his predecessor 700l. a year, from the time only that there was no company but theirs in London, they hoped, as their profits must now be less, that he would be contented with a proportionably smaller salary. Whilst they were proceeding, STEELE stopt them short by telling them, that as he came among them by their own invitation, he should always think himself obliged to come into any measures for their use and service; that to be a burden to their industry, would be more disagreeable to himself, than it could be to them; that as he had always taken a delight in promoting their prosperity, he should be still ready on their own terms to continue his endeavours. STEELE then proposed to use his interest to have their licence, which only lasted during pleasure, changed into a more durable authority, if they would suffer a patent to be in his name, during his life, and three years after his death to belong to his executors or assignees, which he would then assign to the managers. The managers gladly agreed to the proposal. STEELE applied to his patron the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and was, through his influence, appointed patentee of the Drury-Lane theatre. The morning after the patent was received, STEELE was obliged to set out for Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, to stand candidate for representing it in parliament. CIBBER drew up the assignment and conditions of partnership very hastily, that they might have the signature of STEELE before his departure. CIBBER, in his hurry, so worded this deed, that it gave STEELE a clear title to the whole property. STEELE took no advantage of CIBBER's inaccuracy, and agreed to have a new contract drawn up. In the second agreement, he consented to pay 1200l. to have an equal share in the property, which sum they obliged themselves at his death to pay his heirs. From the time that he became a joint-proprietor in the theatre, his income from it amounted to a thousand a year.

At

At Boroughbridge he was successful, and was member for that town in the first parliament of King GEORGE. April 28, 1715, the King conferred on him the honour of knighthood. He about this time, as it appeared in an account of money expended by Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, received five hundred pounds for secret services. Sir RICHARD STEELE was now in a very prosperous situation. He had a large income, from sources which he had no reason to account precarious. His share of the profits of the play-house was, as we have said, worth a thousand a year. He had by his wife an estate in Wales, and a considerable sum of money. He was esteemed and caressed at Court. He had employment under his Majesty, and had reason to expect he would be promoted to higher and more lucrative appointments. His own literary talents enabled him to add to his fame and to his fortune. He had the direction of the stage, one of the most profitable marts for literature, and he was peculiarly qualified to bring the best commodities. With so many and efficacious means of attaining affluence, and exalting his situation, a reader, who had never attended before to the history of STEELE, would naturally expect, that if Sir RICHARD lived twelve or fourteen years longer, he must have reached some high office in the State, and amassed a great fortune. Such an expectation would certainly be justified by its probability. The event, however, was totally different. The extravagance and indiscretion of Sir RICHARD blasted the fair prospect that was not only blossomed but ripening.

Our Author wrote *The Lover*, and several other pamphlets against the late Ministry. In June, 1715, he began the second volume of the Englishman, the intention of which was to prove to their countrymen, that the Tory Counsellors of the late Queen had been engaged in the most nefarious designs against their country. When we view STEELE during the Queen's reign, from the conviction of the evil intentions of the Ministry,

Ministry, endeavouring to thwart those intentions, we venerate the bold patriotism that, regardless of the danger accruing from the provocation of power, defended the rights and interests of his native country. But when we consider the situation of the Queen's last Ministry, after the Accession of GEORGE, we cannot approve of the spirit of the second part of the Englishman. The intention of that paper is to shew that the Tory Ministers were traitors and parricides, men that had done every thing in their power to ruin this country and its allies. The late Ministers were then in a fallen state. As they had persecuted STEELE, it might be natural, according to the usual weakness of human nature, in him to persecute them. It was very inconsistent with that liberality of mind which he frequently shewed. The Ministers of the late Queen were not only fallen, but impeached. In such circumstances, to endeavour to excite detestation against them, was not only ungenerous but unjust. As far as the Author could, it was stirring up prejudices against those, who, by the laws of their country, and by every principle of justice, whatever their alledged crimes might be, were entitled to a fair, impartial trial by unprejudiced judges. So apt is party violence to have recourse to tyranny, that in the Englishman STEELE contends in favour of constructive evidence, to prove that what the Tory Ministry were charged with, amounted, though not according to the letter, yet according to the spirit of EDWARD III's laws, to the crime of high treason. By recurring to his own defence, the substance of which we have given, our readers will see how differently STEELE argued about *construction* in his own case, though not capital, from what he does in this, which would, according to him, amount to the greatest of crimes. In fact, this pamphlet is perhaps, of all STEELE's, the least justifiable. It is written with the fury and injustice of an enraged partizan, not with the calmness and justice of an informed, impartial ENGLISHMAN.

In

In 1717, he was appointed one of the Commissioners for enquiring into the estates forfeited by the late Rebellion in Scotland. He set out for the northern part of the united kingdom. By the Nobility and Gentry attached to the Court, he was received with great cordiality and respect. He was also very kindly received by the Clergy of that country, who have always distinguished themselves by their zeal in favour of the House of Hanover, of civil and religious liberty. Sir RICHARD, though not a high-churchman, was a sincere friend and admirer of the Church of England. He observed, that the Scotch Clergy, though they did not approve of the Episcopalian liturgy and hierarchy, were not bigoted to intolerance in their disapprobation of that system. He therefore conceived the idea of cementing the political union between the two kingdoms, by putting an end to the difference in ecclesiastical administration. On conversing on this subject with the Clergy, he found they were too warmly and conscientiously attached to their own mode, to think any other equal to it, although they were not so narrow-minded as to wish to proscribe every other. He found also from them, and from the Laity, that the people, from the cruelties that had been used in the reign of CHARLES II. to establish Episcopacy, beheld it with horror. The unenlightened multitude had confounded the mild principles of the English church with the barbarity and tyranny of arbitrary impolitic abettors. STEELE laid aside all thoughts of his project, as he saw it would be impracticable. He contracted an intimacy with one Mr. HART, a sensible facetious man. That gentleman Sir RICHARD used to stile the Hangman of the Gospel, because, though a very good natured man on every other occasion, he used from the pulpit to denounce the terrors of hell-fire and damnation against his congregation, without any exception.

It was indeed a very common mode with the Scotch Clergy in that age, when, in point of enlargement of mind,

mind, and still more in point of civilized manners, they were very much inferior to those of the present time, although they and their hearers lived in the most friendly and familiar terms all the rest of the week, to send them regularly to the Devil every Sunday. It happened once, that one of those denouncers of punishment, had been preaching for a neighbouring pastor, who had not accustomed his flock to such terrible anathemas. The worthy parson having, as was usual with him at home, declared to the people, that they were guilty of every sin, and of every impiety, (a mode of preaching that certainly saved a great deal of trouble) concluded his sermon with consigning them, without distinction, to the Devil and his Angels. The people, considering the sentence as too severe, applied to their own Minister, to intercede with his friend to preach in the evening, and deliver them from that dreadful state in which he had left them in the morning.

The other, who was really a very good natured man, complied; and after telling them, that the punishment he had threatened, was only against enormous sinners, but that he was convinced they were believers and saints, with the same unlimited liberality with which he had given them to Satan, adjudged them all a place in Heaven, and sent them home completely satisfied.

To return to Mr. HART: Sir RICHARD was so delighted with that gentleman's good sense and genuine humour, that after his return to England, he maintained an epistolary correspondence with him. STEELE, during his stay in Scotland, indulged his taste for humour, by searching into the manners of low life. With this view he prepared a splendid entertainment at Edinburgh, and ordered his servants to pick up all the beggars and poor people they could find in the streets as his guests. The servants had no difficulty in collecting a numerous company. Sir RICHARD soon found himself surrounded by almost a hundred beggars and decayed tradesmen. After they had dined very heartily, he

he plied them with port, punch, ale, and whiskey. After his frolic was ended, he declared, that besides the pleasure of filling so many empty bellies, he had learned humour enough to make a good comedy. Though we can hardly suppose, that the conversation and behaviour of such a party, could afford sufficient variety of humour, character, and incident, to make a good comedy, yet we may very easily believe, that even such an assembly might abound in genuine, though not refined humour, and in shrewd observation. The lower ranks in Scotland are naturally sagacious. They have generally some share of education. Their practice of wandering from their own place of abode to distant and various parts of the country, gives them an extensive intercourse with mankind, and affords them many opportunities of exerting their sagacity, in observing characters. As much of Scotland was then barren and uncultivated, poverty would naturally sharpen their talents. One profession was not generally sufficient for the purpose of subsistence. Their ideas were of course more diverged, than if they were circumscribed within the limits of one set of objects. Confined to one trade, though the lower orders contribute infinitely more to individual and national prosperity, than when they follow more, yet they expand their own intellects less.

Whatever humour STEELE learned from these poor people, we do not find that he ever made use of it in any comedy.

Soon after his return to England, he lost his second wife, who brought him the estate in Wales, which we before mentioned. Neither that fortune, nor his other emoluments, were sufficient to supply the demands of his extravagance. To recruit his exhausted finances, he about this time became Projector. In 1718, he invented a vessel for carrying *fish* alive, and without wasting, from any one part of the kingdom to another, and procured a patent for his invention. The project was promising

mising enough in theory, but like many plausible speculations, was found not to be successful in practice.

The following year, he lost one considerable part of his income, by his violent opposition to the peerage bill, which we mentioned in the Life of ADDISON. He was not contented with opposing it in his legislative capacity, but strenuously exhibited his literary talents in political pamphlets, to shew that it was unconstitutional and inexpedient. His publications were supposed to have contributed powerfully to its rejection. Whether that opposition was, or was not beneficial to the country, we shall not enquire. It was certainly in its consequences pernicious to STEELE himself. His licence for acting plays was revoked, and his patent rendered ineffectual, at the instance of the Duke of NEWCASTLE, Lord Chamberlain. The alledged reason of the revocation of the licence was, that information had been received of great misbehaviour by the company of players. He set on foot a paper entitled *The Theatre*, in which he endeavoured to convince the public, that he and his brother managers had been very unjusly treated. In the Theatre, he addresses a letter from himself, under his own name, to himself, under the feigned name of Sir JOHN EDGAR, which he had assumed in his paper, in which he gives an account of the proceedings against himself and his partners. In that letter he conveys his sentiments to the Duke of NEWCASTLE, being, as he says, denied every other means of communication. In respectful, yet firm language, he states the injury he has received; denies the allegation of misbehaviour in himself, the other managers, or any part of the company; insists that he is punished without any proof of misconduct. This application proved ineffectual. He then published a pamphlet entitled *The State of the Case between the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, and the Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, with the opinions of* PEMBERTON, NORTHY, *and* PARKER,

KER, *concerning the Theatre.* In this pamphlet he states the account of his loss by this proceeding, as follows:

	£.	s.	d.
Six hundred pounds a year for life, moderately valued, amounts to - - - - -	6,000	0	0
Three years after my life, - - - - - - -	1,800	0	0
My share in the scenes, stocks, &c. - -	1,000	0	0
The profit of acting my own plays, already written, or that may be written.	1,000	0	0
Total, £	9,800	0	0

He then declares he never did one act to provoke this attack, nor, says he, does the Chamberlain pretend to assign any direct reason of the forfeiture of the licence; but openly declares, he will ruin STEELE; which our Author observes, "from a man in his circumstances against one in mine, is as great as the humour of MALAGINE, in the comedy, who valued himself for his activity in tripping up cripples." What rendered STEELE's application for the restoration of the licence still more hopeless, was the disgrace of his friend Mr. WALPOLE, afterwards Sir ROBERT. Whilst STEELE was in this situation, DENNIS, that THERSITES, who, despicable in himself, endeavoured to attract attention, by scurrilous abuse of his betters, attacked him in a pamphlet, entitled *The Character and Conduct of Sir* JOHN EDGAR, *called by himself sole Monarch of the Stage in Drury Lane, with his Three Deputy Governors, in Two Letters to Sir* JOHN EDGAR. Groaning under the persecution of power, the natural gaiety of our Author was nearly overwhelmed. The attack of such an assailant was therefore very seasonable, as its impotent malignity and ridiculous personality excited mirth. The face and figure of an Author were favourite subjects of DENNIS's criticism. In his strictures upon POPE, if he could not convince the world, that the poet did not possess strength and elegance

gance in his compositions, he could very easily prove that he possessed neither strength nor elegance in his figure. STEELE had an expressive manly countenance, and a good figure; but had a dark complexion, and wore a black peruke. Those two circumstances make a part of DENNIS's attack. So despicable abuse deserved no serious answer, and from STEELE it received none. He entered into an humorous defence of his own beauty, and afterwards published the following ludicrous advertisement:

"An eminent Turkey merchant, and an ingenious foreigner, do hereby give notice, that if any person will discover the libeller or libellers, who has or have falsely and maliciously insinuated in his or their writings, that Sir RICHARD STEELE is ugly, so that he or they may be prosecuted by law, shall have all fitting encouragements; the said gentlemen having lost considerable matches by reason of the similitude of their persons to the said injured Knight."

Our Author, disappointed in his hopes of the restoration of his licence, consoled himself by the expectation he entertained of deriving wealth from his projects of carrying fish alive to distant parts. His intention was to bring salmon alive from the coast of Ireland, where that fish abounded, to London, where it was then so very scarce, that it was usually sold at five shillings a pound. The commercial projects of Genius are not frequently advantageous to the projector. Disdaining the only sure road to wealth, by perseverance, patience, and industry, and seeking a more expeditious way, Genius too often loses itself, or tired with the sameness of one path, pursues another and another, without ever arriving at the end of its journey. Improved by experience, and prosecuted with prudence and industry, its commercial inventions are highly beneficial to others: but Genius, frequently like MOSES, guides others to that object, which it never reaches itself. STEELE's scheme proved pernicious to himself. The fish, though supplied by the con-

contrivance of our Author, with a continual stream of water, yet not brooking the confinement, battered themselves to pieces against the sides of the pool. When they were brought to market, they were so damaged that they fetched very little money.

From the failure of this scheme, from his other misfortunes, from his indiscretion and extravagance, STEELE was now in very distressed circumstances. He had nothing now to trust to but his pen. The profits arising from thence were burdened by debts. He was often under the necessity of exerting his ingenuity in eluding or quieting his creditors, when he could not satisfy their demands.

He had, with his usual benevolence, shewn very great kindness to the unfortunate Mr. SAVAGE, natural son to the Earl of RIVERS. He promoted his interest with the most ardent zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, and took every opportunity of recommending him to his friends. He proposed to contract an affinity with him by marrying him to his own natural daughter, and intended to give her a thousand pounds. STEELE conducted his affairs so imprudently, that he was seldom able to perform his promises, or to execute his intentions. However, he gave SAVAGE a certain allowance, until the marriage should be consummated. Whilst affairs were in this state, some time after the disappointments we have just commemorated, he one evening told SAVAGE, with an air of very great importance, to come to his house early the next morning.—SAVAGE did so, and found Sir RICHARD waiting for him, and the chariot at the door. SAVAGE could not conjecture whither they were going, or what was intended, and did not chuse to enquire. They seated themselves in the chariot. The coachman was ordered to drive on. They drove with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner. They stopped at a petty tavern near the gate, and retired to a private room. Sir RICHARD then informed SAVAGE, that he intended to publish a pamphlet,

and that he had desired him to come thither to be his amanuensis. Sir RICHARD ordered dinner at a certain hour. They set to work; STEELE dictated, and SAVAGE wrote, till their repast was ready. SAVAGE was surprised with the meanness of the entertainment, which was by no means in Sir RICHARD STEELE's usual stile. Contrary to his custom, the Knight ordered no wine. SAVAGE, after some hesitation, imputing the omission to forgetfulness, ventured to ask for a bottle. Sir RICHARD, after remonstrating against such extravagance, at last consented. They then finished their dinner, proceeded with the pamphlet, and concluded it in the evening. SAVAGE then expected his task was over, and that Sir RICHARD would call for the reckoning. He was mistaken. Sir RICHARD told him, he had not a farthing in his pocket, that he must go out and sell the pamphlet before the reckoning could be paid. SAVAGE was accordingly obliged to offer this new production to sale, and obtained two guineas for it. Sir RICHARD then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to discharge the reckoning. SAVAGE told also of another shift of Sir RICHARD, equally uncommon. STEELE one day invited several persons of rank and quality to dine at his house. The company was surprised to see the number of footmen which surrounded the table. After dinner, when wine and lively conversation had dispelled ceremony and restraint, a Nobleman asked the Knight how so large and expensive a train of domestics accorded with his fortune? Sir RICHARD very ingenuously confessed, they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. Being asked why then he did not discharge them, he declared that they were bailiffs who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him honour whilst they staid. His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt, discharged the retinue.

They

They obliged Sir RICHARD to promise that they would never find him again so attended.

The promises of future economy made by habitual extravagance, are rarely followed by performance. The efficacy of general habit is too powerful for the obligation of particular agreement, even though backed by prudence and propriety. STEELE promised to amend, and went on in his old course. It was remarked of STEELE, that in all his difficulties he never lost the gaiety of his temper. Gaiety under misfortunes incurred by misconduct, by no means forbodes amendment. Those who, contemplating distresses brought on by their own fault, lament their imprudence and folly, are the more likely to abstain in future from actions which cause so disagreeable feelings.

Among many instances of STEELE's inattention to pecuniary concerns, the following is one. He had at one time formed a project of converting a part of his house into a sort of a theatre for reciting passages from the most approved authors, ancient and modern. He had, as usual with him, never considered whether he could derive any advantage from the execution of that project, or whether his finances could bear the expences. A splendid theatre was constructed and finished under his direction. STEELE was delighted with the appearance of the place, and wishing to know if it was equally fitted for pleasing the ear as the eye, desired the carpenter who had undertaken and completed the work, to go to a pulpit at one end of the room, and from thence to pronounce some sentences, whilst he himself, at the other, should judge of the effect. The carpenter being mounted in the pulpit, declared himself at a loss how to begin, or what to say. Sir RICHARD told him to speak whatever was uppermost in his mind. The carpenter thus directed, in a distinct and audible voice, called out "Sir RICHARD STEELE; here has I, and these here men, been doing your work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay

us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have." Sir RICHARD replied, that he was delighted with the oratory, but by no means approved of the subject.

Whilst our Author was in disgrace at Court, the famous South Sea Act passed in 1720. Our Author turned his pen against that ruinous project. Perhaps opposition to that Ministry, from which he had suffered so much, might combine with his patriotism in exposing so destructive a measure. Whatever were his motives, he wrote a pamphlet against it, entitled *The Crisis of Property*. He also wrote *The Nation, a Family*, another pamphlet on the same subject. He entered upon it in his Theatre. In all his writings on that subject, he ably shews the absurdity of the principle, and the ruinous consequences that would accrue to individuals and the public from engaging deeply in the South Sea scheme. The event justified his reasoning.

In April, 1721, STEELE's friend, Mr. WALPOLE, was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the room of Mr. AISLABIE, disgraced and prosecuted as a sharer in the fraud and profits of the South Sea bubble. Through WALPOLE's influence STEELE was restored to his office and authority in the play-house. The next year, he brought his comedy called *The Conscious Lovers* on the stage. It was acted with very great success. His profits from the representation were considerable. He received a large sum for the copy, and was presented with five hundred pounds by his Majesty.

The fable of the Conscious Lovers is formed upon the fable of TERENCE's *Andria*. SEALAND, like CHREMES, has a daughter whom he offered to young BEVIL, who is in love with another lady, as PAMPHILUS is with GLYCERIUM. MYRTLE, the friend of BEVIL, is in love with LUCINDA SEALAND, destined by the father for BEVIL; as CHARINUS, the friend of PAMPHILUS, is with PHILUMINA, CHREMES's daughter, destined by the father for PAMPHILUS. The report, founded on probable circumstances,

circumstances, of BEVIL's attachment to another young lady, determines SEALAND to refuse his daughter to that youth; as the report of PAMPHILUS's attachment to another young lady, founded on probable circumstances, determines CREMES not to bestow his daughter on that youth. INDIANA and GLYCERIUM are both in a forlorn situation, entirely dependant on their lovers. They both turn out to be sisters of the ladies intended for those lovers. All are made happy in the possession of their beloved objects, in the Conscious Lovers as in the Andrian.

Were we to confine our views of the two comedies in question to the fable, we should think STEELE a close imitator of TERENCE; but when we take the sentiments, characters, and incidents into consideration, we see that Sir RICHARD displays very great originality. BEVIL and PAMPHILUS have no resemblance except in this very general circumstance, of being both men of pleasing, amiable manners. The exhibiters of fictitious characters have adopted two modes with great success. Some, such as RICHARDSON, have drawn persons endued with every virtue, and shewn them in a great variety of probable situations, uniformly acting in that way which wisdom and virtue would dictate. Such personages as a GRANDISON are useful as models of imitation, as personifications of intellectual and moral excellences. Men generally fall short of the examples they propose. Such examples therefore being those of a perfect virtue, are highly useful, because, though they cannot be equalled in degree, yet, by resemblance to them in species, great perfection may be attained.

Others, such as FIELDING, represent characters as they are. They shew the operations of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in their various degrees and intermixtures in real life; with their consequences. They shew, that prudence and virtue lead to happiness, imprudence and vice to misery. They shew, that even good-

ness, unless accompanied by temperance, fortitude, and caution, will not certainly produce happiness; that villainy is the result of intellectual error, as well as of moral depravity. The misfortunes of a JONES, resulting from his own want of caution, are lessons to youth.—The hasty punishment of his adopted son, on the evidence of his enemies, by an ALLWORTHY, are lessons to BENEVOLENCE, not to judge of the intentions of others from her own. The discomfiture of a BLIFIL's villainy, shew the short-sighted policy of fraud. The first class of the writers that we have mentioned, are the most accurate exhibiters of moral virtue; the second, the most faithful copiers of human nature. In the character of BEVIL, STEELE represents what ought to be, not what is. In his words and actions, he always conducts himself as virtue would dictate. Sir RICHARD, in this character, shews that he was perfectly acquainted with moral duty and propriety. Sir JOHN BEVIL and Mr. SEALAND do not resemble SIMO and CHREMES in any thing else, but in being concerned for their respective children. Sir JOHN is a country gentleman, of the landed interest, with a great portion of family pride---SEALAND, a merchant, of the monied interest, and a despiser of antiquity of family. Sir RICHARD, who was a strenuous friend to the monied interest, makes his merchant, in point of sense and information, greatly superior to his country-gentleman. TOM the servant is much inferior to DAVUS; CIMBERTON is quite a new character, a solemn shallow coxcomb, a pretender to philosophy, who carried his *ens abstractum a materia* to cases in which such abstractions are very unusual, who is for caressing a fine woman by the rules of metaphysics. Such a character will to many appear unnatural. Were we to reason from our own individual experience, we confess that we should think CIMBERTON's character taken from the Author's fancy, not from his observation of life. We shall submit to our reader the scene in which that character principally appears.

Enter

Enter Mrs. SEALAND, LUCINDA's *Mother*, LUCINDA, *and Mr.* CIMBERTON.

"Mrs. SEAL. How do I admire this noble, this learned taste "of yours, and the worthy regard you have to our own ancient "and honourable house, in consulting a means to keep the blood "as pure and as regularly descended as may be!"

"CIMB. Why really, Madam, the young women of this age "are treated with discourses of such a tendency, and their imagi- "nation so bewilder'd in flesh and blood, that a man of reason "cannot talk to be understood: they have no ideas of happiness "but what are more gross than the gratification of hunger and "thirst."

"LUC. With how much reflection he is a coxcomb!" [*Aside.*

"CIMB. And in truth, Madam, I have consider'd it as a "most brutal custom, that persons of the first character in the "world should go as ordinarily, as with as little shame, to bed as "to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation "of the species as openly as to the preservation of the individual."

"LUC. She that willingly goes to bed to thee must have no "shame, I'm sure." [*Aside.*

"Mrs. SEAL. Oh, cousin *Cimberton!* cousin *Cimberton!* how "abstracted, how refined is your sense of things! but indeed it is "too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say in the best go- "vern'd families, my master and lady are gone to bed—one does "not know but it might have been said of one's self."

[*Hiding her face with her fan.*

"CIMB. *Lycurgus*, Madam, instituted otherwise: among the "Lacedemonians, the whole female world was pregnant, but none "but the mothers themselves knew by whom; their meetings "were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and "no such professed doings between the sexes as are tolerated "among us under the audacious word marriage."

"Mrs. SEAL. Oh! had I liv'd in those days, and been a "matron of Sparta, one might with less indecency have had ten "children according to that modest institution, than one under the "confusion of our modern barefac'd manner."

"LUC. And yet, poor woman! she has gone through the "whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it."

[*Aside.*

"Mrs. SEAL. We will talk then of business. That girl, "walking about the room there, is to be your wife: she has, I

"confess,

confess, no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother."

"CIMB. I have observ'd her; her lively look, free air, and "disengaged countenance, speak her very——"

"LUC. Very what?"

"CIMB. If you please, Madam—to set her a little that way."

"Mrs. SEAL. *Lucinda*, say nothing to him, you are not a "match for him: when you are married, you may speak to such "a husband when you're spoken to; but I am disposing of you "above yourself every way."

"CIMB. Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniencies "I expose myself to, in hopes that your ladyship will be the con- "sort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is ra- "ther an impediment than a help to a man of letters and specula- "tion. Madam, there is no reflexion, no philosophy, can at all "times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes "carry away the man——Ha! ay, the vermilion of her lips!"

"LUC. Pray don't talk of me thus."

"CIMB. The pretty enough—pant of her bosom!"

"LUC. Sir! Madam, don't you hear him?"

"CIMB. Her forward chest!"

"LUC. Intolerable!"

"CIMB. High health!"

"LUC. The grave, easy, impudence of him!"

"CIMB. Proud heart!"

"LUC. Stupid coxcomb!"

"CIMB. I say, Madam, her impatience, while we are look- "ing at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck— "what a spring in her step!"

"LUC. Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccount- "able——"

"CIMB. What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!"

"LUC. I have no veins, no arteries!"

"Mrs. SEAL. Oh, child! hear him; he talks finely: he's a "scholar; he knows what you have."

"CIMB. The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering "of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty little "thing!—Now I am considering her on this occasion, but as one "that is to be pregnant——"

"LUC. The familiar, learned, unseasonable puppy!" [*Aside.*

"CIMB. And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly: I fear "I sha'n't for many years have discretion enough to give her one "fallow season."

"LUC.

"LUC. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous rot!—"There's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale!"

"CIMB. At sale!—she's very illiterate; but she's very well "limbed too. Turn her in, I see what she is."

"Mrs. SEAL. Go, you creature! I am asham'd of you."

[*Exit* Lucinda *in a rage.*

"CIMB. No harm done.—You know, Madam, the better "sort of people, as I observ'd to you, treat by their lawyers of wed-"dings, [*adjusting himself at the glass*] and the woman in the "bargain, like the mansion-house in the sale of the estate, is thrown "in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all consi-"der'd."

"Mrs. SEAL. I grant it, and therefore make no demand for "her youth and beauty, and every other accomplishment, as the "common world think 'em, because she is not polite."

"CIMB. I know your exalted understanding, abstracted as it "is from vulgar prejudice, will not be offended when I declare to "you, Madam, I marry to have an heir to my estate, and not to "beget a colony or a plantation. This young woman's beauty "and constitution will demand provision for a tenth child at least."

"Mrs. SEAL. With all that wit and learning, how conside-"rate! what an economist! [*Aside.*] Sir, I cannot make her any "other than what she is, or say she is much better than the other "young women of this age, or fit for much besides being a mo-"ther; but I have given directions for the marriage settlements, "and Sir *Geoffry Cimberton's* counsel is to meet ours here at this "hour concerning his joining in the deed, which, when execut-"ed, makes you capable of settling what is due to *Lucinda's* for-"tune. Herself, as I told you, I say nothing of."

"CIMB. No, no, no; indeed, Madam, it is not usual, and "I must depend upon my own reflection and philosophy not to "overstock my family."

"Mrs. SEAL. I cannot help her, cousin *Cimberton*, but she "is, for ought I see, as well as the daughter of any body else."

"CIMB. That is very true, Madam."

Were we to judge from our own experience, we should, as we have said, reckon the character of CIMBERTON fanciful. The experience of many others would probably concur with ours. It is, however, very inconsistent with sound philosophy, to either disbelieve an alledged

alledged fact, or to deny the probability of an exhibited character, merely because that fact or that character is not conformable to our observation. Besides, as it is observed by one of the greatest geniuses* of the present age, there is an experience of fact, and an experience of principle. Although a character, in its various modifications, may not be conformed to what we have deserved, yet the principles from which the phænomena in question are derived may be altogether consonant to our experience. Learning without intellect, solemn nonsense, absurd affectation, may have never exhibited to our view precisely the same appearance which they do in the character of CIMBERTON. But every man must have seen them, though not in that dress, in a dress equally inconsistent with common sense. That departure from common sense, therefore, might have existed, though we did not witness it, as well as others equally great, which we have witnessed.

The sentiments in this comedy are those of the most refined morality. As honest parson ADAMS very justly observes, there are many things in the Conscious Lovers that would do vastly well in a sermon. If the end of sermons be to inculcate religion and virtue by the most powerful motives, the Conscious Lovers contain many passages that would do honour to the pulpit. The celebrated scene between MYRTLE and BEVIL is a masterpiece on duelling, as inconsistent with reason and revelation.

The incidents are not numerous. In point of humour, this is inferior to STEELE's other plays. It abounds in pathos, perhaps more than belongs to comedy. The character and situation of INDIANA are very interesting, the anagnorisis is exquisitely pathetic. Though it succeeded on the stage, it is better fitted for giving pleasure in the closet.

The profusion of STEELE was too great, for him to be long benefited by the success of the Conscious Lovers. In a year or too after, being reduced to great extremity, he

* MACKINTOSH, in his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

he sold his share in the play-house. He soon after commenced a law-suit with the managers, which in 1726 was determined to his disadvantage. Of this law-suit CIBBER gives the following account: "In all the transactions of life, there cannot be a more painful circumstance than a dispute at law with a man with whom we have long lived in agreeable amity. But when Sir RICHARD, to get himself out of difficulties, was obliged to throw his affairs into the hands of lawyers and trustees, the friend and the gentleman had nothing more to do in the matter. Thus, whilst Sir RICHARD acted no longer from himself, it can be no wonder that a flaw was found in our conduct for the law to make work with. About three years before the law-suit commenced, upon Sir RICHARD totally absenting himself from the stage, which, by our articles, he was equally and jointly with us obliged to attend, we let him know, that we could not go on at that rate; but that if he expected to make the business a sinecure, we must be paid for our extraordinary care of it. We therefore intended to charge for it a salary of 1l. 13s. 7d. every acting day for our management. To which, in his composed manner, he answered, that to be sure, we knew what was fittest to be done, better than he did; that he had always taken a delight in making us easy, and had no reason to doubt of our doing him justice. He never once objected to, or complained of this for near three years together. But though no man alive can write better of economy than he, yet no man is more above the drudgery of practising it. He was often in want of money; and while we were in friendship with him, we assisted his occasions. This compliance had so unfortunate an effect, that it only heightened his importunity of borrowing more. The more we lent, the less he minded us, or shewed any concern for our welfare. Upon this, we stopt our hands at once, and peremptorily refused to advance another shilling, until by the balance of our account, it became due to him. This treatment, though we hope it is not in the least unjustifiable, so ruffled his temper, that he was at once as short with us as we had been

been with him; for from that time he never came near us. Nay, he not only continued to neglect what he ought to have done, but did what he ought not to have done. He made an assignment of his share without our consent, in manifest breach of our agreement. Our interest suffered by his neglect, since his rank and figure in the world were of extraordinary service to us. The course was heard before Sir JOSEPH JEKYLL. The issue was, that Sir RICHARD not having made any objection to our charge for management, for three years together, as our proceedings had all been transacted in open day, without any intention of fraud, we were allowed the sums in dispute, above mentioned. Sir RICHARD not judging it adviseable to apply to the Lord Chancellor to overturn the award, both parties paid their own costs, and determined that this should be the last law-suit between them."

Such is the account given by CIBBER. Whether all the facts were precisely as he states, we cannot determine. We have never heard that the truth of the statement has ever been controverted. It is true, STEELE was dead, before the Apology of CIBBER, which contains this narrative, was published; but had any part of it been unfounded in truth, it is probable that some of his friends would have detected and exposed the falsehood. It is notorious that Sir JOSEPH gave judgment in favour of CIBBER and his brother manager. That, however, according to CIBBER himself, was founded on STEELE's previous acquiescence in the charge. Acquiescence by a man, attentive to pecuniary concerns, in a demand for money, is an acknowledgment, and even generally a proof of its justice. In such a character as Sir RICHARD STEELE, it might have proceeded from carelessness, from indifference about that which was really important, from unlimited liberality. It was no evidence that he was convinced of the propriety of the award, that he did not apply to the Court of Chancery to have it reversed. Though certain that the cause would

would there be equitably decided, yet the tediousness, and expence of such a process, might have deterred a man in his circumstances from appealing to that Court.

The loss of this cause, together with his profusion, which still continued unabated, our Author was reduced to the utmost extremity of poverty. Old age was fast approaching on him now, without any means of supporting himself and his children, but the exertion of his literary talents. Gloomy is the prospect in declining years, of Genius compelled to write for daily bread. The powers begin to be impaired; the impression of objects on the mind begins to grow faint; the fancy, whose conceptions and productions warmed and transported every imagination, becomes inanimate and feeble; the sensibility that moved every heart, becomes cold and languid; even reason, if she preserves the force, loses the quickness of her operations. Of the powers that remain, the exertion grows difficult. The body is becoming less and less capable of bearing the fatigue of mental labour, the spirits are weighed down by the burdensome idea of encreasing decay of talents, of encreasing difficulty of efficacious exercise. The time appears drawing near, when, incapable of deriving support from its now feeble labours, aged Genius must depend for sustenance on the precarious benefactions of individuals, or the more secure, but still more galling provisions of eleemosynary institutions.

The melancholy prospect before STEELE was aggravated by the consciousness that he owed his distresses not to misfortune, but to imprudence and folly. The superiority ascribed by the Satirist* to prudence over fortune, was never more manifest than in the life of STEELE. Fortune held out her favours to him, but not courting the assistance of prudence, he was unable to keep them from vanishing for ever. The distressed situation of our Author was soon encreased by a paralitic disorder. This stroke rendered him utterly incapable of farther literary efforts. In these unhappy circumstances he

* JUVENAL, conclusion of Sat. X.

he bid adieu to London for ever. He retired first to Hertfordshire, then to Wales, to live as cheaply as possible, and so be the less burdensome to his friends. He took up his abode at Languanor near Caermathen, a seat he retained by the permission of the mortgagee. His pecuniary distresses had, on some occasions, compelled him to have recourse to shifts, of which his own mind did not completely approve, but never had subverted his principles of rectitude. Before he left London, he had surrendered all his property to his creditors, and did every thing in his power that they might be finally satisfied. To their benevolence he was now principally indebted for his maintenance. He lingered out near two years in Wales, in the melancholy contemplation of what he might have been, and what he was, and Sept. 21st, 1729, paid the last debt to nature. He was privately interred, according to his own desire, in Caermarthen church.

Among his papers were found the manuscripts of two plays almost finished. The one was entitled *The Gentleman*, founded on *The Eunuch* of TERENCE; the other, *The School of Action*.

PHÆDRIA is probably the character in the Eunuch, from which the Gentleman was drawn. The principal male characters in the comedy, the Latin reader will recollect, are GINATHO, THRASO, PARMENO, CHŒREA and PHÆDRIA. The three first, the parasite, the braggard, and the roguish servant, are certainly not models for the picture of *a Gentleman*. CHŒREA is not much more worthy of that appellation. According to the doctrine of FIELDING'S Lady BELLASTON, propounded in her instructions to a young Lord, he might be accounted a very fine gentleman, and highly deserving of praise and of imitation. Sir RICHARD, however, whatever his own practice might sometimes be, had very different principles and ideas from that illustrious personage. PHÆDRIA is, with some defects of youth, a pleasing, amiable disposition, and much superior, as a gentleman, to any of the other characters.

There

There are indeed some parts of his conduct exceptionable in that view. His pretended cession of his mistress to THRASO, that he might spunge on that vainglorious dupe, was totally inconsistent with the behaviour of a man of honour and liberal sentiments. That part the good sense of our Author, no doubt, omitted. Those who have a just value for the comic powers of STEELE, those especially who reflect on his happy improvements on the parts of the Andrian of TERENCE, in his Conscious Lovers, will regret that he did not complete this play.

Sir RICHARD STEELE was twice married. His first wife was a lady of the Island of Barbadoes, sister to a rich planter. As he was coming to England, he was taken by the French, and died in France. On his death, STEELE succeeded to his plantation and effects. Mrs. STEELE died without issue. STEELE then married MARY, the daughter of JONATHAN SHURLOCK, Esq. of Languanor, in Caermarthenshire. By her he had four children, a boy who died in his infancy, a second son named EUGENE, after the renowned Prince, and two daughters named ELIZABETH and MARY. His son was sent to school at Blyth-house, Hammersmith, under the care of Mr. SOLOMON LOWE. That gentleman gave him the character of an able, ingenious youth. After continuing at school for some years, he was taken home by his father. Sir RICHARD finding in his son a great talent for acting plays, and reciting passages, indulged him in that amusement. The exertions of the boy being too great for his constitution, he fell into a consumption, and died. MARY died young. ELIZABETH was married in May, 1731, to the Honourable JOHN TREVER, one of the Welch Judges. Sir RICHARD's natural daughter, whom he intended, as we have said, to be married to SAVAGE, never became the wife of that gentleman.—During the delay occasioned by waiting until the Knight could raise the promised fortune, Sir RICHARD was informed, that he had been ridiculed by SAVAGE. He was

so exasperated at being so treated by one to whom he had ever been such a friend, that he broke off all connection with him, withdrawing his allowance, and never more admitted him to his house.

STEELE was a man endued by nature with talents much superior to those possessed by ordinary men. His understanding was quick, acute, and vigorous; his imagination was fertile, his memory retentive. He had received a good education; and, although perhaps he may not be entitled to the character of a very learned man, he certainly had acquired a very considerable share of knowledge. He shews in his writings that he was very well acquainted with the Latin classics, but exhibits no marks of being conversant in Grecian literature. For both his history will account. He had been educated at an excellent school, and continued there until, with much less ability, he could have been master of the Latin language; but had gone into the army before he could have made equal proficiency in the Greek. The hurried bustling dissipated life in which he was ever after engaged, prevented the acquisition of any branch of learning not necessary for present use. His knowledge bore the marks of accidental or occasional acquirement, much more than of regular, systematic application. In the first part of his literary career, representation of characters and of manners was his object; that demanded an accurate knowledge of mankind. STEELE's understanding, quick and penetrating, was well fitted for diving into the human mind. His humour, lively and versatile, could paint justly and agreeably what he saw. He had studied man as he found him in society, not in books. He knew thoroughly his general nature, as determined by local and temporary circumstances, his moral duty, and his greatest happiness. His acquaintance with the physical constitution, and the moral obligations of the human mind, he manifests in every page of his plays and essays.

In a more advanced stage, politics became his chief object.

object. That required a knowledge of the general principles of government, the history and constitution of his country. To these he had diligently attended. His knowledge, in short, chiefly consisted of what would answer some particular purpose. It was rather collected as an article of use, than as a gratification of taste or of curiosity. The capacity of STEELE was, no doubt, fitted for very extensive learning; but in fact he exhibits no proofs of having acquired learning adequate to his parts.

The predominant excellences in the intellect of Sir R. STEELE appear to us to be vigorous sense and versatile humour. His observations on life and manners are just, and often strong and comprehensive; his reasoning generally sound and conclusive. The humour of STEELE is not remarkably elegant, nor equal in strength to that of a CONGREVE, a FIELDING, or a SWIFT; but it is sprightly, variegated, and founded in truth. It answers its purpose, it exposes succesfully folly, impropriety, and such vices as are objects of ridicule. In purity and moral tendency, it is seldom exceptionable. STEELE is, in the chastity of his dialogues and images, inferior to ADDISON, but superior to his other contemporary writers. On humorous subjects, STEETE's taste does not appear to be deficient in natural delicacy. His perceptions of beauty are vivid and distinct, his feelings ardent; but his taste wanted habitual correctness. A correct taste is not the result of natural perceptions and sentiments merely, but of reflection, judicious cultivation, and regular exertion. Unless improved and cultivated in early years, taste seldom acquires a great degree of accuracy. The entrance of STEELE into the army had prevented him from giving to his taste all that improvement, of which it was susceptible. In fact, he, in correctness of composition, is much more inferior to his friend ADDISON, than in observation or reasoning. The hurry and dissipation of STEELE's life probably was the cause of some part of his inaccuracy. In the task of daily

writing, it is vain to look for perfectly correct composition, except from those who have improved and refined their natural sense of beauty and deformity by long habitual cultivation, and by constant exercise.

In his moral character, STEELE possessed many of those qualities which are most efficacious in producing happiness to individuals, and to the human species; but mixed with defects, which tended to render that efficacy ineffectual. He was a man of great and extensive benevolence. He not only embraced, but sought and created occasions of doing good. He was the reliever of the distressed, the protector of the helpless, and the encourager of merit. In his transaction of business, he was fair and equitable; in his opinions of mankind, candid and liberal. He allowed those who were above him the due superiority. He treated his equals with ease and cordiality. He behaved to his inferiors with affability, without the arrogant insolence of familiarity, or the ostentatious parade of condescension. He was by constitutional temper, as well as by benevolent dispositions, and by sprightly talents, a most agreeable companion. He possessed a great flow of spirits, he was desirous of pleasing; he abounded in good natured merriment, and in lively repartees. The intimacy which subsisted so long between him and ADDISON is very honourable to our Author. It shewed, that that most penetrating discerner of human characters considered STEELE as a man of upright principles, though he deviated from the paths of prudence. A man of his integrity would not have bestowed his friendship on STEELE, if he had thought otherwise. ADDISON was confessedly Sir RICHARD's superior, partly from natural talents, but still more from judicious cultivation and wise conduct. STEELE, so far from envying him on account of this superiority, lived, as Dr. JOHNSON in his nervous language observes, under "an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of ADDISON, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness."

ousness." He not only did ample justice to the merits of that great man, whilst their intimacy continued, but after their difference about the peerage bill, always mentioned him with the warmest praise. ADDISON often took the liberty of a friend in expostulating with STEELE on the indiscretion and imprudence of his general conduct, and on the violence of his zeal in political contests. STEELE acknowledged his obligations to his friendly adviser. If he did not always follow the counsel, he paid a just tribute of praise to the wisdom and intentions of the counsellor. With his amiable qualities and agreeable manners, STEELE united courage and independence. In his declarations of his opinions he was open, in his actions he was intrepid. From that which he thought his duty, he was deterred neither by the frown of greatness, nor by the threat of power. No danger could prevent him from saying or doing those things which he conceived in themselves to be right, and in their consequences to be useful to his friends or to his country.

With such talents and with such virtues, how came STEELE to be so distressed? By his violence, by his indiscretion, and by his extravagance. Those philosophers appear to have formed a just idea of moral rectitude, who have placed it in the proper balance of the affections, in indulging and restraining each according to the positive and comparative value of its objects, examined by impartial reason. STEELE's mind wanted that balance.—He was hurried on by present impulse more frequently than guided by deliberate views of real advantage. To gratify present inclination, he would not hesitate to forego great future good. In his support of any person or of any measure, he considered only that person or measure, without taking other objects and relations into the account. Whatever end he pursued, he followed with an eagerness as great as if the whole happiness of his life depended on its success. His generosity was excessive, and degenerated into profusion. His candour frequently

quently became credulity, his liberality often subjected him to deception. His opposition to the great often, in its warmth, exceeded the importance of the object. Even where the end was of great consequence, so forward a zeal was not necessary to compass it. His extravagance continued through his life, undiminished by constant experience of its mischievous consequences. That experience, together with his vigorous understanding, combined to shew clearly to others the rocks on which they split, but did not induce him to exert caution and strength to avoid them himself.

On the whole, there is strikingly exhibited in the life of Sir RICHARD STEELE the important truth, that great talents, benevolent dispositions, and amiable manners, cannot secure happiness, without the co-operation of self-command and of prudence.

Whatever were the defects which prevented the many excellences of STEELE from making himself prosperous and happy, his writings are uniformly friendly to virtue. As an author, he must be acknowledged to have made a considerable addition to the general mass of pleasing and useful literature. As a comic writer, he paints men and manners humorously and justly. He is inferior to his contemporaries, CONGREVE and WYCHERLY, in strength and brilliancy of wit, but equal to any other comic writer of his age. His characters are natural, well drawn, and well supported. The sentiments and observations are suitable to the characters. In the consonancy of sentiment to character, STEELE is generally superior to CONGREVE. CONGREVE, from the exuberance of his genius, bestows wit and judgment on almost all his personages: his footmen, his waiting-maids, his sailors, his beaux, and his fine ladies, abound in sterling wit, and in acute observation. STEELE apportions most accurately the fancy and intellect of his personages to their several characters and situations. In moral tendency, the comedies of STEELE are unexceptionable.—Virtue excites esteem and admiration; vice, contempt and

and hatred. The short-sighted policy of villainy is clearly illustrated; rectitude is shewn to be true wisdom, and to be most conducive to true interest. Intemperance and profligacy are never varnished with agreeable colours, but shewn in their real deformity, and followed by their real effects. Purity of expression accompanies purity of sentiment. Nothing is introduced which can inflame or corrupt youth. Precept and example deter from evil, and persuade to good. Wit and humour occupy their proper stations, in ministering to wisdom and morality. Tenderness is a quality eminently conspicuous in some of STEELE's comedies. He exhibits interesting situations with an impressiveness which only a feeling mind can produce. He pleases us by moving our best affections.

Let any impartial person read or behold the plays of CONGREVE, and the plays of STEELE, and compare their tendency to produce the good or evil of the reader or beholder, we must give judgment in favour of our Author. We by no means assert, that the comic powers of STEELE were superior, or even nearly equal to CONGREVE's; but only that the exertion of those powers was more beneficial to society. STEELE was still more superior to WYCHERLY in these qualities of dramatic composition, in which he surpassed CONGREVE. Perhaps indeed an Author, endued with great genius for the drama, could not be pointed out, whose writings deserve more to be consigned to oblivion than WYCHERLY's. The only comic writer of any note at the time of STEELE, (for ADDISON was not avowedly such, CIBBER and VANBURGH were somewhat later) besides those whom we have mentioned, was FARQUHAR. Resembling CONGREVE in his most defective parts, following his immorality, without his wit and humour, FARQUHAR, as a comic writer, we will not hesitate to pronounce very inferior to STEELE, even were moral tendency not to be considered as a constituent of comedy. Were that species of composition to be estimated merely by its wit, humour,

and truth of character, STEELE's would stand much higher than FARQUHAR's. On the side of FARQUHAR, there is vivacity; on the side of STEELE, wit. FARQUHAR is light and flippant, STEELE is humorous. A great uniformity prevails in the conversation and sentiments of FARQUHAR's personages; pert repartees, quaint jests, and avowed disregard for prudence and temperance, compose the dialogue. An old gentleman,* held up as a model for imitation, attacking a young officer on the supposition of a design to seduce his daughter, very frankly declares that he himself, in his youth, would have acted in the very same way; and says, he has not the least doubt of the Captain's success. The hero† of the piece is distinguished for his ability in wheedling raw clowns and country girls, for betraying his trust, and defrauding the public, by procuring pay for nominal soldiers; yet the Captain is exhibited as a most amiable, deserving man. The subordinate hero‡ of the comedy is represented as a pleasing, agreeable man, although, from his conduct and even his account of himself, he was a most worthless miscreant. In another, § the hero ‖ atchieves the conquest of a bar-maid's heart, ¶ is equally successful with a lady ** of previously corrupted principles, and forms a plan in conjunction with his friend, for imposing that friend on a young lady as a man of fortune, and equally to defraud her of her money, and to divide the spoils. Instead of being exposed to contempt, for the meanness of his artifices, or detestation for their wickedness, this personage is evidently intended to excite love and admiration. The wit consists chiefly in common-place jests on divine worship and matrimony, and in hackneyed indelicacies of dialogue between the hero and his bar-maid, the hero and his lady. To such productions how superior the natural, vigorous

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* *Recruiting Officer*, Justice BALLANCE. † Capt. PLUME, *ibid.* ‡ Serjeant KITE, *ibid.* § *Beaux Stratagem.* ‖ ARCHER, *ibid.* ¶ CHERRY BONNY FACE, *ibid.* ** Mrs. SULLEN, *ibid.*

vigorous, and chaste humour and discriminating satire of the Funeral and of the Tender Husband, the elevated morality of the Conscious Lovers. Though some were before STEELE in several constituents of comic excellence, yet few English writers have been before him in all.

As a political writer, STEELE, though warm, was on most occasions candid. He attacked principles and measures, but did not descend to scurrilous personalities.—His general views of government are just and enlarged; his applications of general positions to particular cases, are, as might be expected, sometimes partial. His political writings, however, afford considerable information concerning the state of affairs, and exhibit an accurate view of the opinions and reasonings of the Whigs at the time.

As a writer of essays, we have already mentioned Sir RICHARD so fully, that it is not now necessary to dwell on his merits. He is an able and agreeable describer of life and manners; a strenuous and persuasive supporter of religion and virtue.

END OF THE LIFE OF STEELE.

THE LIFE
OF
THOMAS PARNELL.

"THE incidents," says the Author of the Rambler, "which give excellence to biography, are of a volatile and evanescent kind, such as escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. We know how few can pourtray a living acquaintance, except by his most prominent and observable particularities, and the grosser features of his mind; and it may be easily imagined how much of this little knowledge may be lost in imparting it, and how soon a succession of copies will lose all resemblance of the original."

Splendid actions, conspicuous situations, striking vicissitudes, in the estimation of the multitude constitute the most important subjects of biographical record.—Undistinguished by such appendages, a life is held to be little deserving of transmission to posterity. To men who estimate utility of character by such adventitious circumstances, the life of a scholar is an uninteresting subject of observation. His life does not often abound in adventures. He rises to eminence by exertions which, to ordinary discernment, do not distinguish him from other men. When his fame is established by time, it is generally too late to investigate minutely the peculiarities of habit and disposition which mark his character.

For

For the life of Dr. PARNELL the world is obliged to GOLDSMITH. We have reason to regret that so masterly a Writer had not the means of being more completely informed. From the discriminating powers, and agreeable manner of communication of that celebrated Writer, had he had an opportunity of being intimately acquainted with Dr. PARNELL, we might have expected a valuable accession to useful and interesting biography. But GOLDSMITH not only did not know him himself, but was obliged to take his character from those whose knowledge of him was very imperfect. "There is scarce any man but might be made the subject of a very interesting and amusing history, if the Writer, besides a thorough acquaintance with the character he draws, was able to mark those nice distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest minds have usually the most striking peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest materials: but in the present instance, from not knowing Dr. PARNELL, his peculiarities are gone to the grave with him, and we are obliged to take his character from such as knew but little of him; or who, perhaps, could have given very little information if they had known more."

The facts stated in the present account of PARNELL are principally taken from GOLDSMITH.

THOMAS PARNELL, Doctor of Divinity, was descended from an ancient family, that had for some centuries been settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, THOMAS PARNELL, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Restoration went over to Ireland: thither he carried a large personal fortune, which he laid out in lands in that kingdom. The estates he purchased there, as also that of which he was possessed in Cheshire, descended to our poet, who was his eldest son, and still remain in the family. "Thus, GOLDSMITH observes, "want, which has compelled many of our greatest men into the service of the Muses, had

no

no influence upon PARNELL; he was a poet by inclination."

He was born in Dublin, in the year 1679, and received the first rudiments of his education at the school of Doctor JONES, in that city. Surprising things are told us of the greatness of his memory at that early period, as of his being able to repeat by heart forty lines of any book at the first reading; and of his getting the third book of the Iliad in one night's time, which was given in order to confine him for some days. Such stories are told of many men of genius. GOLDSMITH by no means vouches for this truth. Without giving implicit credit to so improbable assertions, we have reason to believe that he possessed an excellent memory. GOLDSMITH mentions one fact, which may be considered as a presumption, that he had made great progress in learning at a very early age. When he was only thirteen years old, he was admitted a member of the College of Dublin. Young men proposed to be entered at that University, are expected to be well acquainted with the Latin classics, and to have attained some proficiency in the Greek. The examination for entrance is accounted much stricter than either at Oxford or Cambridge.—"His progress," says GOLDSMITH, "through the college course of study was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of BURGERSDICIUS, or the dreary subtleties of SMIGLESIUS; but it is certain, that as a classical scholar few could equal him. His own compositions shew this; and the difference which the most eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt." He took the degree of Master of Arts the 9th of July, 1700, and in the same year he was ordained a Deacon, by WILLIAM, Bishop of Derry, having a dispensation from the Primate, as being under twenty-three years of age. He was admitted into priest's orders about three years after, by WILLIAM, Archbishop of Dublin; and on the 9th of February, 1705,

1705, he was collated by Sir GEORGE ASHE, Bishop of Clogher. About that time also he married Miss ANNE MINCHEN, a young lady of great merit and beauty, by whom he had two sons, who died young; and one daughter, who is still living. His wife died some time before him, and her death is said to have had so great an impression on his spirits, that it served to hasten his own. On the 31st of May, 1716, he was presented, by his friend and patron, Archbishop KING, to the vicarage of Finglas, a benefice worth about 400l. a year, in the diocese of Dublin; but he lived to enjoy this preferment a very short time. He died at Chester, in July, 1718, on his way to Ireland, and was buried in Trinity church in that town, without any monument to mark the place of his interment. As he died without male issue, his estate devolved to his only nephew, Sir JOHN PARNELL, Baronet, whose father was younger brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the Justices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

"Such," says, "GOLDSMITH, is the very unpoetical detail of the life of a Poet. Some dates, and a few facts scarce more interesting than those that mark the ornaments of a country tomb-stone, are all that remain of one whose labours now begin to excite universal curiosity."

PARNELL is by his contemporaries allowed to have been a man of very great benevolence, and of very agreeable manners. His conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing; but in what its peculiar excellence consisted, is now unknown. His connections were extensive, and his friends numerous and respectable. He was intimately acquainted with the wits of the age. He had been bred a Whig, and for some time had adhered to that party: but afterwards attached himself to the Tories. Private affection and friendship have often a very powerful influence on political principles. Men of vigorous understandings, and of upright intentions, frequently approve of measures and systems, merely

merely because they were embraced or supported by men whom they love and esteem.

PARNELL was probably induced to join the Tories by the persuasions and arguments of SWIFT, who, after he had joined that party himself, was very eager to make converts of other men of genius.

PARNELL's friends and connections at home were by no means pleased with his desertion of the Whigs, and his associating with Tories. Zealous themselves for the Protestant Succession, they could not approve of any man who approved of a SWIFT, an OXFORD, or a BOLINGBROKE, whom they deemed its determined enemies.

SWIFT had recommended PARNELL to his friend HARLEY, who, whatever character he may have deserved as an upright Minister, was certainly a very able man, and a friend to literary merit. SWIFT had carried Dr. PARNELL one morning to introduce him to the Earl, whom he had before highly prepossessed in his favour. He left the Doctor in an outer room, went to Lord OXFORD, and insisted that he, with his Treasurer's staff in his hand, should go out, and bid him welcome. His Lordship and he ever after were most intimate friends. POPE compliments HARLEY on the delicacy of his choice of intimate friends, and mentions PARNELL among the number.

The following are verses of our great Poet on the subject, written after PARNELL's death.

"Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain;
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend:
For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of State,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit."

POPE

POPE was peculiarly fond of PARNELL's company.—Besides the companionable talents of our Author, his classical erudition made him a cons derable advantage to POPE, by his assistance in the translation of HOMER. GAY was also very much attached to PARNELL, and was also obliged to him for assistance of another description. PARNELL was rich, GAY was poor. PARNELL was fond of writing, and having no occasion himself for the copy-money of his works, bestowed it on GAY. He was also on terms of the most affectionate friendship with JERVAS and ARBUTHNOT. The letters which were written to him from his friends, shew the very high opinion they entertained of his amiable and estimable qualities, and the very great delight they took in his company. From these letters it appears, as far as their testimony can go, that he was an agreeable, a generous, and a sincere man. Some of them we shall quote to the reader. The following letter by POPE to PARNELL shews the fondness he had for the Doctor's company, and the regret he felt at his absence. PARNELL was then in Ireland.

London, July 29th.

DEAR SIR,

"I WISH it were not as injurious as vain, to complain too much of a man that forgets me; but I could expostulate with you a whole day upon your inhuman silence: I call it inhuman; nor would you think it less, if you were truly sensible of the uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you so ill as to think you proud, I would be much less concerned than I am able to be, when I know one of the best-natured men alive neglects me; and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me, with regard to my friendship for you, you really do not deserve half the trouble you occasion me. I need not tell you, that both Mr. GAY and myself have written several letters in vain; that we are constantly enquiring of all who have seen Ireland, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as we are) we are every day remembering you in our most

most agreeable hours. All this is true; as that we are sincerely lovers of you, and deplorers of your absence; and that we form no wish more ardently than that which brings you over to us, and places you in your old seat between us. We have lately had some distant hopes of the Dean's design to revisit England; will not you accompany him? Or is England to lose every thing that has any charms for us, and must we pray for banishment as a benediction? I have once been witness of some, I hope all, of your splenetic hours; come, and be a comforter in your turn to me in mine. I am in such an unsettled state, that I cannot tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this year; whether I do or not, be ever assured you have as large a share of my thoughts and good wishes as any man, and as great a portion of gratitude in my heart, as would enrich a monarch, could he know where to find it. I shall not die, without testifying something of this nature, and leaving to the world a memorial of the friendship that has been so great a pleasure and pride to me. It would be like writing my own epitaph, to acquaint you what I have lost since I saw you, what I have done, what I have thought, where I have lived, and where I now repose in obscurity. My friend JERVAS, the bearer of this, will inform you of all the particulars concerning me, and Mr. FORD is charged with a thousand loves, and a thousand complaints, and a thousand commissions to you on my part. They will both task you with the neglect of some promises, which were too agreeable to us all to be forgot; if you care for any of us, tell them so, and write so to me. I can say no more, but that I love, and am in spite of the longest neglect or absence,

Dear SIR,

Your most affectionate faithful friend
And servant,

A. POPE."

"GAY is in Devonshire, and from thence goes to Bath; my father and mother never fail to commemorate you."

GOLD-

GOLDSMITH informs us that PARNELL, with all his amiable qualities, which rendered him so capable of producing the happiness of those with whom he conversed, was not able to secure his own. His spirits were always much elated, or much depressed. His life was spent in rapture or in agony. When he found his fits of spleen and uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for weeks together, coming on him, he retired with all expedition from his friends, that they might not be witnesses of his gloomy hours.

He could not, however, always prevent his spleen from manifesting itself in their presence. To this POPE alludes in the expression, "I have once been witness of your splenetic hours." At these periods of melancholy, PARNELL usually betook himself to the remote parts of Ireland, and procured a dismal kind of satisfaction to himself, by giving hideous descriptions of the surrounding solitude. Scarce a bog was left in his neighbourhood without reproach, *and scarce a mountain reared its head unsung*. POPE says, in one of his letters in answer to a dreary description of PARNELL's, "I can easily image to my thoughts the solitary hours of your eremitical life in the mountains, from something parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield;" and in another place, "We are both miserably enough situated, God knows; but of the two evils, I think the solitudes of the South are to be preferred to the deserts of the West." In this manner POPE answered him in the tone of his own complaints. These descriptions of the fancied distress of his situation served to give him a temporary relief.

PARNELL was by no means devoid of ambition. He was conscious of his talents, and knew that those in power were disposed to promote his interest and aggrandizement. He expected very reasonably to rise to high preferment in the church. He applied himself to preaching, and displayed his elocution and eloquence with great applause, in the pulpits of London. The Queen's death put an end to the hopes of preferment entertained by

by the most intimate friend of the greatest Tory Writer, and of the chief Tory Minister. The disappointment of his ambition would, no doubt, add to the frequency and duration of his periods of melancholy. Domestic calamities followed. The loss of his wife, and of his two sons, served almost totally to depress his spirits. From his distresses, either of constitutional temperament or of afflicting situations, he began to seek relief in the bottle.

The dismal accounts he transmitted to his literary friends of the country and inhabitants among the mountains of Ireland, were the causes of displeasure to the gentlemen of his neighbourhood. As he was naturally of a social turn, and still more since he had taken a liking to wine, he could not endure to be without the company even of those whom he pretended to despise. Indeed it is very unwise of a man to express contempt or disgust for those in whose company he has the most frequent occasions of being, because they may be his inferiors in talents or information. Many are they whose affection is valuable, though their intellectual powers be of a narrow extent. That affection the man of genius loses by manifesting his contempt. That fastidious delicacy, which can derive no relish but from the high flavour of wit and genius, is often, we apprehend, not real but affected. If it be real, it is unfortunate; because it has so few opportunities of being gratified.

The following letter from POPE is an acknowledgement of the important assistance he derived from our Author in the translation of HOMER. It is indeed ambiguously expressed, but the meaning is obvious.

Bingfield, near Oakingham, Tuesday.

DEAR SIR,

"I believe the hurry you were in, hindered your giving me a word by the last post; so that I am yet to learn

whether you got well to town, or continue so there? I very much fear both for your health and your quiet. And no man living can be more truly concerned in any thing that touches either than myself. I would comfort myself, however, with hoping that your business may not be unsuccessful, for your sake; and that, at least, it may soon be put into other proper hands. For my own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon as possible. You know how very much I want you, and that however your business may depend upon any other, my business depends entirely upon you; and yet still I hope you will find your man, even though I lose you the mean while. At this time, the more I love you, the more I can spare you; which alone will, I dare say, be a reason to you to let me have you back the sooner. The minute I lost you, EUSTATHIUS, with nine thousand contractions of the Greek character, arose to my view! SPENDANUS, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages, (value three shillings) and DACIER's three volumes, BARNES's two, VALTERIE's three, CUPERUS half in Greek, LEO ALLATIUS three parts in Greek, SCALIGER, MACROBIUS, and (worse than them all) AULUS GELLIUS! All these rushed upon my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head-ach. I cursed them all religiously, damned my best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed HOMER himself. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend, and a good natured man; but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all poets and commentators who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all who come after me. To be serious; you have not only left me to the last degree, impatient for your return, who at all times should have been so, (though never so much as since I knew you in best health here) but you have wrought several miracles upon our family; you have made old people fond of a young and gay person, and inveterate papists of a clergyman of the church of England;

land; even nurse herself is in danger of being in love in her old age, and (for aught I know) would even marry DENNIS for your sake, because he is your man, and loves his master. In short, come down forthwith, or give me good reasons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before; but perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give away your own works. You are a generous author; I, a hackney scribbler: you are a Grecian, and bred at an university; I, a poor Englishman, of my own educating: you are a reverend parson; I, a wag: in short, you are Dr. PARNELLE, (with an E at the end of your name) and I

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,
And faithful servant,
A. POPE."

"My hearty service to the Dean, Dr. ARBUTHNOT, Mr. FORD, and the true genuine shepherd, J. GAY of Devon. I expect him down with you."

The obligations of GAY to PARNELL are more explicitly shewn in another letter by the same writer.

DEAR SIR,

"I write to you with the same warmth, the same zeal of good-will and friendship, with which I used to converse with you two years ago; and cannot think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my heart. The picture of you, which JERVAS brought me over, is infinitely less lively a representation, than that I carry about with me, and which rises in my mind whenever I think of you. I have many an agreeable reverie through these woods and downs, where we once rambled together; my

head is sometimes at the bath, and sometimes at Letcomb, where the Dean makes a great part of my imaginary entertainment, this being the cheapest way of treating me. I hope he will not be displeased at this manner of paying my respects to him, instead of following my friend JERVAS's * example, which, to say the truth, I have as much inclination to do, as I want ability. I have been ever since December last in greater variety of business, than any such men as you (that is, divines and philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable creature capable of. GAY's play, among the rest, has cost much time and long-suffering, to stem a tide of malice and party, that certain authors have raised against it. The best revenge upon such fellows is now in my hands, I mean your ZOILUS, which really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batrachom*; for you seem by the first paragraph of the dedication to it, to design to prefix the name of some particular person. I beg therefore to know for whom you intend it, that the publication may not be delayed on this account, and this as soon as possible. Inform me also, upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for GAY, as you formerly talked; what number of books you would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any thing to be altered in the whole piece. In the poems you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me. The story of PANDORA and the Eclogue upon Health are the most beautiful things I ever read. I do not say this to the prejudice of the rest; but as I have read these oftener. Let me know how far my commission is to extend, and be confident of my punctual performance of whatever you enjoin. I must add a paragraph on this occasion, in regard to Mr. WARD, whose verses have been a great pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to the world, whenever I can find a proper opportunity of publishing them.

"I shall

* Painting.

"I shall very soon print an entire collection of my own madrigals, which I look upon as making my last will and testament, since in it I shall give all I ever intend to give, (which I will beg yours and the Dean's acceptance of) you must look on me no more as a poet, but a plain commoner, who lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no man. I hope before I die, to discharge the debt I owe to HOMER, and get upon the whole just fame enough to serve for an annuity for my own time, though I leave nothing to posterity.

"I beg our correspondence may be more frequent than it has been of late. I am sure my esteem and love for you never more deserved it from you, or more prompted it from you. I desired our friend JERVAS (in the great hurry of my business) to say a great deal in my name, both to yourself and the Dean, and must once more repeat assurances to you both, of an unchanging friendship, and unalterable esteem. I am, dear Sir, most entirely,

Your affectionate, faithful,
Obliged friend and servant,
A. POPE."

The letter just quoted shews the high estimation in which our Author was held by our great Poet, and the confidence with which he communicated to him his affairs and intentions. Our Author loved POPE with no less affection. Besides POPE, the friends to whom he was highly attached during the latter part of his life, were JERVAS, GAY, ARBUTHNOT, and SWIFT. Among these, he was particularly happy, his mind was entirely at ease. "Indeed," says GOLDSMITH, "it was a society in which, of all others, a wise man might be most foolish, without incurring any danger of contempt." Perhaps the reader will be pleased to see a letter to him from a part of this junto, as there is something striking even in the levities of genius. It comes from GAY,

JERVAS, ARBUTHNOT and POPE, assembled at a chop-house, near the Change, and is as follws:

MY DEAR SIR,

"I was last summer in Devonshire, and am this winter at Mrs. BENYER's. In the summer I wrote a poem, and in the winter I have published it, which I have sent to you by Dr. ELWOOD. In the summer I eat two dishes of toad-stools of my own gathering, instead of mushrooms; and in the winter I have been sick with wine, as I am at this time, blessed be God for it, as I must bless God for all things. In the summer I spoke truth to damsels; in the winter I told lies to ladies: now you know where I have been, and what I have done. I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing summer; I propose to do the same thing I did last, which was to meet you in any part of England you would appoint: do not let me have two disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that intent teazed you with three or four letters; but having no answer, I feared both yours and my letters might have miscarried. I hope my performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote; but for the same reasons, I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you, how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you, which next to seeing you would be the greatest satisfaction to

Your most affectionate friend,
And humble servant,
J. GAY."

DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON,

"Though my proportion of this epistle should be but a sketch in miniature, yet I take up half this page, having paid my club with the good company both for our dinner of chops, and for this paper. The poets will

give

give you lively descriptions in their way; I shall only acquaint you with that which is directly my province. I have just set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are POPE's favourites; and though few, you will guess, must have cost me more pains than any nymphs are worth. He is so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas, as he has done upon paper. If this same Mr. POPE should omit to write for the dear *Frogs*,* and the *Pervigilium*, I must intreat you not to let me languish for them, as I have done ever since they crossed the seas. Remember by what neglects, &c. we missed them when we lost you, and therefore I have not yet forgiven any of these trifles, that let them escape and run those hazards. I am going on at the old rate, and want you and the Dean prodigiously, and am in hopes of making you both a visit this summer, and of hearing from you both, now you are together.† FORTESQUE, I am sure, will be concerned that he is not in Cornhill, to set his hand to these presents, not only as a witness, but as a

Serviteur tres humble,
C. JERVAS."

"It is so great an honour to a poor Scotchman to be remembered at this time of the day, especially by an inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it very thankfully, and have, with my good friends, remembered you at our table in the chop-house in Exchange Alley. There wanted nothing to complete our happiness, but your company, and our dear friend the Dean's. I am sure the whole entertainment would have been to his relish. GAY has got so much money by his art of walking the streets, that he is ready to set up his equipage; he is just going to the Bank to negotiate some exchange bills. Mr.

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* PARNELL's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, from HOMER.
† In Ireland.

POPE delays the second volume of his HOMER, till the martial spirit of the rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the first part did some harm that way. Our love again and again to the dear Dean, *fuimus Tories*,* I can say no more,

ARBUTHNOT."

"When a man is conscious that he does no good himself, the next thing is to cause others to do some. I may claim some merit this way, in hastening this testimonial from your friends above writing; their love to you, indeed, wants no spur, their ink wants no pen, their pen wants no hand, their hand wants no heart, and so forth, (after the manner of RABELAIS, which is betwixt some meaning and no meaning) and yet it may be said, when present thought and opportunity is wanting, their pens want ink, their hands want pens, their hearts want hands, &c. till time, place, and conveniency concur to set them a writing, as at present, a sociable meeting, a good dinner, warm fire, and an easy situation, do to the joint labour and pleasure of this epistle.

"Wherein if I should say nothing, I should say much, (much being included in my love, though my love be such) that if I should say much, I should yet say nothing, it being (as COWLEY says) equally impossible either to conceal or express it.

"If I were to tell you the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see here your treatise of ZOILUS, with the *Batrachomuamachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which poems are master-pieces in several kinds; and I question not, the prose is as excellent

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* Alluding to PANTHEUS's beautiful periphrasis, in which he tells ÆNEAS of the destruction in which Troy is involved. *Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens gloria, &c.* ARBUTHNOT, by the allusion, perhaps meant to compliment the Dean on his strenuous support of the Tory cause, and to express his regret for its fallen state on the death of the Queen. Perhaps he thought of no other resemblance, but the resemblance of sound.

cellent in its sorts, as the Essay on HOMER. Nothing can be more glorious to that great author, than that the same hand who raised his best statue, and deck'd it with its old laurels, should also hang up the scarecrow of his miserable critic, and gibbet up the carcase of ZOILUS, to the terror of the writings of posterity. More and much more upon this, and a thousand other subjects, will be the matter of my next letter, wherein I must open all the friend to you. At this time I must be contented with telling you I am, faithfully,

Your most affectionate
And humble servant,
A. POPE."

The reader will perceive, that if some of this letter was trifling, and the greater part of it desultory, that it is the trifling and desultoriness of relaxed genius. As an effusion of friendship, it is a very high honour to the writers, and to the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Before SWIFT had retired to Ireland, and whilst PARNELL was in London, the authors of the letters just quoted and those two gentlemen formed themselves into a society, called the *Scriblerus Club.*— They wrote many things in conjunction; and according to GOLDSMITH, GAY usually was amanuensis. Of these joint productions, in which PARNELL had a principal share, the *Origin of the Sciences from the Monkies of Ethiopia,* is particularly mentioned. *The Life of* HOMER also, prefixed to POPE's translation of the Iliad, is written by PARNELL. The connection between these wits advanced the fame and interest of them all. They submitted their several productions to the review of their friends, and readily adopted alterations dictated by taste and judgment, unmixed with envy, or any sinister motive. With those friends PARNELL continued intimately connected during all his life. Every year, as soon as he had collected the rents of his estate, and the revenue of his

his benefices, he came over to England, and spent some months. He lived in an elegant stile, when he was in the world; and rather impaired than improved his estate.

When the members of the Scriblerus Club were in town, they were generally together, and often made excursions into the country. They generally preferred walking to riding. They all agreed once to walk down to the house of a nobleman, (we believe Lord BURLINGTON's) about twelve miles from town. It was SWIFT's custom, in whatever company he might visit or travel, to endeavour to procure the best bed for himself. To secure that on the present occasion, SWIFT, who was an excellent walker, proposed, as they were leaving town, that each should make the best of his way. PARNELL guessing the Dean's intentions, pretended to agree; but as soon as his friend was out of sight, he took horse, and arrived at his Lordship's by another way, before SWIFT. Having acquainted his noble host with the other's design, he begged of him to disappoint it.--- It was resolved that SWIFT should be kept out of the house. SWIFT had never had the small-pox, and was, as all his friends knew, very much afraid of catching that distemper. A servant was dispatched to meet him as he was approaching the gate, and to tell him that the small-pox was raging in the house; that it would be unsafe for him to enter the doors, but that there was a field-bed in a summer-house in the garden at his service. Thither the Dean was under the necessity of betaking himself. He was forced to content himself with a cold supper, whilst his friends, whom he had tried to outstrip, were feasting in the house. At last, after they thought they had sufficiently punished his too eager desire for his own accommodation, they requested his Lordship to admit him into the company. The Dean was obliged to promise he would not afterwards, when with his friends, attempt to secure the best bed to himself. SWIFT was often the butt of their waggery.--- That the Dean bore with great good humour, knowing well

well that though they laughed at his singularities, they esteemed his virtues, admired his wit, and venerated his wisdom.

Many were the frolics of the Scriblerus Club. They often experienced the truth of an observation made by a poet,* who, had he lived in their time, would have been probably one of the society, *Dulce est desipere in loco.*† The time for wits to play the fool is when they are met together to relax from the severity of mental exertion. Their follies have a degree of extravagance much beyond the phlegmatic merriment of sober dulness, and can be relished by those only who, having wit themselves, can trace the extravagance to the real source, and make a candid allowance for an effect that would not have existed but for a noble cause. This society carefully abstained from their frolics before the stupid and ignorant, knowing that on no occasion ought a wise man to guard his words and actions, more than when in company with fools. How long the Scriblerus Club lasted is not exactly ascertained. We do not know that it existed during the intimacy between SWIFT and ADDISON, previous to the Doctor's connection with the Tory Ministry.

PARNELL was little more than ten years in the world. His excursions to England began in 1706, and he died in 1718. After the death of his wife, he could not bear solitude, and often, as we already said, sought relief from wine, from the load of grief that oppressed his mind. He became habitually intemperate in drinking, which is supposed to have hastened his death.

PARNELL was a man of very amiable dispositions, and of a benevolent generous heart. Joined by kindred talents and qualities, he loved, esteemed, and revered his friends; and was by them loved, esteemed, and revered

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* HORACE.

† "It is pleasant to indulge in innocent frolics, on proper occasions."

vered. He was respected by the world as a man of superior endowments. To talents, learning, and virtue, were joined an ample estate, and considerable appointments in the church. Though not a very great economist, he was by no means so profuse as to have materially reduced his fortune. One part of the constitution of his own mind interfered with the happiness resulting from so accumulated advantages. His sensibility was too ardent, his passions were too easily moved. In feeling minds passions naturally burn with too great vehemence, unless they have been early restrained and regulated by judicious discipline, or modified and cooled by intercourse with mankind. The first of these advantages it is very probable PARNELL possessed. Heir to a great estate, and the delight of his parents, for his promising genius, we may easily suppose that he would be indulged in whatever he wanted, and not be inured to disappointment. The greater part of his time, until he was almost thirty, was spent in the recluseness of college. Cloistered solitude may be favourable to the acquisition of abstract science, but is certainly very unfavourable to the forming of the temper, or the repression of excessive passions. Whatever misery might accrue to PARNELL himself, from the defects in his temperament, natural or habitual, he very rarely suffered himself to be so transported with passion as to disturb the happiness of his friends and family, an extraordinary degree of self-command in a person of extreme irritability.

Of PARNELL's literary productions, one of the earliest was HESIOD, or *The Rise of Woman*. It first appeared in a miscellany published by TONSON. It is an admirable illustration of an idea of HESIOD. The song beginning, "*My days have been so wond'rous free,*" was the genuine dictate of his love for Miss ANNE MINCHIN, the young lady whom he afterwards married. GOLDSMITH tells us, the anacreontic beginning, "*When spring came on with fresh delight,*" is taken from a French poet, but superior to the original. The subject is Nature going

ing in quest of Love, in the season of the spring. The imagery is beautiful, and the sentiments natural and pleasing; the versification is harmonious. Greater excellence is not to be expected on a subject so hackneyed among the poets.

The anacreontic, "*Gay Bacchus,*" *&c.* is a translation from the Latin. PARNELL applied the characters to some of his friends. Compositions applicable to some existing objects often have, in the eyes of those to whom these objects are of consequence, a value much above their real intrinsic merits. The subject is, the tendency of wine to exhilarate wit and enflame love, when it is taken to a certain degree; but after that degree is exceeded, to dispel them both.

The *Fairy Tale* is a fine allegory, shewing the little value of corporeal endowments, compared with mental. Perhaps none of PARNELL's performances discover more genius. Wit and virtue, without beauty, becoming amiable in the eyes of a mistress, in preference to beauty without wit and virtue, is finely described. The following stanza, on the superior efficacy of virtue, concludes the poem:

> "But virtue can itself advance
> To what the fav'rite fools of chance
> By fortune seem'd design'd:
> Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
> And from itself shake off the weight
> Upon the unworthy mind."

It is not improbable that PARNELL, in this poem, intended a compliment to his friend POPE, with so many intellectual and moral endowments, so defective in personal beauty.

The *Perviligium Veneris* is very well translated; the spirit of the original is transfused by PARNELL into his version. The versification is easy, flowing, and harmonious. The *Perviligium Veneris,* as the learned reader knows, has been by many ascribed to CATULLUS. Others have

have denied that it was the composition of that poet.—It is not our business to determine that point. Whoever was the author, it is replete with natural and impassioned description.

The following quotation from the original, and the translation, will afford to the reader a specimen of the excellency of PARNELL's version.

Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ver novum, ver jam canorum: vere natus orbis est,
Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.
Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum
Implicat gazas virentes de flagello myrteo.
Cras DIONE jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.

Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,
Cærulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,
Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.

Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

Ipsa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
Ipsa surgentis papillas de Favoni spritu,
Urguet in toros tepentes; ipsa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas,
Et micant lachrymæ trementes decidivo pondere,
Gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
Umor ille, quem serenis astra rorant noctibus.
Mane virgines papillas solvit umenti peplo.
Ipsa jussit mane ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ
Fusæ prius de cruore deque amoris osculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque solis purpuris.
Cras ruborum qui latebat veste tectus ignea,
Unica marito nodo non pudebit solvere.

Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit, cras amet.

"*Let those love now, who never lov'd before;*
"*Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*"

"The spring, the new, the warb'ling spring appears,
"The youthful season of reviving years;

"In

" In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
" The feather'd nation chuse their tuneful mates,
" The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
" And drest in diff'ring greens adorn the plain.
" She comes; to-morrow beauty's empress roves
" Thro' walks that winding run within the groves;
" She twines the shooting myrtle into bow'rs,
" And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
" Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne
" From nature's pow'rful dictates draws her own."

" *Let these love now, who never lov'd before;*
" *Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*"

" 'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
" Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
" Wand'ring in circles stood the finny crew,
" The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
" There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
" And dropping wet the fair DIONE rose."

" *Let those love now, who never lov'd before;*
" *Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*"

" She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
" Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
" She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
" Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.
" When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,
" She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
" Bright trembling pearls depend at ev'ry spray,
" And kept from falling, seem to fall away.
" A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
" And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;
" (The drops descending through the silent night,
" While stars serenely roll their golden light)
" Close 'till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
" Then deckt with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds.
" Soon will the morning blush: Ye maids! prepare,
" In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;
" 'Tis VENUS' plant: the blood fair VENUS shed,
" O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
" From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
" Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;

" From

" From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
" The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
" And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
" Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
" Thro' all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
" And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise."

" *Let those love now, who never lov'd before;*
" *Let those who always lov'd now love the more.*"

The *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is also very ably translated.

Dr. GOLDSMITH remarks, " that the names of the combatants, which in the Greek bear a ridiculous allusion to their natures, have no effect on an English reader. A Bacon-eater was a good name for a mouse, and *Pternophagus* in Greek was a good sounding word that conveyed that meaning. Puff-cheek would sound odiously as the name of a frog-leader, and yet *Phisignathus* does admirably well in the original."

Dr. CAMPBELL, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, enumerating various kinds of wit, describes one which consists in affecting to aggrandise trivial objects. To this species belongs the Battle of the Mice and Frogs. The learned Principal observes, that the most pompous language and sonorous phraseology is most suitable to this *mock majestic* kind of writing. The Greek language, from its sound, and its power of composition, is admirably adapted for giving it the desired effect. Though the English be of less plastic nature, yet the affected dignity of the contest is finely maintained in PARNELL's translation.

The panegyric on Mr. POPE is an excellent piece of composition. The praise is high, but discriminative and appropriate. The best of his writings are celebrated, each commended for those excellences for which it was peculiarly distinguished. This is the praise of a man that perceived, understood, and admired to enthusiasm the talents and performances which he celebrated. That part of the poem in which he laments,

that he was far from wit and learning, was by no means agreeable to his Irish neighbours. Mr. COOTE, a gentleman who lived within a few miles of the Doctor, and who believed himself to be a wit and a scholar, was very much enraged at him for declaring himself far from wit and learning, when he was so near.

The translation of the description of BELINDA at her toilet, in the Rape of the Lock, shew how well acquainted PARNELL was with the Latin language. It was written on the following occasion. Before the publication of that ingenious poem, POPE was reading it to his friend SWIFT, who listened very attentively. PARNELL, who was in the house, went out and in, without appearing to take any notice. He was really, however, attending, and from the retentiveness of his memory, remembered exactly the whole description of the dressing process. He immediately turned it into Latin verse, imitating the jingle of monkish hexameters, by making the syllable before the pause, in the middle, chime to the last but one of the verse. The next day, when POPE was reading his poem to some friends, PARNELL insisted that he had stolen his description of the toilet from an old monkish manuscript. A paper, purposely besmeared with dust, was produced, containing verses of which POPE's appeared almost a literal version. POPE was thunderstruck at the resemblance, and strenuously protested that he had never seen those Latin verses before. He was at last undeceived, to his great pleasure, by PARNELL himself. The following are the verses:

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candidâ nymphâ;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram PYTHONISSA apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,

Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ:
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, VENERIS pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel BETTY, tibi vel nitidissima LETTY!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

" And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
" Each silver vase in mystic order laid,
" First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores
" With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
" A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
" To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears:
" Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
" Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
" Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
" The various off'rings of the world appear;
" From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
" And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
" This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
" And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
" The tortoise here and elephant unite,
" Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
" Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
" Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
" Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
" The fair each moment rises in her charms,

" Repairs

" Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
" And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
" Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
" And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
" The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
" These set the head, and those divide the hair,
" Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
" And BETTY's prais'd for labours not her own."

The *Eclogue to Health* is simple and beautiful. The connection between activity and health is described in the following pleasing lines:

" Come, country goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-hiter, EXERCISE.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her face,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace,
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, croud her early train,
Her hardy face repels the fanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee."

The *Elegy on an Old Beauty* has little point or novelty. The scope of it is to shew that a fine girl is more lovely than her grand-mother, and that ornament befits the young lady better than the old.

The Allegory on Man shews a vigour of genius, superior to what appears in most of PARNELL's pieces. There are many just and valuable thoughts compressed into a narrow compass. *The Bookworm* is, according to GOLDSMITH, translated from BEZA. PARNELL does not always acknowledge his translations not to be original productions. " *The Night-Piece on Death*," says GOLDSMITH, " deserves every praise, and I should suppose, with very little amendments, might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and church-yard scenes that have since appeared." GOLDSMITH certainly alludes to GRAY's elegy. In PARNELL's, the description is strikingly picturesque, but the thoughts and sentiments

are, we apprehend, by no means equal to those in the *Church-Yard*. Our opinion is sanctioned by the authority of JOHNSON. "GRAY," says he, "has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of sentiment." The following lines are among the best in the poem:

"The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.
"Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
"The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
"The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
"Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die."

The most celebrated poem of our Author is *The Hermit*. The object of the poem, to remove from the mind

mind doubts respecting a particular Providence, from the apparent disproportion between rewards and suffering, and merit and demerit, deserves high praise for its piety, and conduciveness to human happiness. "The tale of the Hermit," as Dr. BLAIR observes, "is conspicuous for beautiful descriptive narration. The meeting with a companion, and the houses in which they are successively entertained, of the vain man, the covetous man, and the good man, are pieces of very fine painting, touched with a light and delicate pencil, with no superfluous colouring, and conveying to us a lively idea of the objects."

It may be doubted whether the means employed for correcting the two first characters were altogether adequate to the purpose intended. It is not probable that a vain man would abstain from a customary gratification of his vanity, merely from the loss of an instrument of it, to a man of his wealth so easily supplied. Habitual avarice is not usually removed by unexpected acquisitions.

The general doctrine inculcated by the Hermit's companion is founded in the best philosophy.

"The Maker justly claims the world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid:
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work its ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn, in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high:
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes;
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just;
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust."

The prose writings of our Author are his papers in the Spectator and in the Guardian, his *Life of* ZOILUS, and his *Remarks of* ZOILUS. His papers discover no very great degree of force or comprehensiveness of

mind; but shew good sense, and knowledge of mankind. His Life and Remarks of ZOILUS are a very lively exhibition of the sources and constituents of that criticism of which the constant object is to find fault. That performance was written at the desire of his friends of the club, and intended as a satire against THEOBALD, and still more against DENNIS. In his observations on ZOILUS's critical remarks, he analyses the principles on which he attacked HOMER, and shews that the strictures of abusive critics of other ages have originated from the same causes. He sums up his observation in the following conclusion. "But what assurance can such as ZOILUS have, that the world will ever be convinced against an established reputation, by such people whose faults in writing are so very notorious? who judge against rules, affirm without reasons, and censure without manners? who quote themselves for a support of little opinions, found their pride upon a learning in trifles, and their superiority upon the claims they magisterially make? who write of beauties in a harsh stile, judge of excellency with lowness of spirit, and pursue their desire to decry it with every artifice of envy? There is no disgrace in being censured, where there is no credit to be favoured. But on the contrary, envy gives a testimony of some perfection in another: and one who is attacked by many, is like a hero whom his enemies acknowledge for such, when they point all the spears of battle against him. In short, an author who writes for every age, may even erect himself a monument of those stones which envy throws at him: while the critic who writes against him can have no fame, because he had no success; or if he fancies he may succeed, he should remember, that by the nature of his undertaking, he would but undermine his own foundation; for he is to sink of course when the book which he writes against, and for which alone he is read, is lost in disrepute or oblivion."

PARNELL is not distinguished for strength of intellect, or fertility of invention. His taste was delicate, and refined

refined by a careful perusal of the ancient classics. His admiration of those models of fine writing led to an imitation so close, as often to preclude originality. Indeed, there is little of novelty in the thoughts, the imagery, or the sentiments of PARNELL. But if the reader is not often informed, or transported by PARNELL, he is generally pleased. The thoughts are just; the images, though not great, are beautiful, well selected, and happily applied; the sentiments, though not bold or impassioned, are natural and agreeable. The moral tendency is excellent; the versification is sweet and harmonious; the diction pure, proper, and correct. The whole has the appearance of flowing naturally and easily from the pen, without elaborate effort. He is a harmonious versifier, a correct agreeable writer, though not an exalted poetical genius.

END OF THE LIFE OF PARNELL.

THE LIFE
OF
EUSTACE BUDGELL.

MR. EUSTACE BUDGELL was born at St. Thomas, near Exeter, in 1685. His father was GILBERT BUDGELL, Doctor of Divinity, descended of an ancient family in Devonshire. His mother was MARY, daughter of WILLIAM GULSTON, Bishop of Bristol, whose sister, JANE, was the mother of ADDISON. We know little of BUDGELL's earlier years. In 1700, he was sent to Christ-Church College in Oxford. He remained there for some years, and was esteemed a very good classical scholar. From Oxford he went to London, and was entered of the Inner Temple, to pursue the study of the law, the profession for which he had been always designed by his father. The inclinations of EUSTACE did not coincide with Doctor BUDGELL's views. Elegant literature had more charms for him than statutes and precedents.

On his coming to town, he had been introduced to his cousin ADDISON. That gentleman perceiving in young BUDGELL a love for polite learning, assisted him with his advice in the course of his study, and honoured him with his friendship.

When Mr. ADDISON was appointed Secretary to Lord WHARTON, in April, 1710, he offered his friend BUDGELL the appointment of clerk in his office, which our Author

Author accepted. In such an employment, little could pass deserving of record. EUSTACE gave satisfaction to ADDISON, who became more attached to him. The Tatler was by this time set on foot. BUDGELL is said to have contributed to that performance; but his papers are not ascertained. In the Spectator he had the most considerable share, after ADDISON and STEELE. The papers marked with the letter X are all written by our Author. His *Essays on Education* are specimens of very considerable knowledge of the human mind, of the most prevalent systems, their advantages and disadvantages. Education he considers in its suitableness to capacity and disposition. He shews the wisdom of examining thoroughly the powers and qualities of the young mind, and of directing his studies according to the result of that examination. He exposes the folly of those plans by which youth of all capacities are instructed in branches of knowledge, which all are not capable of attaining. He observes, that many young men are by no means by nature qualified to relish the beauties, or comprehend the wisdom of the Greek or Roman classics; yet, that in seminaries of learning, it is the general practice to oblige every boy to study what any other boy studies; that all, whether they have talents or not, must perform the same scholastic exercises. Those, he thinks, whose faculties are naturally weak, ought to be employed in branches of study which require little ability, but are useful for many situations in life. Most of the departments in society do not demand a great degree of intellectual vigour. A man may be a very useful member of the community, in employments that require no learning beyond common arithmetic and writing.

He advises tutors to confine the attention of their weaker pupils to those, and such objects. He remarks very judiciously, that the direction of the attention of young men to studies to which they are not adapted by nature, is seldomer the fault of the instructor than of the parent. The exaggeration of parental fondness represents

to fathers and mothers, their children as equal to the ablest of the children of others; and consequently fit for excelling in any branches of study in which those others, by dint of their genius, excel.

This injudicious direction of the studies of youth extends to their destination in life. As boys are attempted to be made acquainted with VIRGIL and HOMER, who are only fit for the mechanical parts of education, so are young men destined for the learned professions, who are qualified for only inferior mechanical vocations.

"Dr. SOUTH," says our Author, "complaining of persons who took upon them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the sacred function, says somewhere, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plow-tail. In like manner, many a lawyer, who makes but an indifferent figure at the bar, has made a very elegant waterman, and might have shined at the Temple-stairs, though he can get no business in the house."

To prevent such preposterous destination, he recommends to parents and tutors a careful inspection of the talents, dispositions, and tempers of their children and pupils; and to direct their studies according to the profession, trade, or handicraft for which they may be fit; and to regulate the choice of their employments in life agreeably to their natural and acquired qualifications. He discusses the positive and comparative merits of a private and of a public education. He proposes several regulations and improvements, which might add to the advantages of a public school. He enlarges on the qualifications of tutors, and regrets the inadequacy of reward to the requisite learning, judgment, and probity of those who are entrusted with so important a care as the education of youth. In this part of the kingdom, the reasons for our Author's regret no longer exist in respectable seminaries. The emoluments are now such, as to be a recompence for the exertions of learning and intellect. Parents now are convinced, that a liberal allowance

ance to able and conscientious masters, is sound policy; and that the money so laid out, returns with ten-fold interest to their children.

BUDGELL's descriptions of Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, more closely resemble ADDISON's, than Sir RICHARD STEELE's. The account of the *Hunting-Party* might almost pass for ADDISON's. From this resemblance we would by no means infer, that BUDGELL's talents were nearly equal to those of that great man. Though considerable, they certainly fall very far short of ADDISON. BUDGELL was an admirer of his friend to enthusiasm; that admiration naturally induced him to imitate its object. His stile and manner of writing are manifestly formed upon that excellent model, and bear that resemblance to it, which may subsist between different degrees of excellence. BUDGELL wrote several humorous essays. His is the paper on *Country Wakes*, *the Letter from the Mobocks*, WILL HONEYCOMB's *History of his Amours*, and several others. His essays possess less vigour, both of sense and of humour, than STEELE's; but they are more accurately composed. His language is easy without carelessness; his sentences clear and well turned. His style generally deserves the character of neatness, but does not often rise to elegance. During the publication of the Spectator, for the tragedy of the *Distrest Mother*, by AMBROSE PHILIPS, BUDGELL wrote the following epilogue:

"I hope you'll own, that with becoming art,
I've play'd my game, and topp'd the widow's part:
My spouse, poor man! could not live out the play,
But dy'd commodiously on wedding-day;
While I, his relict, made, at one bold fling,
Myself a princess, and young STY a king.

"You, ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear you servants sigh whole years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?

"To

" 'Twas a strange 'scape! had PYRRHUS liv'd till now,
I had been finely hamper'd in my vow.
To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms!
'Twere an hard fate—ere I had undergone it
I might have took one night—to think upon it.
" But why, you'll say, was all this grief express
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so much coldness to my kind protector?
—Ah, ladies, had you known the good man HECTOR,
HOMER will tell you, or I am misinform'd,
That, when enrag'd, the Grecian camp he storm'd,
To break the ten-fold barriers of the gate,
He threw a stone of such prodigious weight,
As no two men could lift, not ev'n those
Who in that age of thund'ring mortals rose:
It would have sprain'd a dozen modern beaux.
" At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well dress'd bride.
In you it still remains to grace the play,
And bless with joy my coronation-day:
Take then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherless and widow to your care."

This epilogue afforded great satisfaction to the town. It was attacked in a letter to the SPECTATOR, as being too merry for the occasion. From that attack, BUDGELL very ably defends himself, in an humorous letter to the SPECTATOR, signed PHILOMEIDES.

BUDGELL also wrote those papers in the Guardian marked with an asterisk. By his literary performances, by this time, he had acquired considerable fame. He had uniformly adhered to the Whig party in all their vicissitudes in the Queen's reign.

Mr. BUDGELL, in common with other wits, enjoyed the patronage of Lord HALIFAX. To that MÆCENAS he dedicated a translation of THEOPHRASTUS's Characters. That publication procured him great fame for the knowledge it displayed of the language, and the clear conception of the subject.

On

On the arrival of GEORGE the First from Hanover, BUDGELL was appointed Under Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. He was soon after chosen a member of the Irish parliament. He was also made Deputy-Clerk of the Council in that kingdom. In parliament he was highly esteemed for his knowledge and eloquence. Hitherto his moral character was unimpeached. He either had not addicted himself to any vicious practices, or had concealed them. In his various employments he acquitted himself with great assiduity, with considerable ability, and with undoubted probity. A certain proof that BUDGELL was at this time a man of unquestioned integrity, is the friendship and intimacy with which he was honoured by ADDISON. That great man also entertained a very high opinion of his talents and learning. The favourable judgment even of the wisest friends, is not always a certain criterion of the excellence of the object of that judgment: even JOHNSON, great and comprehensive as was his wisdom, believed men to be endued with learning, ability, and virtue, much greater than, as was obvious to ordinary men, they really possessed. BUDGELL's abilities and learning, in the opinion of the impartial public, were by no means so great as the friendly partiality of ADDISON led him to imagine.—They were however, by the general acknowledgement, very respectable. ADDISON missed no opportunity of promoting the advancement of his highly favoured and valued friend. In 1717, when he himself became Principal Secretary of State, he procured for our Author the employment of Accountant and Comptroller General of the Revenue in Ireland. He might have had him appointed Under Secretary in his own office; but the other appointment was deemed by him much more advantageous for BUDGELL. Besides, our Author's knowledge of Irish affairs, from his former residence and employment in that kingdom, made his services more peculiarly useful there than in any other place. Those places he held till the year 1718, and conducted himself in such a way,

way, as to afford complete satisfaction to his employers. In the year 1718, the Duke of BOLTON was nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Grace carried over with him a gentleman named Mr. EDWARD WEBSTER, whom he made his Secretary, and a Privy Counsellor. BUDGELL was a proud man, and had a very high opinion of his own abilities; his pride had been greatly increased by the opinion of so great a man as ADDISON in his favour. The general penetration of that gentleman, he knew, was unquestioned. It was not to be supposed, that a judgment which every one acknowledged to be excellent, would by him be esteemed erroneous, when exerted to his advantage. He would have esteemed another on the authority of ADDISON; how much more then would he naturally esteem himself, on the same authority, when it coincided so entirely with his own long-conceived opinion. Thinking so highly of himself, he beheld WEBSTER with the utmost contempt. He was displeased at the Lord Lieutenant for paying more attention to this WEBSTER, whom he accounted a man of no talents, than to himself. The quarrels of the learned are not generally carried on in the most philosophical manner. They who can declaim with the greatest plausibility on the folly of anger, and the madness of violent passion, of every denomination, when temptation occurs, are as unrestrained in their emotions, as ordinary mortals. WEBSTER had behaved to BUDGELL in a way which his pride painted as insolent. He accordingly attacked WEBSTER with the most virulent invectives. He declared, that in his abilities, his education, and his family, he was mean and despicable, and a disgrace to any man who favoured him with his patronage. WEBSTER retorted abuse. The Duke of BOLTON thought it incumbent on himself to support his client. BUDGELL then had the temerity to lampoon BOLTON himself, as the patron of WEBSTER, from kindred dulness. ADDISON advised him eagerly not to publish this unqualified abuse, which would materially injure his own interest.

The

The rage of BUDGELL was too great, to permit him to listen to the remonstrances of his friend, or to the dictates of reason. His Excellency was violently incensed against his adversary, and soon got him removed from the place of Accountant General. Mr. BUDGELL now saw that he could have no hopes of advancement in Ireland during the Viceroyalty of the Duke of BOLTON. He therefore left that kingdom, and came to England.

Soon after his arrival, he published a pamphlet, stating the grounds of his dismission, and the hardship of his case. Productions written on a temporary topic never fail to have a great demand for them whilst that topic is fresh. If directed against any person, from situation, from talents, or from any other cause eminently conspicuous, they are sought after with the most eager avidity. Of this performance, entitled *A Letter to the Lord* ——————, *from* EUSTACE BUDGELL, *Esq. Accountant General of Ireland, and late Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices of that Kingdom*, eleven hundred copies were sold off in one day.

He afterwards, in January, 1719, published an advertisement to justify his character against reports, which had been spread to his disadvantage. He did not scruple to declare in all companies, that his life was attempted by his enemies, which deterred him from attending his seat in parliament. So violent were his passions now, that together with his disappointment, they produced in him such outrageous behaviour, that many reckoned him out of his senses. ADDISON had by this time resigned the Seals, and had retired into the country for the sake of his health. BUDGELL was often with him, whom he respected beyond all mankind. All the influence of ADDISON, however, could not dissuade him from publishing his case, and proclaiming his determined resentment. He told a friend, in great anxiety, that Mr. BUDGELL was wiser than any man he ever knew, and yet he supposed the world would hardly believe that he acted contrary to his advice.

Mr.

Mr. BUDGELL's friend and patron, Lord HALIFAX, was now dead. He had formed an intimate friendship with Lord OSSORY. That nobleman entertained a very high opinion of him, but had not, at that time, sufficient influence to do him any essential service. ADDISON had got a promise from Lord SUNDERLAND, that as soon as the clamour against him was somewhat abated, he would endeavour to promote his interest. ADDISON soon after died, which blasted BUDGELL's hopes of prevailing against his enemies at Court. He made indeed several attempts, but was constantly repressed by the influence of his powerful adversary. Thus disappointed in his ambitious views, he betook himself to gambling in the stocks. He engaged in the South-Sea scheme, and was almost ruined. He lost near 20,000l. Those principles of integrity must be very strongly established, which can withstand the poverty arising from unsuccessful gambling. They who have been dupes very frequently become knaves. As they have been impoverished by their own folly, they endeavour to become rich by the folly of others. From this time, BUDGELL began not only to be censured for the outrageous madness of his passions, but to be reproached for the dishonesty of his pecuniary transactions. To follow depraved genius through the detail of fraudulent artifice, would afford little pleasure, and little advantage. Suffice it to say, that his own friends and relations were those on whom he preyed beyond all others. The wrecks of his fortune, after the fatal South-Sea bubble, were expended in foolish attempts to get into parliament. He now wrote many libellous pamphlets against Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, poured out much scurrilous invective against POPE, and in short, scattered abuse with an unsparing hand. His strictures were no longer the discriminating criticism or satire of the writer in the Spectator; they were scurrilous abuse. His reason was evidently impaired by misfortunes of his own creating. His passions, always violent, knew no bounds. He was a ruined

gambler, who having reduced himself to misery and disgrace, wished to involve others in infamy. His mother had been related to the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH. He had been patronized by that illustrious family. The Dutchess, in 1727, gave him 1,000l. with a view to assist him in getting into parliament. She knew that he possessed talents for public speaking, and that he was acquainted with business. She believed that he would be anti-ministerial. In this she might have been disappointed. From the time that he had undone himself by gambling and stock-jobbing, BUDGELL appears to have totally abandoned all principles of integrity. There was therefore no confidence to be reposed in his declarations, that he would adhere to one party or another.

In fact he never was chosen. Notwithstanding his talents, the loss to legislation of a man of desperate circumstances and principles, was not great. In 1730 he turned a zealous patriot. He wrote regularly in the *Craftsman*, *Fog's Journal*, or some other one of those periodical papers, which manifested their love to their country, by asserting that it was ruined. He had indeed, like DAMASIPPUS in HORACE, totally divested himself of any property of his own, and had therefore nothing to interfere with his vigilant attention to his country's good.

He had by this time become intimately acquainted with the deistical writers of the age, and was himself reckoned to be a disbeliever of revelation. He was thought to have had a hand in publishing TINDAL's *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He often talked of publishing another volume on the same subject; but never brought it to light.

Dr. CONEYBEARE had been employed by her Majesty Queen CAROLINE to answer the first volume, and had been for his labour rewarded with the deanery of Christ-Church. BUDGELL used to say, "he hoped Mr. DEAN would live a little longer," that he might have the pleasure

sure of making him a Bishop; for that he intended very soon to publish another volume of TINDAL, which would certainly do the business. By the will of TINDAL, 2,000l. the bulk of the Doctor's property, was left to BUDGELL. TINDAL had a nephew who was a great favourite with him, and by no means rich. The world was much surprised at such a gift to BUDGELL, to the exclusion of his heir. As BUDGELL's character for integrity was by no means unimpeached, the will was generally considered as a fabrication of his own. There were several severe animadversions on that bequest, published in a paper entitled *The Grub-street Journal*. These our Author imputed to POPE, though there is no evidence that that great Genius ever wrote in the paper in question. BUDGELL was at this time engaged in a paper called *The Bee*. In that, he threw out much abuse against POPE, for this supposed attack on his character. POPE, in his prologue to his Satires, enumerating the libellers against his reputation, has the two following lines on BUDGELL:

"Let BUDGELL charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will."

The Bee was begun in 1733, and continued weekly for two years. It bore the marks of acute talents, but abounded in scurrility. It was moreover far from being favourable to religion. It was replete with those cavils and futile objections against Christianity, which have been so often overthrown, but are always rising, and renewing the attack. As they do not, however, like ANTÆUS, derive new strength from their fall, to combat them requires not Herculean force. In the concluding number of the Bee, BUDGELL introduced a prayer, entitled by him the *Philosopher's*. Whoever were those who approved of that prayer, they were not of the highest order of philosophers. The prayer, which the principles of a BACON, a BOYLE, a LOCKE, and a NEWTON, would

dictate, would be very different. The prayer runs thus:

A PHILOSOPHER'S PRAYER.

"O first mover! O cause of causes! O thou omnipotent omniscient incomprehensible being whom men call God! If thou vouchsafest to regard the thoughts, the words, or the actions of man; if it be not criminal in so wretched an animal, even to prostrate himself before thee; if the most humble, the most ardent prayer that my heart can form, or my tongue can utter, be not an affront to thee, hear me, O Almighty Being! and have mercy, have mercy, have mercy upon me!

"I find myself placed by thy providence on a spot of the universe, where I daily see many of my own species, who value themselves upon what they call reason; paying such a sort of worship to thee, as in my opinion is altogether unworthy of thee: I am told by some of these that I ought to believe such things concerning thee, as I cannot, I dare not give my assent to. If thou regardest men's hearts, thou seest, thou knowest, O Almighty Being! that the reason why I neither can or dare to believe such things as men report of thee, is because most of those things appear to be nothing else but the *invention of human pride*, and to be utterly unworthy of thy greatness, thy wisdom, and infinite perfection.

"If I durst, I would make this humble petition to thee; namely, that if any of my actions can please or displease thee, thou wouldst vouchsafe to shew me clearly and plainly, what is really and truly thy will? But what am I, that I should presume to make such a request to thee? How dare I either hope or ask to be thus highly favoured above the rest of mankind? I will endeavour to avoid offending thee, and rest contented in that state of doubts, of darkness, or ignorance, wherein it has pleased thee to place that species to which I belong.

"Since I cannot distinguish *good* from *evil*, and am even ignorant of what things are most proper for me, I

dare not presume to make any *particular request* to thee; *all I have the confidence to do*, is thus humbly to prostrate myself before thee, to acknowledge thy *power*, admire thy *wisdom*, implore thy *mercy*, and most chearfully to submit myself to thy *will*, whatever it be. Dispose of me, O Almighty Being! in whatever manner thou pleasest; yet, O forgive thy poor animated lump of matter, if, while it acknowledges thy *power*, and adores thy *wisdom*, it likewise presumes, though with a resigned and submissive heart, humbly to entreat and implore thy *mercy*."

This prayer was severely attacked in the Grub-street journals, as containing not only implicit denials of revealed religion, but even of natural. "If thou vouchsafest to regard the thoughts, the words, or the actions of men; if thou regardest the thoughts of men's hearts; if any of my actions can possibly either please or displease you." These *ifs*, by implication, deny the particular providence of God, and are not only inconsistent with the Christian religion, but the opinions of the most enlightened heathens. The Epicureans only denied the particular providence of the Divinity. The doctrines contained in this prayer are certainly by no means friendly either to religion or to morality. A conviction that God regards the actions of men, will reward the virtuous and punish the vicious, is undoubtedly one of the most cogent motives to impel men to rectitude of conduct. He who even by suggesting doubts, endeavours to weaken motives to virtue, may be considered as the enemy of human happiness, and deserves the severe censure which is in the journal directed against our Author.

BUDGELL had been, in the Bee, at great pains to prove that religious controversies are incapable of demonstration. That indeed was no new argument, but had been hackneyed through all the abettors of infidelity. It is a most frivolous sophism. It endeavours to shew, that a system, because it does not admit of one species of

proof, can admit of no proof at all. The journal proves the consistency of faith and of reason, and that faith is founded in rational deduction.

The prayer is defended by BUDGELL in *The Prompter*, a periodical paper, though, as appears to us, not satisfactorily. At the cessation of the Bee, BUDGELL became so involved in law-suits, that he was reduced to a very distressed situation. He got himself called to the bar, and for some time attended in the courts of law. He found he could procure no employment as a counsellor, and was overwhelmed with poverty. His miserable condition preyed so on his mind, that he became visibly distracted. He in 1736 took a boat at Somerset-stairs, having previously loaded his pockets with stones. He ordered the waterman to shoot the bridge. While the boat was passing under the arch, he threw himself into the river, and perished immediately. Upon his bureau was found a slip of paper, on which were written these words:

"What CATO did, and ADDISON approved, cannot be wrong." *

BUDGELL was never married. He left a natural daughter, who afterwards took his name, and was for some time an actress in Drury-Lane. The morning before he committed this act upon himself, he endeavoured to persuade this lady to accompany him. She, though she did not suspect his intentions, yet, sensible of his disordered state, refused.

BUD-

* That ADDISON approved of suicide, CATO's catastrophe is no evidence. CATO is described in other respects, it is true, as a man of the most exalted morality. But his killing himself is not justified. Even he himself, after it is too late, seems to doubt its propriety. ADDISON describes CATO as he is found in history, and can be thought with no better reason the approver of self-murder than SHAKESPEARE, who after exhibiting BRUTUS as a man of inflexible virtue, describes him as running on his own sword. ADDISON, like our wonderful bard, makes his stoic philosopher die as he really died. Had the catastrophe been different, it would have shocked by its inconsitency with so noted a historical fact.

BUDGELL was a man of lively talents, a good taste, and a well informed mind.

In vigour of intellect he was inferior to STEELE, but superior to him in elegant learning. STEELE had a greater share of miscellaneous knowledge; BUDGELL of literature. The compositions of Sir RICHARD were the richer, BUDGELL's the more correct. STEELE often rose to excellences, at which it would have been vain for BUDGELL to aspire; but fell into defects, which the more regularly exerted care of BUDGELL avoided. But the best writings of BUDGELL were in the early part of his life. From the commencement of his distresses, there was a visible decline in the merit of his literary performances. Except his translation of THEOPHRASTUS and his Guardians and Spectators, little of his writings deserve much attention. These were all published by the time he had attained the twenty-eighth year of his age. His latter performances were either upon personal disputes, upon temporary politics, or religious controversy. Those on the two first of these subjects are no longer interesting, as the disputes and politics no longer exist. Those against our religion have shared the fate of other productions levelled against the happines of man; they are sunk in oblivion, and like those of his master of infidelity, TINDAL, now known to few but by hearsay.

On the moral qualities of BUDGELL little can be said. The latter part of his life was marked by many violations of moral duty. He shewed he was destitute of that integrity of conduct, without which no talents can deserve respectability. The cause of these distresses, which he used so unwarrantable means to remove, though they do not palliate his actions, account for their badness. BUDGELL was not habitually extravagant; he had saved a considerable sum of money during his employment in Ireland. The insolence of his pride, and the violence of his rage, deprived him of his advantageous situation. His opposition to the Lord Lieutenant, was not like STEELE's to Lord OXFORD, opposition to

a man whose measures he thought pernicious to his country; it was the opposition of personal pique, originating in mortified pride. His dismission, however, by BOLTON, was not the cause of his urgent distresses. He became a speculator in the funds, a gambler; he lost his property. Fraud often put off the evil day begun by gaming. Even fraud could not always avail. Despair ensued, and ended in suicide. From gaming to self-murder the process is often still more instantaneous than in the unhappy BUDGELL.

END OF THE LIFE OF BUDGELL.

THE LIFE
OF
JOHN HUGHES.

MR. JOHN HUGHES was the son of a citizen of London, by ANNE, daughter of Mr. BURGESS of Wiltshire. He was born at Marlborough, Jan. 29th, 1677. He was educated in London, at the academy of Mr. THOMAS ROWE, a dissenting minister. He was fellow student with Dr. ISAAC WATTS and Mr. SAMUEL SAY. He made great proficiency in his academical studies.

His constitution was very delicate. That was probably one reason which prevented him from applying himself to the sciences. He devoted his attention chiefly to poetry, painting, and music. In each of these he made considerable progress.

The first specimen he gave the public of his poetic talents, was a *Poem on the Peace of Ryswic*, printed in 1697, the year in which the peace was concluded. The poem was received with very great approbation. The applause bestowed on the celebrators of events which at the time greatly occupy the public mind, is not always proportionable to the intrinsic excellence of the works. The importance or interest of the subject bestows a lustre on the writers, which their productions would not otherwise excite. The poem in question is evidently the production of a juvenile mind: it turns not on the general

general advantages of peace, still less on those of that peace which was concluded by King WILLIAM. His Majesty is described as being on the opposite shore, preparing to embark for England. The goddess of PEACE makes one of the company. NEPTUNE smooths the way between the continent and Britain. The tritons obsequiously assist with their labours. Dolphins play in the german ocean, to amuse his Majesty. CERES, with her cornucopia, drawn in her chariot by harness'd dragons, accompanies the King. BACCHUS makes one, with his tigers. APOLLO and the Muses bring up the rear.

Whilst all these divinities make so conspicuous a figure in the train of WILLIAM, coming from Holland to London, the King himself scarcely makes his appearance. A reader totally unacquainted with the heathen mythology might imagine, that CERES, BACCHUS, and APOLLO, were the plenipotentiaries at Ryswick, and that NEPTUNE and the tritons were the master of the yacht, and his men.

Such puerilities ADDISON probably had in his eye, in his very humorous edict issued on the approach of a subsequent peace, prohibiting the introduction of heathen deities into any poems to be made on that occasion. That great man observes, that, "it is want of sufficient elevation, in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light; that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables, as a man may write a fine description of BACCHUS or APOLLO, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries." Though HUGHES's poem has no particular reference to the peace of Ryswick, its professed subject, there are not wanting in it good lines.—The best, indeed, are upon St. Paul's church, which was finished about that time. Two years after the publication of this poem, he published another on the return of the King from Holland, entitled *The Court of* NEPTUNE. That poem is much superior to the former. The exploits of the great WILLIAM, his successful defence of his

his country against the invading injustice of France, his exertions in favour of England, the glorious Revolution, his subsequent atchievements, are described with animation. The mythological part of the poem is juvenile. The glory indeed of the preserver of his own country and of ours, does not require the assistance of fable to be most deservedly eminent. The verses are harmonious.

His next poem was entitled *The House of* NASSAU, and contains the praises of the illustrious princes of Orange. WILLIAM the First (of Orange) is drawn with great justice and animation.

His noble and successful exertions in vindication of his country against the Spaniards, is forcibly exhibited, and his fate pathetically deplored. The following lines very justly describe the different merits of his two celebrated sons, MAURICE and FREDERICK HENRY.

"MAURICE, for martial greatness, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
HENRY alone can match his brother's deeds;
Both were, like SCIPIO's sons, the thunderbolts of war."
"None e'er, than MAURICE, better knew
Camps, sieges, battles to ordain;
None e'er, than HENRY, fiercest did pursue
The flying foe, or earlier conquests gain.
For scarce sixteen revolving years he told,
When eager for the fight and bold,
Inflam'd by glory's sprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to arms.
Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchless valour did display!
How ere the battle join'd they strove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;
How MAURICE, touch'd with tender care
Of HENRY's safety, begg'd him to remove.

HENRY

HENRY refus'd his blooming youth to spare,
But with his much-lov'd MAURICE vow'd to prove,
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.
O generous strife! and worthy such a pair."

"MAURICE, the first resign'd to fate:
The youngest had a longer date,
And liv'd the space appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd so high before;
Finish'd by him, the stately fabrick bore
Its lofty top aspiring to the sky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain below, the waves tempestuous roar,
They dash themselves, and break, and backwards fly,
Dispers'd and murm'ring at his feet."

In lyric poetry, composed on the exploits of heroes, we expect vigour of thought, and sublimity of imagery and of sentiment. In the odes of HUGHES, we meet with little of either. Sublimity is to be found in the operation of great qualities or great power, much more than in the effect; in a battle, than in a victory; in a storm, than in a ship-wreck. This lyric ode, when it comes to celebrate King WILLIAM, is rather a versified register of successful events, than an animated or elevated description of great exertions. He abounds too much in epithets, which convey only a general idea of the objects, without attending to those circumstances which would render the object striking or interesting; such as *Seneffe's amazing field, celebrated Mons, more amazing Boyne*, &c. &c.

In the passage to which we allude, besides being faulty in using vague epithets, he falls into anti-climax. Speaking of the competition of WILLIAMS's actions for superiority, he has the following lines:

"Thy own great deeds together strive,
Which shall the fairest light derive
On thy immortal memory;

Whether

Whether SENEFFE's amazing field
To celebrated MONS shall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing BOYNE;
Or if NAMUR's *well-cover'd siege* must all the rest outshine."

In this, as well as his former poems, he has too frequent recourse to heathen mythology. JANUS must unbar his gates, before war is declared against France.

The translations of HUGHES are accurate, elegant, and harmonious. His version of the third ode of ANACREON conveys to the reader, very fully and exactly, the original in pure and proper English. His translation of OVID's PYRAMUS and THISBE does complete justice to that beautiful and pathetic story.

In 1702, he paraphrased HORACE's *integer vitæ, otium divos*, and translated *justum et tenacem*. HORACE is a very dangerous author to paraphrase. Paraphrase supposes dilation, and consequently introduction of some new circumstances. HORACE's mode of treating subjects is so striking and impressive, that whoever endeavours to convey his ideas and images to others, by deviating from his mode of conveyance, has many more chances of giving them worse than better. The paraphrases of HUGHES shew, that he understood the text, but are very deficient in animation and force, compared with the original. CAMPBELL, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, justly observes, the paraphrase is a kind of composition, of which the professed design is to say in many words, what the text expresses in fewer; that therefore it tends to languor and feebleness. It may, he allows, be useful in explaining passages obscure from too great compression, but ought not to be employed on writings that are clear and striking. In the odes we have mentioned, there is not a single phrase but which must be thoroughly understood by any man who knows the language. If the purpose of the paraphrase was to make the text more intelligible, that was impossible. The odes are no less beautiful and striking, than they are clear

clear. If it was the design to improve them, they do not admit of improvement. If it was the paraphrast's intention to convey the meaning to English readers, a translation would have answered the purpose more completely. If he meant only to shew that he understood Latin, and could write English verses, he succeeded.

The best lines in the performance are those that are the least paraphrastical. Among these are the following:

HORACE.

Quid trevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

HUGHES.

"Vain man! that in a narrow space,
"At endless game directs the daring spear!
"For short is life's uncertain race:
"Then why, capricious mortal, why
"Dost thou for happiness repair
"To distant climates and a foreign air?
"Fool, from thyself thou can'st not fly,
"Thyself, the source of all thy care."

HUGHES wrote a letter to one of his friends, attempting to shew that the odes of HORACE were fitter for paraphrase than translation. Such, in our apprehension, is the excellence of HORACE's odes, that the closer the version, consistently with the genius of the language into which they are translated, the greater will be the pleasure of the reader in that language.

In 1703 HUGHES wrote his *Ode to Music*. It was performed in Stationer's hall. He soon after composed six cantatas, which were set to music by the first master of that time, Dr. PEPUSCH. The intention of them seems to have been, to exclude the Italian opera, by substituting in its place a musical entertainment in which there might be sense as well as sound, and that sense expressed in the English language. The odes for music and the cantatas are esteemed to be well adapted to their objects.

jects. Mr. HUGHES was accounted admirably skilled in the powers of music, and the sounds best fitted for expressing certain ideas, and corresponding with certain words. He published several other cantatas, and also several songs, which all shewed a thorough knowledge of music.

HUGHES now began to be considered as one of the wits of the age, and became intimately acquainted with ADDISON, STEELE, and other men of genius. In consequence of his literary fame, TONSON applied to him to be one of a set of gentlemen whom he endeavoured to engage in the translation of LUCAN. HUGHES agreed. Different portions of the poem were allotted to the several hands. HUGHES undertook the tenth book, and finished the version. The other gentlemen failed in their promises. The design was dropt. HUGHES was by principle and connection a Whig, and very much attached to liberty. He entered into the spirit of LUCAN, and translated the tenth book of *The Pharsalia*, in such a manner, as would make us deplore he had not applied his talents to the other nine, had not ROWE undertaken and finished the work with so distinguished ability.

HUGHES was indeed more happy in his translations, than in some of his original compositions. He had a sufficient degree of understanding to comprehend the compositions of others, and knowledge of the English language and numbers to express them with clearness, elegance, and humour; though he had not genius to execute any thing very masterly of his own. His translations were not confined to ancient authors alone. In the year 1709, he published an English version of MOLIERE's comedy of the *Misanthrope*; and that has been since reprinted, with Mr. OZELL's translation of the other plays of that celebrated comic writer. About the same time, he published a translation of FONTENELLE's *Dialogues of the Dead*. In his preface, he gives the following character of FONTENELLE.

"In

"In all his writings, he chuses the style and air of conversation, and no where appears with the formality of an author. It is a secret almost wholly his own, to say the most extraordinary things so carelessly, as if he were scarce sensible he had said any thing uncommon. He had a wit which gives to every subject the most surprising and agreeable turns in the world. The edge of his satires is fine; he always preserves his good humour; his mirth has ever something solid, and his most judicious reflections are mixed with pleasantry."

Mr. HUGHES occasionally contributed to the Tatler, but much more liberally to the Spectator. His papers in the Tatler are only three, a letter signed JOSIAH COUPLET, No. 164; No. 73, *on Gamesters*; and No. 113, *the Inventory of a Beau*.

His papers in the Spectator are, a letter (No. 33) *on the Art of improving Beauty*; No. 53, a second letter on the same subject; No. 66, concerning *Fine-Breeding*: No. 91, *the History of* FLAVIA *and* HONORIA, the rival daughter and mother. It is written to shew the power of softness and delicacy in making an impression on cultivated female minds, the compatibility of that softness with true courage; and the great efficacy of both united, in gaining the affections of women. A letter, No. 104, is our Author's. The subject is the *Riding-Habits of Ladies*. Those he considers as of too masculine an appearance, and may, by a natural association of ideas, lead to masculine manners. No. 141 contains a criticism by our Author, on a play entitled *The Lancashire Witches*. The comedy itself we have never read, but from the circumstances which he states, it deserved severe animadversion, both on account of the absurd machinery of witchcraft (unless in the hands of a very extraordinary genius) and the loose sentiments and immoral tendency of the play. We make no doubt that his statement is fair. The observations are judicious, though neither new nor profound. No. 210 is our Author's. The subject is, the presumption for the immortality

mortality of the soul, from the desire of immortality, and horror at the idea of annihilation, sentiments so finely touched in CATO's soliloquy. Without examining the weight of this consideration itself, we must observe, that HUGHES's mode of stating and supporting it is too loose for logical deduction. The immortality of the soul is a doctrine that may be proved from so irrefragable arguments, both from natural reason and revelation, that it is unnecessary to have recourse to any not perfectly conclusive. He wrote in No. 220, a very humorous letter *on the Mechanical Expedients for Wit.* No. 230, *on Benevolence*; No. 231, *on the Awe of appearing before Public Assemblies*, are chiefly written by our Author. His also is No. 237, *on Divine Providence.* That paper contains the best arguments for the existence of a particular Providence, and shews the rashness of doubting the superintendency of divine wisdom, from the unequal distribution of rewards and punishment in this life. It concludes with a story of a similar tendency to PARNELL's Hermit.

He wrote a letter, No. 252, *on the Eloquence of Tears and Fainting Fits*, describing the effects of pretended distress on credulous weakness or misguided sensibility—the character of EMILIA, a model of female excellence. No. 311, a letter from the father of a great fortune, complaining of the machinations of *Fortune-Hunters*; especially *Irishmen*; No. 375, a *Picture of Virtue in Distress*, or *the History of* AMANDA, a pleasing, interesting tale; No. 525, *on Conjugal Love*; No. 537, *on the Dignity of Human Nature*; No. 541, *Rules for Pronunciation and Action*, are our Author's. No. 554, the last but one of the seventh volume, is one of the best of our Author's production. The subject is *the Improvement of Genius*, illustrated in the characters of Lord BACON, BOYLE, NEWTON, and some others. His account of the powers and exertions of the three glories of English philosophy, and the stupendous effects they produced, we shall

submit to the reader, as specimens of his discrimination and comprehension.

"One of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir FRANCIS BACON, Lord VERULAM. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seemed to have grasped all that was revealed in the books before his time, and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracks of science; too many to be travelled over by any one man in the compass of the longest life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coastings on maps, or supposed points of land, to be further discovered and ascertained by the industry of after-ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

"The excellent Mr. BOYLE was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable experiments, he in a great measure filled up those plans and outlines of science, which his predecessor had sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational, as well as devout adoration of its *divine Author*.

"It would be impossible to name many persons who have extended their capacities as far as these two, in the studies they pursued; but my learned readers on this occasion will naturally turn their thoughts to a third,* who is yet living, and is likewise the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge, have so vastly increased in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful instance how great the capacity is of a human soul, and inexhaustable

* Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

exhaustable the subject of its inquiries; so true is that remark in holy writ, that though a wise man seek to find out the works of God, from the beginning to the end, yet shall he not be able to do it."

No. 467 is, in a note in one of the editions of the Spectator, ascribed to Mr. HUGHES. It contains the character of MANILIUS, supposed to be intended for the illustrious Lord Chancellor COWPER. This supposition arose from the striking resemblance which the fictitious character bore to the real character of that eminently wise and good man: HUGHES was honoured with the patronage of his Lordship, and, on that account, believed to be the author.

In 1712, his opera of CALYPSO *and* TELEMACHUS was performed at the King's Theatre, in the Hay-market. The opera is intended to shew, that the English language may be very happily adapted to music.

"I know not," says he in the preface, "how it comes to be a late opinion among some, that English words are not proper for music. That the English language is not so soft and so full of vowels as the Italian, is readily granted; yet this does not prove, that it is therefore incapable of harmony. Let it be considered, whether too great a delicacy in this particular may not run into effeminacy? A due mixture of consonants is certainly necessary to bind the words, which may be otherwise too much dissolved, and lose their force. And as theatrical music expresses a variety of passions, it is not requisite, even for the advantage of the sound, that the syllables should every where languish with the same loose and vowelly softness.

"But what is certainly of much more consequence in dramatical entertainments, is, that they should be performed in a language understood by the audience. One would think there should be no need to prove this. The great pleasure in hearing vocal music, arises from the association of ideas, raised at the same time by the expressions and the sounds. When these ideas are se-

parated, half the impression is wanting, and when they are improperly joined, it is imperfect. It is probable too, that the pleasure we receive from the most pathetical strains of instrumental music is in part assisted by some ideas, which we affix to them, of passions which seem to be expressed by those strains. If the airs in operas may be heard with delight for the same reason, even when the words are not understood, yet it is impossible the recitative should give pleasure, which can raise no such ideas; this being not so properly singing, as speaking in musical cadences. And the use of it seems to be introduced for the very same reason which is given by ARISTOTLE, for the establishing the use of the iambick verse in the Greek tragedy, which is, that though it has not the charms of some other kinds of verse, yet it is more proper for action and dialogue, as it approaches nearer to common speech. Thus, recitative music takes its rise from the natural tones and changes of the voice in speaking, and is indeed no more than a sort of modulated elocution."

The idea of Mr. HUGHES, that the English language possesses a considerable portion of harmony, has been since experienced in many very agreeable operatical productions. Hearing the songs in *Love in a Village*, LIONEL *and* CLARISSA, INKLE *and* YARICO, or in the *Duenna*, sung by a KELLY, a CROUCH, an INCLEDON, and a BILLINGTON, few would wish a substitution of Italian in their place.

ADDISON, as we mentioned in his Life, had before this time published his ROSAMOND, with the same view with which HUGHES now published his CALYPSO. Whatever superiority of genius ROSAMOND may shew, as a musical performance, CALYPSO, we have been informed, is by connoisseurs esteemed preferable. Indeed it might naturally be expected that Mr. HUGHES, who was eminently versed in music, as an art, and even as a science, would excel, in the harmony of his numbers, a man who knew little more of it than its effects, without having applied

applied himself to the study of the principles and causes from which those effects result. The attempts of both of these gentlemen were productive of beneficial consequences to the English theatre. Other men of talents adopted part of their plan, but omitted recitative as not consonant to the geniusand manner of the English. Our musical comedies, instead of being like the Italian operas, mere vehicles of pleasing sounds, constitute no despicable part of English literature: some of them are the productions of exalted genius; many of them, of talents beyond mediocrity. Indeed there is no form of composition, however grotesque in its original plan, which may not in the hands of genius be productive of pleasing and beneficial effects.

The opera of CALYPSO was much crouded and applauded at the rehearsal. A subscription was obtained for it as usual. The probable success of a production, which, though it assumed the same name with theirs, was really so different, as it contained good sense and just sentiments, expressed in a language understood by the audience, alarmed the whole body of Italian performers. Apprehending, if such pieces were permitted to be represented, that their market would be over, they used every application to prevent its success. They were no doubt aware, that though Englishmen may sometimes be enamoured of absurd novelties, that in the long run good sense will prevail.

The Duke of SHREWSBURY, then Lord Chamberlain, had married an Italian lady, and was, through her influence, a great patron of the Italian opera. He granted an order to take off the subscription, and to open the house at the lowest prices, or not at all. This despicable attempt to injure one individual, to gratify others much less deserving, failed of attaining its end. The opera was performed, notwithstanding this discouragement, and was revived afterwards at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

The opera of CALYPSO is a very just exhibition of

the contest between pleasure and wisdom, in a youthful mind, habituated to virtue, strengthened by reason, but alive to the influence of the passions. Revised and retouched by a musical composer, it might now be made a very acceptable performance on one of our English theatres.

He composed, soon after the publication of CALYPSO, an *Ode on the Creator of the World*, occasioned by the fragments of ORPHEUS. The ode is mentioned with great applause by STEELE and ADDISON in the Spectator. Those gentlemen had both seen it before the publication, and had been very urgent with our Author to have it printed.

The judgment of friends, even the wisest, is by no means a certain criterion of excellence. Though capable of judging, and intending to give judgment impartially, yet will their sentence be generally questionable. The ablest men cannot help often viewing objects through the medium of affection, and thus in those whom they love, magnifying and even creating excellences, lessening and over-looking defects.

No subject unquestionably requires such sublimity as the exertions of Omnipotence. Sublimity, however, was far from being our Author's forte.

In this ode, instead of concisely exhibiting the forcible and grand operations of the Divinity instantaneously producing their effects, he dilates his description by enfeebling, because unnecessary epithets. He interrupts the attention of the mind to the main object, by presenting to it extraneous circumstances. For instance, let us take the noted instance of LONGINUS from MOSES, and our Author's amplification, "God said let there be light, and there was light." As Dr. BLAIR observes, "the sublimity of this arises from the strong conception it gives of the exertion of power producing its effect with the utmost speed and facility. In the ode it is extended in the following lines:

"He spoke the great command, and Light,
Heaven's eldest born, and fairest child,

Flash'd

Flash'd in the low'ring face of ancient Night,
And pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd:
The sons of Morning on the wing,
Hov'ring in choirs, his praises sing,
When from the unbounded vacuous space
A beauteous rising world they saw."

In describing the extent of the power and wisdom of the Creator and Preserver of the world, instead of selecting the most striking marks, he enters into too particular an enumeration.

But though we cannot allow this ode to possess much sublimity, we must acknowledge that it abounds in rational piety.

The following remark, made by Dr. BLAIR in his *Lecture upon Lyric Poetry*, appears to us very applicable to the versification in the ode which we are considering. "Several modern lyric poets prolong their periods to such a degree, they wander through so many different measures, and employ such a variety of long and short lines, corresponding in rhyme at so great a distance from each other, that all sense of melody is utterly lost.---Whereas lyric composition ought, beyond every other species of poetry, to pay attention to melody and beauty of sound; and the versification of these odes may be justly accounted the best, which renders the harmony of the measure most sensible to every common ear."

It is said, that it was owing in a great measure to Mr. HUGHES, that Mr. ADDISON was prevailed on to have CATO acted. Mr. ADDISON even is said to have made Mr. HUGHES promise to finish the last act. Mr. HUGHES, according to the report, set immediately about the execution of his promise; but on going to shew Mr. ADDISON his first attempt, found the greater part of the act finished by himself. Soon after CATO was acted. Mr. HUGHES sent the Author a copy of verses, which were afterwards printed before it, with other copies, as we mentioned in the Life of ADDISON.

HUGHES afterwards published the works of SPENSER,

with his life, a glossary, and a *Discourse on Allegorical Poetry*. "A work," says JOHNSON, "for which he was well qualified, as a judge of the beauties of writing, but perhaps wanted an antiquary's knowledge of antiquated words. He did not much revive the curiosity of the public; for near thirty years elapsed before his edition was reprinted."

About this time he translated VERTOT's *Revolutions of Portugal*. He during the two or three succeeding years wrote several pieces both in prose and in poetry. Of the latter were the *Ecstacy*, and APOLLO *and* DAPHNE, an *Ode to the Princess of* WALES, an *Allusion to* HORACE's *Integer Vitae*, on the breaking out of the rebellion 1715. The Ecstacy contains a high panegyric on the immortal NEWTON. APOLLO and DAPHNE was a masque, formed on OVID's metamorphosis of DAPHNE into a laurel. The Ode to the Princess of WALES describes the virtues of herself, the Prince and King, and breathe warm sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the House of Brunswick.

Of the prose writings which he published about this time, is an *Essay on the Pleasure of being Deceived, an Essay on the Properties of Stile, on the Affectation of Mirth and Raillery*, and CHARON, *or the Ferry-Boat*.—His essays discover good sense, observation, and taste, and are very well written. CHARON is a very lively, humorous imitation of LUCIAN. MERCURY is attending at the banks of the STYX; CHARON, with his ferry-boat, is near, for the reception of the dead. MERCURY had just dispatched a gentleman from a masquerade, when he beheld a great croud approaching.

"What," cried MERCURY with an angry voice, "nothing but masquerades!" Seeing great crouds of dead advance towards the sides of the river, "Off with your disguises, ye silly wretches, and know they can now stand you no longer! You, Sir, do you think to pass here with the huge cloak of devotion? You, Madam, be pleased

ed to lay by your demure look and affected modesty; you, fair lady, your false charms; and you, my grave friend, your outside wisdom. So lay them all in a heap there." "What a fine wardrobe, were this to furnish a play-house! As MERCURY was proceeding on his business, I * was concerned to see the surprising change that many goodly personages underwent, upon plucking off their habits. Heroes degraded into butchers and bravoes; patriots into thieves and robbers; women of the most consummate beauty into worse shapes than those of Scylla and Charibdis; holy men into prize fighters, furies and demons; hermits into the hideous figures of goats and satyrs; and philosophers into monkeys, mules, and mill horses. The heap of habits swelled to a prodigious bulk. I saw among them great variety of vizor-masques, false eye-brows, artificial looks, forced smiles, and painted complexions; and could not but particularly observe two large garments which had a very fair out-side, and were distinguished above all the rest; on one of which was embroidered, in golden characters, zeal for the church, and on the other public spirit; but upon MERCURY's touching them with his wand, the gold tarnished, and the titles were suddenly changed; and instead of the first there appeared in large capital letters the word PERSECUTION, and in the room of the latter, pensions, places, and private gain.

"After the first hurry of the crowd was a little abated, there stepped forward, with a slow and solemn face, a very venerable person in a long gown, with a beard that reached almost down to his middle, and gave his face such an air of dignity, that I could not think him inferior to SOCRATES himself; especially when I heard him, upon MERCURY's questioning him, make answer, that he was a philosopher. "Very well," replied MERCURY, "your wisdom is welcome; but be pleased then to

* The Author himself in a vision.

to leave that long gown and that immeasurable beard behind you." With some difficulty he was prevailed upon to put off his gown; but his beard, he said, was a part of his *person*, and ought not to be separated from it. MERCURY told him he must use no tricks here, that his beard was a cheat, and though he made use of it in the world to pass unknown, he must now appear what he really was, and should keep it no longer. At these words he gave it a gentle touch with his caduceus, when in an instant off dropp'd the philosopher. The man stared with surprise; and that very countenance which before appeared even wiser than MINERVA herself, now bore the exact similitude of her bird. There arose a loud fit of laughter among the crowd at this sudden transformation, upon which he clapped both his hands before his face, and got out of sight as fast as he could."

HUGHES had, during the greater part of his life, been in narrow circumstances. He at one time had been employed in the Ordnance, and was Secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands necessary to secure the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth. This employment was either not lucrative or permanent; since, though not extravagant, he was, notwithstanding the profits of his publications, far from being easy in his pecuniary concerns. His literary fame, however, at length procured him independence. Lord COWPER had for a considerable time honoured him with his patronage. During the Tory Ministry of Queen ANNE, that great man had not, as the historical reader knows, that power or influence which it was the interest of his country that so able and patriotic a statesman should possess. On the accession of the King he was restored to the office of Lord Chancellor. He soon after appointed Mr. HUGHES Secretary to the Commissions of the Peace. On resigning the Seals, he particularly requested his Successor, Lord MACCLESFIELD, to continue our Author in that employment. His Lordship complied.

plied. HUGHES was now in a state of affluence; but the badness of his health did not suffer him to enjoy his good fortune.

In 1719-20 he produced his tragedy entitled *The Siege of Damascus*, which was acted with applause. This tragedy we have never seen represented. Having read it in the closet, we think that it contains just observations and virtuous sentiments, that the language is elegant, and the versification harmonious. The wickedness and folly of using force to extend systems of religions, is very happily illustrated. The mild beneficial tendency of Christianity, in the real principles it teaches, and the examples it exhibits, is placed in a clear and striking light. Its superiority to Mahometanism, which spreads its doctrines by the sword, is well displayed. That a system which would employ force to establish itself must be erroneous, requires, it must be confessed, no great exertion of reason to perceive. But ability may be exerted in presenting obvious truths in a pleasing form. It has been objected to this tragedy, that the remorse and repentance of PHORCYAS, the principal character in the performance, who being insulted by the governor of Damascus, after repelling the Arabians, left the city, joined the Mahometans, and was eagerly and successfully active in reducing his native country under the dominion of its most inveterate enemies, is much greater than his crime. It has been objected, on the same grounds, that EUDOCIA's abhorrence, in those circumstances, for a man whom she had so tenderly loved, is unnatural. Mr. DUNCOMBE, the friend of HUGHES, and the collector, reviser, and publisher of his works after his death, admits the objection to be just; but tells us, that in HUGHES's own copy PHORCYAS apostatizes from his religion.

This, in Mr. DUNCOMBE's opinion, fully accounts for the agony of his grief. The players conceiving that it was impossible for a hero to change his religion in the representation, omitted his apostacy.

Mr.

Mr. DUNCOMBE was a man of letters and taste. His opinion was very respectable authority. But it is supported by infinitely higher. Dr. JOHNSON, speaking of HUGHES's original character of PHORCYAS, observes, "he has made PHORCYAS apostatize from his religion, after which the abhorrence of EUDOCIA would have been reasonable, his misery just, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary." The exalted Genius whose words we have just quoted was no less distinguished for morality than for intellect, and for piety than for morality.—Christianity, he, with the greater number of the wisest men, venerated as most agreeable to unbiassed intellect, and most productive of the purest piety and most perfect virtue. To a man of such views apostacy from Christianity naturally appeared a greater source of agony to the conscience than any actions the consequence of which would be merely temporal.

Those who measure conduct by it effects on the temporal welfare of their fellow creatures, that PHORCYAS's desertion of his country, when his efforts were necessary to its preservation, because an individual in it had treated him with insolence and ingratitude, and his assistance to the enemy in subjecting it, were more heinous offences, than his relinquishment of his religion—that a traitor is worse than a renegade.

HUGHES at the time of the alteration believed himself dying, and, and for the benefit of his relations, suffered the play to continue as the performers desired.

"Tragedy," as one of the most judicious * of modern critics observes, "is the region of passion. We come to a tragedy expecting to be moved; and let the poet be ever so judicious in his conduct, moral in his intentions, and elegant in his stile; yet if he fail in the pathetic, he has no tragic merit. We return cold and disappointed

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* Dr. BLAIR.

ed from the performance, and never desire to see it more." This criterion of tragic excellence is evidently formed from the most perfect knowledge of the best models, and the most accurate observation of its effects on the human mind.

Examined by this test, the Siege of Damascus is very deficient. PHORCYAS and EUDOCIA, the hero and heroine, are in distressing situations, and tell us that they are deeply affected; but do not convince us that they really feel the emotions which their situation would naturally excite, and do not impress and interest the reader. She in the midst of her distress makes just moral observations and apposite similies, which might have become a chorus in an ancient tragedy, or a secondary character in a modern, but by no means suit a mind violently impassioned. He also makes comparisons from his sufferings, declaims and raves, but does not move. The Siege of Damascus is not a play which a reader will have any longing to see represented on the stage. PHORCYAS and EUDOCIA are not like a BEVERLY and a Mrs. BEVERLY, a JAFFIERE and a BELVIDERA, a DOUGLAS and a Lady RANDOLPH, characters fitted to call forth, or worthy to employ the powers of a KEMBLE and a SIDDONS.

HUGHES did not long survive the first appearance of his tragedy, nor enjoyed the applause it produced. His death was, as he was sensible, fast approaching. He had conducted himself through life with rectitude and piety; and when the intelligence arrived of its success, was incapable to worldly advantages, being wholly employed in the meditations of a Christian on the great change he was about to undergo. That very night, February 17, 1719-20, he departed this life, in the forty-third year of his age.

HUGHES was a man of good sense, and well versed in some branches of learning. He had applied himself to the study of the classics, especially the Greek and Roman poets, with diligence and success. He perceived

and felt the beauties with which they abound. Men often mistake a predilection for certain writers or species of composition, for the ability of imitating the one or excelling in the other. The pleasure which HUGHES derived from the perusal of poetical writings, was probably the cause which induced him to attempt poetry himself. Some of his poems are very pleasing and elegant; all of them are friendly to virtue. If he at any time fails, it is not from wanting talents for any kind of poetry, but from soaring to kinds for which his genius was not fitted. Men of talents, perhaps not equal to HUGHES's, have made very respectable figures in the inferior species of poetical writing; but then they have confined themselves to such, without aspiring at the higher.

HUGHES was ambitious to distinguish himself in heroic odes and tragedy. As he neither excelled in sublimity or in pathos, he did not succeed in either. As an essayist, his observations are just and judicious, and expressed in suitable language. SWIFT and POPE give the character of his genius in a few words, quoted and sanctioned by JOHNSON.

"A month ago," says SWIFT in a letter to his friend POPE, "was sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of JOHN HUGHES, Esquire. They are in prose and verse. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber. He is too grave a poet for me; and I think among the mediocrists in prose as well as in verse."

To this POPE replies---"To answer your question as to Mr. HUGHES---what he wanted in genius he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him."

On the whole, HUGHES was a man better qualified to excel in the lower than in the higher kinds of composition. In operas, songs, and translations, he succeeded very well; in attempting heroic odes and tragedy, he

seems not to have remembered, or not to have applied his favourite HORACE's advice to poets, to consider *quid ferre recusant; quid valeant humeri*: "what weight their talents can bear, or what exceeds their strength."—Though not entitled to the character of a very great poet, he deserved a still higher praise, he was an upright, benevolent, religious man.

END OF THE LIFE OF HUGHES.

THE LIFE

OF

LAWRENCE EUSDEN.

FIELDING observes, that great and good men ought to be very cautious how they discard dependants, because the world naturally adopts their judgment; and, without enquiry, considers the person as unworthy, on whom they pass sentence of condemnation. Men of eminent genius ought to be equally cautious in passing sentence on the inferior tribe of writers, as their censure is of itself sufficient to blast a literary reputation. Had POPE at all times reflected on the weight which his opinion would have with the world, he would have probably, from his benevolence, been more sparing in his censure. The remarks of a man to whom all must look up with admiration are often received, without discussion, as incontrovertible. BUTLER's observation, that

> " Hebrew roots are often found
> To flourish best in barren ground,"

has been to many a reason for resting contented with their ignorance of that language, who were disposed to apply to it with vigour. The judgments of such men are still more readily received, when they tend to vilify. The severe animadversions of POPE in his *Dunciad* were by many readers received with much greater pleasure than his most masterly reasonings and brilliant ingenuity in his *Criticism*, his *Ethics*, and his *Rape of the Lock*.

Whoever had a place in the Dunciad, was admitted by the public to be really a dunce. Even the *Careless Husband* and the *Provoked Husband* could not, by their good sense and genuine humour, preserve their author from being considered as a votary of dulness, because he was exhibited as such by our celebrated poet.

EUSDEN, though not honoured with so conspicuous a place in the regions of dulness, had his name inserted as one of the goddess's train. His merits were estmated accordingly. He was considered by many as a stupid, contemptible writer; not because they had found his writings stupid and contemptible, but because he was censured by a man of uncommon genius. From that cause, little attention has been bestowed in preserving his life and writings. Few facts concerning EUSDEN, few specimens of his talents have descended to posterity. The facts, however, which are recorded, and the specimens which remain, though they certainly exhibit no proofs that he was endowed with genius, yet, on the other hand, afford no just grounds for the accusation of dulness.

LAWRENCE EUSDEN was descended from a good family in Ireland, and was the son of Dr. EUSDEN, rector of Spalsworth in Yorkshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; after which he went into orders, and was for some years Chaplain to RICHARD LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. At the University he was esteemed a good classical scholar, and very expert at Latin versification, an art which, though it requires no genius, cannot be attained without considerable skill in that language. He translated Lord HALIFAX's poem on the *Battle of the Boyne* into Latin verse. The version we have never seen, but we suppose it possessed merit, as it procured him the patronage of that ingenious nobleman. He wrote several letters in the Spectator, which, though they do not discover great vigour of mind, are sensible and well written. A letter about *Idols*, in No. 87, is his; as also most of the letters from Cambridge. He was one of the

the panegyrists on CATO, and in the verses he wrote on that occasion, gives an account of the preceding productions of the author.

The verses we shall submit to the reader as a specimen of the Author's talents; indeed the only one we have had an opportunity of perusing.

"'Tis nobly done, thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degen'rate age;
To shew how endless joys from freedom spring,
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The unborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few;
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds, the sentiments of ev'ry line,
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the sour critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies;
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair, their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept;
When gloriously the blooming MARCUS died,
And CATO told the gods—I'm satisfied!
See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into fame,
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn CATOS heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young THEMISTOCLES vow'd equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
"How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great WILLIAM's praise rehearse,
And paint BRITANNIA's joys in Roman verse.

We heard at distance, soft enchanting strains
From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
VIRGIL began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful OVID to our view;
Then the delightful theme of ev'ry tongue,
Th' immortal MARLBOROUGH was your darling song.
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue:
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the Muse could swell,
And on your ROSAMOND for ever dwell:
These opening sweets, and every fragrant flow'r,
Luxuriant smile—a never fading bow'r!
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now by the buskin'd muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Tho' nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed hear.
The libertine, in pleasures us'd to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast NUMIDIA's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?
When JUBA seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket and provoke the fight;
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.

We

We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor MARCIA beautifully grieve;
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals;
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.
But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wond'ring eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise:
Here saphires, here the sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green,
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From num'rous surfaces darts trembling light;
The diff'rent colours mingle in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasures sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

Trinity College
Cambridge. } *L. EUSDEN.*"

Though these verses do not discover great poetical genius, yet they ought to have exempted the Author from a place in the Dunciad. The observations are just, and shew that the Author had examined and understood the various pieces on which he comments.

POPE was indeed much too liberal in his consignments to the goddess of DULNESS. He seems to have forgotten his own great superiority over ordinary men, and to have looked on all those as dunces, who were much inferior to himself. Whereas, among literary men, there are thousands of very great respectability, who are removed at an immense distance from POPE. Many of the persons whom POPE attacks in his Dunciad had abused him. EUSDEN never had spoken or written disrespectfully of his character or merits; therefore did not

deserve to be so severely treated. Perhaps his exaltation to the office of Poet-Laureat might have excited POPE's indignation. That promotion he procured through the Duke of NEWCASTLE. On the marriage of his Grace with Lady HENRIETTA GODOLPHIN, he wrote an Epithalamium. The Duke was highly delighted with the performance. On the death of ROWE, in 1718, he being Lord Chamberlain, appointed the Author Poet-Laureat. As the first rate poets were either in opposition to government, or in higher situations, it was necessary to bestow the laurel on one of the inferior. There was at that time a very great number of men who, from being able to write verses, fancied themselves poets. Of that description were all the candidates. EUSDEN was probably equal to any of his competitors. His promotion, however, gave great offence. COOKE, in his *Battle of the Poets*, speaks thus of him:

> "EUSDEN, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
> "By few been read, by fewer still been prais'd."

These lines, the reader will observe, are mere abusive assertions, neither embellished by wit, nor supported by argument. Mr. OLDMIXON, a critic who resembled DENNIS in his virulence, but did not equal him in ability, attacks EUSDEN in a performance, entitled *The Art of Logic and Rhetoric*, with a bitterness, which mere disapprobation of the productions could never have dictated, without dislike to the man. "Of all the galimatias I ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridiculous and fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." We should apprehend that the mind must be very easily confounded, which any nonsense could so confound, as to deprive it of all distinct ideas. The verses we quoted above are by no means of that nature. OLDMIXON was not a man of that ability, that great stress can be laid on his opinion,

nion, even if he were unprejudiced. In this case he was a disappointed competitor. It is to be observed in praise of our Author, that if his merit was not the greatest, he never attempted to eke it out by the abuse of others. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in a few lines in his *Session of the Poets*, passed on EUSDEN a much severer censure than OLDMIXON's abuse could convey.

> "In rush'd EUSDEN, and cried, who shall have it
> But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?
> APOLLO begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
> And vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

AYRE, in his *Life of* POPE, says that EUSDEN undertook to translate *Tasso's Jerusalem delivered*, without understanding Italian; that by the help of dictionaries, he finished a great many books. The version was very bad, according to AYRE. Whether the fact be correctly stated, we do not know; neither do we know the character of the version. It is certain, AYRE's writings and criticisms on his Life of POPE are not such as will beget much confidence in his judgment. EUSDEN, towards the latter part of his life, took to hard drinking, which habit greatly impaired his faculties and injured his health. He died at his rectory, at Conningsby in Lincolnshire, the 27th of September, 1730. Some of his best pieces are, we are told, to be found in NICHOLS's *Select Collections*.

END OF THE LIFE OF EUSDEN.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS TICKELL.

CONCERNING this gentleman, we are sorry, that our information is so scanty that we must give his life to our readers much more briefly than his qualifications deserve. No account of him is inserted in the *Biographia Britannica*, nor in any other work that we have seen, but in detached anecdotes and observations, except JOHNSON'S *Lives*: nor has he been able to collect so many facts concerning TICKELL as concerning others of the same rank in poetry and literature. Should we be able to attain more materials than are here inserted before the completion of this publication, we shall communicate them to the reader in a note on the last number of the seventh volume, in which STEELE gives an account of his coadjutors in the Spectator.

THOMAS TICKELL was the son of the Rev. RICHARD TICKELL, who possessed a living in the county of Cumberland, and was born at Bridekirk near Carlisle, 1686. He was educated in his native county, and in April, 1701, he became a member of Queen's College in Oxford. In 1708 he took the degree of Master of Arts; two years afterwards he was chosen Fellow. As he had not complied with the statutes which require a person to be in orders before he can be chosen to a fellowship, he obtained a dispensation from the crown. Mr. TICKELL had

had at Oxford displayed good talents, and acquired the character of excelling in classical learning, and in academical exercises. He was distinguished for his ability in versification, at an university which has always excelled so much in that art. TICKELL entered early into the world, and became known to ADDISON, STEELE, and other men of high character for talents and literature. He is said to have first gained the notice of ADDISON by his verses in praise of ROSAMOND.

The verses to the author of ROSAMOND are very beautiful and smooth. If they have not the variegated harmony of a POPE, now sweet, now dignified, now majestic, they have a pleasing flowing melody. But their sound is their least excellence. They contain just observation and agreeable imagery. The censure of the Italian opera is well founded and strong. Indeed that is a subject on which most persons of genius have thought in the same way. All writers of eminence, who have mentioned this amusement, have treated it either with disapprobation, contempt, or derision, except Miss BURNEY. Those who most admire the vigour of understanding, just estimation of excellence and defect, and the refined taste which mark the writings of that lady, have some reason to be surprised that she should represent her most elevated characters as delighted with such exhibitions. She, however, is not the only instance which shews that the liking or even admiration of persons of great talents, does not always denote excellence in the object.

TICKELL, like ADDISON, FIELDING,* and JOHNSON, considered the opera as a melodious vehicle of absurdity. The panegyric on the opera of ROSAMOND does not very much exaggerate its merits, except perhaps in the conclu-

* In one of his satirical pieces FIELDING introduces OPERA as a singer in high favour with the Queen of NONSENSE, and flying in great trepidation on the approach of Queen COMMON SENSE.

conclusion. The comparison of ADDISON to the god of LIGHT and VERSE is an extravagant effusion of youthful enthusiasm, excited by the contemplation of really exalted excellence.

The verses we shall submit to our readers, as a specimen of TICKELL's talents, when first displayed to the public.

" The *Opera* first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought:
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
" No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as CORELLI, but as VIRGIL strong:
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy stile hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
" Landscapes how gay, the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds:
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens;
The babbling sounds that mimic ECHO plays,
The fairy shades, and its eternal maze;
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd.
No farther could imagination roam,
Till VANBRUGH fram'd, and MARLBRO' rais'd the dome.*
" Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;

But

* Blenheim House at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, near which was the famous bower of ROSAMOND.

But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain.
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
" Let joy transport fair ROSAMONDA's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid,
While now perhaps with DIDO's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves:
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great.
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a VIRGIL and an ADDISON.
" Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays:
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the God of VERSE and LIGHT.
Unrivall'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name—
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre,
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy ROSAMOND with HENRY's eyes."

TICKELL is believed to have contributed frequently to the Spectator; but it has never been ascertained which were his papers. Those marked with the letter R are all STEELE's, as are many of those marked with T. It has been said that the latter mark was sometimes used by TICKELL, but no proof has ever been adduced to support the assertion. There are more letters in the papers marked with R and T, than with any others. It is probable some of those were TICKELL's. He was very much with STEELE, as well as with ADDISON; and as RICHARD was often in a hurry, either from his politics, his friendly concern for others, or his dissipation, it would be natural for him to apply to TICKELL to eke out the scanty materials which he himself had time to provide.

The letters in the Spectator have generally the merit of being suitable to the character and situation of the persons from whom they are represented as coming, and to the subjects on which they are written. They are much more natural than those in the Rambler. In that performance, whoever the writers are, and on whatever subject they write, the letters exhibit acuteness of discrimination, compression, and energy of thought, regularity of arrangement, precision, force, and elegance of language. A letter from a servant who found it difficult to get a place, is written in a stile which many men of letters might strive in vain to imitate. When JOHNSON, in his letters, personates a waiting-maid or boarding-school miss, he may attempt a female appearance, but he soon forgets he is to pass for a woman. His native vigour breaks forth, he poizes the shield, he wields the sword, and is manifestly ACHILLES.

The letters in the Spectator are much more natural, and fitted to exhibit real life. Of these, it is believed TICKELL wrote many. He was also concerned in the Guardian. TICKELL was long employed in public affairs, and was on good terms with both parties. During the negociation, before the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht, he wrote a poem, entitled *The Prospect of Peace*. The scope of it is to shew that the pleasures of conquest are not so solid and permanent as the pleasures of tranquility.

Peace is in itself a blessing. At the same time there are circumstances in which the disadvantages incurred from dropping the prosecution of a war, are greater than the advantages of peace: or, if the termination of hostilities be adviseable, the conditions attainable may be better than those which are sought. The war then about to be concluded, had been undertaken to impede and prevent the execution of plans of unjustifiable extension of power and territory which France had formed, and to make her relinquish accessions which were contrary to the general interests of Europe, and to those of Holland

land and this country in particular; and, moreover, infractions of positive stipulations. Peace was not desirable until that object should be accomplished. By the victories of Britain and her Allies it was rendered attainable, but, by the peace then in agitation, not likely to be attained. To the Whigs who disapproved of the peace then negociating, the tendency of TICKELL's poem could not be pleasing. ADDISON, however, in the candour of liberal criticism, overlooking the politics, considered only the poetry. On that he bestowed, in the Spectator, very great praise. Doctor JOHNSON considers it as a piece rather to be approved than to be admired. At the time, it was read with very great eagerness, and six editions were sold off in a very short time. The quick sale of a composition on a temporary subject is, as we have had occasion to observe, no test of its intrinsic merit. The despicable bigotry of a SACHEVERELL, the equally absurd, and more pernicious sedition of a PAINE, had a much more extensive sale than books of the most sterling merit. TICKELL's poem deserved a favourable reception.

Our Author about this time wrote a copy of verses upon the Spectator. We should have inserted the verses for the reader's perusal, were they not to be found in the work itself.* They are in general intended to serve for a description of the excellences of the performance which they praise, but contain some characteristic passages. A high praise is bestowed on STEELE's papers in the Tatler against sharpers, which, as we said in his Life, produced most beneficial effects.

> "From felon gamesters the raw 'squire is free,
> And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee."

On the appearance of CATO, when so many made offerings of verses to the author, it was not to be supposed that the pen of his friend TICKELL would be idle. He

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* See No. 632.

—He wrote a copy of verses, superior, we think, to any written on the subject except the prologue by POPE. TICKELL indeed loved and venerated ADDISON as a father, and looked on him as by far the greatest man existing, and as equally good. ADDISON loved TICKELL as a son, and did every thing he could to serve him.

On the arrival of King GEORGE, he produced his poem entitled *The Royal Progress*—praised and inserted in No. 620 of the Spectator. The selection of the circumstances, which constitute this poem, is judicious; the description is striking. The idea of commercial wealth, formed from the view of the ships in the Downs and in the Thames; of rural opulence, from the verdant pastures, the herds and flocks, the rich inclosures and luxuriant fields, seen from the river; of elegance and magnificence, from the villas scattered near the banks, is very naturally exhibited.

The pleasing emotions excited in a benevolent King, by the view of national industry and prosperity, constitute the most beautiful and interesting parts of the poem. TICKELL had been a strenuous supporter of the Hanover Succession, when many of its friends were apprehensive of designs to its prejudice. He wrote a poem, which we have not seen, entitled *A Letter to* AVIGNON *against the Chevalier and his Abettors*. JOHNSON says, "His letter to AVIGNON stands high among party poems; it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence. It had the success it deserved, it was five times printed."

On the accession of King GEORGE, he was patronized at Court. When ADDISON went into Ireland as Secretary to Lord SUNDERLAND, he took TICKELL with him, and employed him in public business.

Of the translation of a book of the Iliad, acknowledged by TICKELL, we shall say nothing as a literary production, because it is not certain that he was really the author. The motives of the publication we have endeavoured to discuss in the Life of ADDISON.

In

In 1717, when ADDISON was appointed Secretary of State, he made TICKELL Under Secretary. His friendship with ADDISON continued without abatement, till that great man's death. He left our Author the charge of publishing his works, with a strong recommendation of him to the patronage of CRAGGS. TICKELL wrote an *Elegy on* ADDISON, equal to any of the kind which we have read in the English language. It is replete with genuine tenderness. It is the effusion of a refined mind, lamenting the death of a friend of the highest intellectual and moral excellence, whose value it completely comprehended, and whose loss it poignantly felt.

The following is a copy of the Elegy. It is addressed to the Earl of WARWICK, his late friend's son-in-law.

" If dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to ADDISON unpay'd;
Blame not her silence, WARWICK, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own!
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suit but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
" Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead;
Thro' breathing statues, the unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The peating organ, and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace with thy own MONTAGU.*
" To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine,

Mine

* Earl HALIFAX.

Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And 'grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful, if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.
" Oft let me range the gloomy iles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,*
And saints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
" In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How MICHAEL battl'd, and the dragon fell?
Or mixt with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?†
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,

* The learned reader will here recognize VIRGIL's sixth Æneid.

† Thus VIRGIL, Æn. vi. v. 653,—" Quæ gratia——fuit vivis ——quæ cura——eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

" That awful form (which so ye heav'ns decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crouded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in CATO there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

" Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of WARWICK's noble race,
Why once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more!
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-tide shade!

" From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing:
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And CRAGGS in death to ADDISON succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinished song.

" These

"These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O CRAGGS, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame;
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast, farewel!
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

T. TICKELL."

It is a remarkable circumstance, that CRAGGS, to whom Mr. ADDISON, a short time before his death, had dedicated his works, died before they were published; and that Lord WARWICK, to whom the verses on ADDISON were dedicated, died likewise before their publication.

TICKELL's interest with the great did not expire with his friend. His merit enabled him to retain and improve the footing on which he had been placed by ADDISON. In 1727, he was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour, trust, and emolument. In that appointment he continued during all his life. He died April 23, 1740, at Bath.

With respect to his personal character, he is said to have been a man of most pleasing manners, and unquestioned honour and integrity. He was a very agreeable companion, and fond of social conversation; he was lively and gay; he liked a hearty glass, but was not habitually intemperate. He was generally loved and esteemed. His writings discover a good understanding, an extensive knowledge of the Latin classics, a refined taste, and a feeling heart. We regret that his cotemporaries were not at more pains to collect his history, as the life of such a man must have afforded much more numerous materials for useful biography, than those which have reached posterity.

END OF THE LIFE OF TICKELL.

THE LIFE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22d, 1688. His father was ALEXANDER POPE, from the noble family of DOWNE, in Ireland. His mother was EDITHA, daughter of WILLIAM TURNER, Esq. of York. Three of her brothers fought for the King in the civil wars. One of them was killed in battle, and another died in the course of a campaign; the third, on the discomfiture of the royalists, went abroad, entered into the Spanish service, and rose to be a General.

Mr. POPE, the father of our Author, was long engaged in trade, and by his successful industry amassed twenty thousand pounds. It is said that POPE did not wish that it should be known in what branch of business his father had been occupied. He was really a linen-draper in the Strand. If POPE was ashamed of acknowledging that circumstance, it only shews, that the greatest minds are not always exempted from the foibles of the weakest. His father's was a creditable profession. But if instead of being a respectable tradesman, he had been a mechanic, or in a lower situation, if families are to be estimated by the illustrious men they have produced, that family is eminent which produced POPE.

Mr. POPE, senior, and his wife, were Roman Catholics. He, as well as many others of his persuasion, had no doubt

doubt conceived fond hopes, during the reign of the bigotted, misguided JAMES, of the re-establishment of the Popish religion in this island. The Revolution blasted such expectations. Soon after that event he retired from trade, and took up his residence at a house he had purchased at Binfield, in Windsor Forest. He had deeply imbibed the doctrine of the divine hereditary right of kings, and the impiety of resistance in every case. He could not therefore be reconciled to a political system established on so contrary principles. He reprobated the Revolution. He would not entrust his money to a government which he deemed impious, nor to any of its supporters. Not finding any other means of disposing of it, he locked it up in a chest, and took from his store what his expences required.

Our Author was from his birth of a very delicate constitution, but shewed great sweetness of disposition and mildness of temper. His voice is recorded by JOHNSON to have been so melodious, that he was called the little nightingale. When scarcely past the years of childhood, he discovered uncommon quickness of apprehension, and an eager desire for information and improvement.

He was taught to read very early by an aunt, and of his own indefatigable industry learned to write, by copying printed books, which he executed with great neatness and accuracy.

At eight years old he was placed under TAVERNER, a Popish priest who lived in Hampshire. TAVERNER taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues together. Here he happened to meet with an OGLEBY's HOMER, which engaged his eager attention by the force and interest of the story. SANDYS's OVID fell next in his way. It is said, that the raptures which those translations gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure to the end of his life.

He began to write verses so early, that he himself could

could scarcely recall the time to his memory. He says of himself,

> "While yet a child, ere yet a fool to fame,
> I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came."*

After leaving TAVERNER, POPE was sent to a school at Twyford near Winchester. Our Author had a very contemptuous opinion of the abilities of his master at Twyford, and ridiculed him in a lampoon. From Twyford he was brought up to London, and placed at a school near Hyde-Park Corner. In the two last schools he considered himself as having made very little progress. At the age of twelve he had proceeded no farther than OVID's *Metamorphosis*. He must have been neglected, otherwise, having begun to learn the Latin language at eight, he would have at twelve made greater progress.

There was no circumstance in his education peculiarly favourable to poetical exertions. The knowledge of ancient poetry which he had received was very superficial, and much inferior to that which boys of ordinary capacities, of his age, have attained at every good school. It does not appear that he had even received the common lessons of Latin and English versification. His verses were the effusions of genius, not the exactions of discipline.

Whilst he was at the school at Hyde-Park Corner, he was frequently carried to the play-house. Being delighted with theatrical representations, he formed a kind of a play from OGLEBY's Iliad, connecting the principal events and speeches by verses of his own. He persuaded his school-fellows to represent the other personages, and his master's gardener the character of AJAX.

* Thus OVID in his account of himself——

> "Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos
> Et quod tentabam scribere versus erat."

The actors were dressed after the pictures of OGLEBY, designed and engraved by artists of note.

At twelve years old he was summoned by his father to leave school. He now returned to Binfield. It was there he first perused the writings of WALLER, of SPENSER, and of DRYDEN. "On the first sight of DRYDEN," says WARTON, "he abandoned the rest, having now found an author whose cast was exactly congenial with his own. His works therefore he studied with equal pleasure and attention; he placed them before his eyes as a model. He copied not only his harmonious versification, but the very turns of his periods. It was hence he was enabled to give to rhyme all the harmony of which it is capable."

Eagerly desirous of viewing the personages whose productions transported him with such delight, he persuaded a friend to conduct him to a coffee-house which DRYDEN frequented, and pleased himself with having seen the veteran bard.

After narrating this circumstance, Doctor JOHNSON makes the following observation.

"DRYDEN died a few days before POPE was thirteen. So early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony and the zeal of genius. Who would not wish that DRYDEN could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the future greatness of his young admirer!"

After his return to Binfield, POPE was for a few months under the tuition of a Popish priest named DEANE: under him he learned only to construe a part of CICERO's *Offices*.

Having derived very inconsiderable advantage from the aid of teachers, POPE now formed a plan of study for himself. In the thirteenth year of his age, though the education he had received had been desultory and superficial, without any man of letters to superintend and direct his pursuits and exertions, did POPE take the sole charge of his own improvement. His primary and principal

principal object was to be a poet. With that view he perused, with the closest attention, the ancient and English bards. Meanwhile he very frequently exercised his own talents in making verses. His father, though not a man of literature, required great correctness, and obliged the boy to revise and amend them again and again. When at last he was satisfied, he would say "these are *good rhymes.*"

He soon learned to read HOMER in the original, as he himself records in one of his imitations of HORACE:

> "Bred up at home, full early I begun
> To read in Greek the wrath of PELEUS's son."

When he was about fifteen years of age, he wrote his *Alcander*, an epic poem. Of this he himself speaks with great candour and ingenuity in his preface to his works. "I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself; and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, and I thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret these delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see, when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever."

ATTERBURY had perused this early piece, and as we may gather from one of his letters, advised him to burn it. He wrote also a tragedy and a comedy. The tragedy was founded on the legendary tale of St. Genevieve. Of his comedy we have not heard what was the subject. Of his early productions, the greater number were destroyed by himself. It is believed that some of the anonymous verses, quoted as examples of the art of sinking in poetry, in his admirable treatise on that subject, were such as he remembered from his own puerile pieces. The earliest of POPE's performances which are extant, is the *Ode on Solitude*, written when he was but twelve years old. COWLEY's ode, produced at thirteen, is equal to POPE's: but COWLEY had received a much better education. There are, we doubt not, now boys of twelve or thirteen at Eton, Westminster, Kensington,

ton, and other eminent seminaries, capable of writing as good verses as those in question; not only in their own language, but in the Latin and even the Greek.—But POPE had not the advantage of the best instruction.

Soon after he produced Aleander, he translated STATIUS's *Thebaid*, which afterwards appeared, with little revision, in its present form.

It would be pleasing to trace genius, without direction or assistance, enriching itself with knowledge. Unfortunately the intelligence which has reached the biographers of POPE, concerning his youthful studies, is very imperfect. It is said, that he translated TULLY's *Offices*, and besides books of poetry and criticism, he read TEMPLE's *Essays*, and LOCKE's *Essay on the Human Understanding*. When he was fifteen years of age, he made himself so much master of the French and Italian languages, as to be able to read any books written in them, which was all the proficiency he desired. It appears from his early writings, that he must have read much more than we know of, or consequently can record.

Books were not the only means through which POPE, even in his retirement at Binfield, acquired information. He early procured the acquaintance of men of talents and literature, and improved himself by conversation.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBALL, who had been Ambassador at Constantinople, and Secretary of State, when he retired from public life, chose Binfield for the place of his abode. Our Author was introduced to the new neighbour of his father. In a short time, though he was not sixteen years of age, he acquired the friendship of a statesman of sixty, who had been in the highest offices at home and abroad. POPE was, through his life, desirous of the acquaintance of men of eminence in rank, in talents, in literature, or virtue. A man of his superior merit could easily chuse his company, whilst a relish for excellence, or whilst vanity existed.

At the age of sixteen POPE wrote his *Pastorals*, and also

also his *Preface*. By him and Sir WILLIAM TRUMBALL those early productions of early genius were shewn to GARTH. He had by this time become acquainted with Mr. WYCHERLY, STEELE, GAY, ADDISON, CONGREVE, and other *Wits*. All who read the Pastorals and the Preface admired the abilities and learning of the juvenile Author. They were not published till five years after they were produced.

WARTON observes that "it is somewhat strange, that in the Pastorals of a young poet there should not be found any new rural images." That in the Pastorals of POPE there is little novelty, must be very evident to any man who knows SPENSER, THEOCRITUS, and VIRGIL. JOHNSON delivers the following opinion on the want of originality in the poems in question.

"To charge these Pastorals with want of invention, is to require what was never intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to shew his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen, not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient power of language and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent; nor has since had an imitation."

Dr. WARTON remarks an impropriety in the Pastorals, which is the mixture of British and Grecian ideas.—He couples PACTOLUS with THAMES, and WINDSOR with HYBLA. An English shepherd speaks of "celestial VENUS and IDALIA's groves, of DIANA and CYNTHUS." The first eclogue is an imitation of the third of VIRGIL, and generally worthy of the model. The ideas are often happily modernized. Thus:—

VIRGIL.

Malo me GALATEA petit, lasciva puella;
Et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri.

POPE.

"Me, gentle DELIA, beckons from the plain,
"Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;

"But

" But feigns a laugh, * or sees me search around,
" And by that laugh the willing fair is found."

This is, we think, a beautiful harmonious imitation. Perhaps VIRGIL'S GALATEA pelting her lover with an apple, is a more delicate circumstance than POPE'S DELIA beckoning to hers. The indirect invitation is more agreeable to sportive coyness, than the direct.

VIRGIL'S riddles are finely adapted, by POPE'S version, to modern times:

Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus APOLLO,
Tres pateat cœli spatium non amplius ulnas.
Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomine regum,
Nascuntur flores et PHILLIDA solus habeto.

STREPHON.

" Say, DAPHNIS, say, in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous tree * that sacred monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy SYLVIA'S eyes?"

DAPHNIS.

" Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, † to which the lily yields;
And then a noble prize I will resign,
For SYLVIA, charming SYLVIA shall be thine."

POPE had early imbibed a deep tincture of religion, and a veneration for the holy scriptures. He, with every man of taste, admired the sublimity, beauty, and tenderness that pervade the sacred writings. He found in the prophecies of ISAIAH concerning the coming of our Saviour,

* The little stragems of innocent love, the reader will find most naturally and feelingly described in the *Gentle Shepherd*, in PATIE'S account of an interview with PEGGY.

* " A wond'rous treee," &c.—The royal oak, in which CHARLES II. hid himself from the pursuit of his enemies.

† "The thistle springs," &c. The thistle is the device of the Scotch monarchs, worn by Queen ANNE. The fleur de lys is the device of the arms of France. This was written in 1704, the glorious year of Blenheim.

viour, and its blissful consequences, several passages very similar to those in VIRGIL's POLLIO. He versified the prophecies in imitation of VIRGIL, in order, as he says, to shew the superiority of the descriptions of the prophet to those of the poet. The eclogue is entitled *The Messiah*, and is versified with such ability, as to convey to the reader, in its full force, the excellency of the divine original. In many parts it surpasses POLLIO. Sometimes indeed, the simple grandeur of ISAIAH is diminished by florid epithets, and injudicious prettinesses; but in the main, POPE's version does justice to the prophet.

We shall finish what we have to say on the Pastorals with the opinion of WARTON, which nearly coincides with that of BLAIR, and other eminent critics.

"Upon the whole, the principal merit of POPE's Pastorals consists in their correct and musical versification; musical to a degree of which rhyme could hardly be thought capable: and in giving the first specimen of that harmony in English verse, which is now become indispensibly necessary, and which has so forcibly and universally influenced the public ear, as to have rendered every moderate rhymer melodious. POPE lengthened the abruptness of WALLER; and at the same time contracted the exuberance of DRYDEN."

His discourse upon pastoral poetry shews a very considerable extent of reading, and a very vigorous understanding. Vigour of intellect was indeed POPE's principal excellence, and early manifested itself. His observations on pastoral poetry in general, and on the compositions of the most celebrated pastoral poets, though written when he was but a boy, would have done honour to manhood. One idea he entertains of the nature of the eclogue, that it ought to be an image of the golden age, does not appear to be justified by the practice of THEOCRITUS and of VIRGIL. THEOCRITUS's *Idyllia*, replete as they are with the highest pastoral excellence, are frequently far from being descriptive of

the manners ascribed by poets to the golden age. He sometimes makes his shepherds immodest and vicious. In VIRGIL, the rogueries of the shepherds, in the third Eclogue, and the distresses arising from war and oppression in the first, are totally inconsistent with either the purity or the happiness of the golden age. In fact, both THEOCRITUS and VIRGIL describe their personages as exposed to the disappointments and misfortunes of real life, as well as partaking of its felicities, and feeling the good and evil as men. Had they exhibited them as in a state of uninterrupted happiness, they would not have afforded so exquisite pleasure. This idea of POPE concerning pastoral poetry, was very prevalent among the critics of that time, but is now rejected. Dr. WARTON accounts very ingeniously for its prevalence. "THEOCRITUS," says he, "the father and model of this enchanting species of composition, lived and wrote in Sicily. The climate of Sicily was delicious, and the face of the country various and beautiful. Its vallies and its precipices, its grottos and cascades, were sweetly interchanged, and its flowers and fruits were lavish and luscious. The poet described what he saw and felt; and had no need to have recourse to these artificial assemblages of pleasing objects, which are not to be found in nature. The figs and the honey which he assigns as a reward to a victorious shepherd, were in themselves exquisite, and are therefore assigned with great propriety: and the beauties of that luxurious landscape, so richly and circumstantially delineated in the close of the seventh Idyllium, where all things smelt of summer, and smelt of autumn, were present and real. Succeeding writers, supposing these beauties too great and abundant to be real, referred them to the fictitious and imaginary scenes of a golden age."

One of the warmest encouragers of POPE in his early age, was Mr. WALSH. That gentleman had somewhat of a poetical turn himself, and was much delighted with POPE's pastorals. WALSH, from his letters to POPE, appears

appears to have been a man of good sense, with some critical ability. POPE received an advice from him which in a great measure regulated his studies and compositions. WALSH advised him to correctness, hitherto neglected by the English poets, and therefore an untrodden path to fame. WALSH also recommended to him to compose a pastoral comedy. This advice, however, was never followed. A great intimacy now subsisted between POPE and WYCHERLY. So high an opinion did the aged comic writer conceive of our youthful bard's taste and discernment, that he submitted his writings to his revision. POPE altered and corrected them with great freedom. WYCHERLY did not relish the frequency of the amendments: like the Archbishop of Granada, he took umbrage at what he supposed the arrogance of a young man who pretended to find fault with compositions appearing to himself so excellent. Though WYCHERLY did not part so abruptly from POPE, as LE SAGE's prelate did with the censurer of his *Homilies*, yet his affection, which had been very warm, grew cold; he by degrees left off intercourse with our Author. POPE always retained a great regard for him; and visited him a short time before he died. One of WYCHERLY's last letters to POPE shews that the old man's vanity was very much mortified by POPE's detection of the faults in his writings. WYCHERLY's talents were on the decline. POPE had not yet sufficient experience of mankind to know how dangerous it is to give advice, or suggest amendments, which imply a perception of intellectual defect in the object. WYCHERLY's letter we shall present to the reader, as a very natural picture of the mind of an author displeased with even friendly animadversions on his productions.

FROM MR. WYCHERLY TO MR. POPE.

April 27th, 1710.

"You give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another of that bundle you have in your hands; amongst which (you say) you find numerous repetitions of the same thoughts and subjects; all which, I must confess, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing: since of all figures, that of tautology is the last I would use, or least forgive myself for. But seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my damn'd miscellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourself more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the world, in writing upon new subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourself and others. Now as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers; all that I desire of you is to mark in the margin (without defacing the copy at all) either any repetition of words, matter, or sense, or any thoughts or words too much repeated; which if you will be so kind as to do for me, you will supply my want of memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of sense with the infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will more infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, since so much. Now as to what you call freedom with me, (which you desire me to forgive) you may be assured I would not forgive you unless you did use it; for I am so far from thinking your plainness an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation, which I shall always acknowledge, with all sort of gratitude to you for it; who am," &c.

Soon

Soon after the Pastorals, appeared the *Essay on Criticism.* That poem was of a species which called forth those powers of the mind of POPE, which he possessed in the greatest excellence. The didactic nature of the subject required chiefly perspecuity and comprehension of understanding, extensive observation and conclusive reasoning. It is, as might be expected from the predominant constituents of its author's genius, a most masterly performance. It displays a mind capacious and energetic, enriched with learning, and directing and arranging its materials in such a way as best to produce the most important and beneficial effects. POPE exhibits to us a complete view of the ends of criticism, the means, the test of the proper application of those means, the causes which impede or prevent their operation, the way to avoid or remove errors. He illustrates his principles by delightful pictures of the general and appropriate excellence of the most eminent poets and critics. The Essay on Criticism has been said to want that methodical regularity, which would have been requisite in a prose writer. Highly as we venerate the authority of the critic * who made this remark, we cannot admit his opinion to be just. Arrangement is certainly closely attended to by our poet. He, after his introduction is finished, sets out with this precept, v. 67:

> "First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same."

The reason for this fundamental precept he gives in the succeeding lines:

> "Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright,
> One clear, unchang'd, and universal light;
> Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart—
> At once the source, and end, and test of art."

* ADDISON, in No. 253 of the Spectator.

After this general injunction to follow nature, he next shews that the rules discovered by ancient critics were formed from observing the excellences of those who had followed nature, and thereby pleased and instructed mankind. As the ancients had excelled by following nature, he advises critics to attend minutely to their writings.

"You then, whose judgments the right course would steer,
Know well each *ancient*'s proper character."

Though nature be, as he before said, at all times essentially the same, yet is she often modified by temporary or local circumstances. In forming a judgment of those who have most successfully imitated her, it is necessary not only to know nature in general, but also as modified in those times, countries, and characters, which the writer describes. He therefore proceeds:

"His fable, subject, scope, in every page,
Religion, country, genius of his age;
Without all this at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise."

Among those ancients whom he had praised as followers of nature, modified as they found her, he mentions, as the first and greatest of antiquity, HOMER.

"Be HOMER'S works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night; *
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring."

The propriety of this direction he justifies by VIRGIL'S successful imitation of the Mœonian bard. He afterwards enters more largely into the merits of the ancients who followed nature, and beautifully describes the

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* Thus HORACE more generally,
——— "Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurna."

the instruction and delight which they have afforded to all ages, and the eternal glory which they have acquired.

Having thus propounded, explained, limited, and supported his principle, and having illustrated its justness by an exemplification of its effects, he next considers the causes which impede or prevent its operation. The first source of false criticism which he mentions is Pride.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools."

A great cause of this pride is the want of general learning. A man of confined knowledge, not perceiving how many things are to be learned, supposes that the scanty share which he himself possesses, is sufficient. A man of more extended views sees that there is a great deal which he has not attained. Our Author proceeds.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

Partial examination of the work criticised, the habitual maintenance of certain favourite *notions*, a fondness for conceits, are next mentioned as causes of erroneous judgment concerning literary works. Another article of the enumeration, is the wrong appreciation of the comparative value of things really good, the preference of a subordinate to a supreme excellence---illustrated in the instances of language and numbers.

"Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men for dress:
Their praise is still, the stile is excellent:
The sense they humbly take upon content."

He observes, that those whose judgment is so faulty as to prefer language to sense, generally are wrong in

their opinions concerning the goodness of language itself, and are captivated with glare and tawdriness instead of relishing real beauty. He proceeds to animadvert on those who judge wrong, from making harmony the test of excellence.

> " But most from numbers judge a poet's song,
> And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
> In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
> Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
> Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
> Not mend their minds, as some to church repair,
> Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

That those who are so wretched judges, as to make sound the criterion of excellence, instead of sense, have a very erroneous idea of true harmony itself, he illustrates by describing the numbers which please them most.

> " These equal syllables alone require,
> Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
> While expletives their feeble aid do join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
> While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
> With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
> Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
> In the next line it " whispers thro' the trees:"
> If chrystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
> The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with " sleep:"
> Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
> With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
> A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
> That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

The exposure of errors would not be sufficient, unless the means of avoiding them were also shewn. To the causes of erroneous criticism, our Author subjoins precepts for shunning or removing them. "Our bane and antidote are both before us." If he shews how we judge wrong, he teaches how we may judge right.

After he has discussed the general causes of erroneous criticism,

criticism, he proceeds to describe those most peculiar to this country. Party spirit, which has certainly prevailed more extensively in this than in any other country, he observes, has often influenced the judgment of poetical merit.

"Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate!
Pride, malice, folly, against DRYDEN rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus."

In writing a treatise on criticism in this liberal age, when the just tribute of praise is bestowed on talents and literary merit of whatever party, it would be improper to take notice of political opinions. Now every sensible well-informed Whig will do justice to the intellectual powers of a HOARSLY, a JOHNSON, and a HUME---every sensible well-informed Tory to a LOCKE, a MONTESQUIEU, a STEUART, and a FERGUSSON. When this essay was written, party prejudice had very powerful influence over criticism. MILTON's wonderful genius had been overlooked, because his political opinions were reprobated. Poetry had been attacked chiefly by critics of an opposite political party: even ADDISON, when this essay was produced, the first critic of that age, was more ardent in his praises of the writings of Whigs than of Tories. When so extraneous circumstances influenced criticism, it was proper to point out and expose that influence. Another cause which produced no less hurtful effects on English taste than on English morals, was the profligacy of CHARLES the Second's reign. Of that period of witty licentiousness a very striking view is exhibited.

"When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit,

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away.
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before."

From describing the influence of prevalent immorality on criticism, he naturally proceeds to the morals necessary to be shewn by a good critic.

"Learn then what *morals* critics ought to shew,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know;
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join—
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine."

After recommending truth and candour in criticism, he gives several very wise injunctions concerning the mode of practising those virtues most effectually, by tempering sincerity with politeness, decision with modesty.

Having finished his enumeration of the intellectual and moral constituents of a true critic, he sums up his perfections in the following lines:

"But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Well pleas'd to teach, but yet not proud to know;
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite,
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe—
Who to a friend his faults can freely shew,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,
A knowledge, both of books and human kind,
Gen'rous converse, a soul exempt from pride,
And love to praise, with reason on his side."

This account of a critic is, our Author says, applicable to ancient critics.

"Such once were critics, such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew."

After

After this general eulogium on the critics of antiquity he particularizes the merits of each, describes the overthrow of learning and criticism, and their revival and progress. On the whole, we think, it must appear evident to an attentive reader, that the plan of this essay is clear, regular, and natural. The precepts and remarks are so disposed as to form an entire whole. The parts constituting that whole, have a connection, not an arbitrary juxta position. Were a writer to compose an essay in prose on the same subject, he could not chuse an arrangement more lucid or effectual.

The precepts, observations, and reasoning in this production display a thorough insight into human nature, very extensive knowledge of books, an understanding that perfectly comprehended the nature, tendency, and use of the knowledge acquired, that could readily select from its stores those articles which most effectually answered its purposes. The observations and precepts are admirably adapted to their end: whoever rigidly adheres to them, will be a true critic. Many of his directions have, in addition to this prime excellence, the merit of high utility applied to other objects. The rules for criticism will frequently serve to guide the mind in estimating moral conduct. In the causes of wrong decisions concerning poetical merit, we see the causes of false estimates of human actions and characters.

Next in merit to the precepts and remarks, are the illustrations and examples. The illustrations are all apposite, many are beautiful; the examples are judiciously selected, and forcibly exhibited. We shall now examine some of the passages which deserve most particular attention.

"But you who seek to give, and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself, and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point, where sense and dulness meet."

This is certainly a very important precept. As there are many subjects of criticism, of very different natures and degrees of difficulty, different degrees of judgment and of taste are necessary for them; and as criticism requires knowledge * as well as intellect, a man may be an able critic on some subjects, that cannot be so on others; not because those others require more reach of understanding to comprehend their excellences and defects, but because they require a species of knowledge which he does not possess.

The precept, "follow nature," would have been too general, unless it had been explained and modified. But POPE has discussed it so fully and accurately, that no one who has the learning and judgment requisite to a critic can be wrong in the application.

His strong recommendation to all those who wish to become critics, to peruse diligently the works of the ancients, must be acknowledged to be necessary. They are the models from which ideas of perfection were derived, and critical rules were first formed.

To his energetic praise of the father of poetry every man must subscribe. All, perhaps, however will not join in his praise of VIRGIL for imitating HOMER so closely. The genius of VIRGIL was certainly capable of so high *original* excellence, that many wish that his *imitation*, even of the highest, had not been so frequent. The most perfect of his productions are the most original: His *Georgics*, his *Destruction of Troy*, his DIDO, and his *Descent of* ÆNEAS *into Hell*.

Among many exquisite passages in this essay, Dr. JOHNSON considers the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with a traveller's journey in the Alps, as one of the most perfect of the kind.

"Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heighth of arts;

While

* The necessity of knowledge to a critic is ably and beautifully illustrated in the introduction to Mr. BURKE's ingenious "Essay on the Sublime."

While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind.
But more advanc'd—behold with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way.
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes—
Hills peep o'er hills—and Alps on Alps arise."

The illustration of his remark, that a cause of erroneous criticism is a prepossession in favour of certain notions, by a story from DON QUIXOTE, is apposite, beautiful, and delightfully told.

" Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part;
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way," &c.

The character of ARISTOTLE is strongly sketched, and the character of HORACE finely drawn. Justice is done to the regular method of QUINTILIAN, but scarcely to his genius.

" In grave QUINTILIAN's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd.
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command."

The arms of QUINTILIAN, to carry on POPE's figure, are not only useful, and regularly disposed, but of the finest steel, completely burnished. Many of them are beautifully decorated; but the ornaments are never cumbersome, nor impede use.

The

The abrupt address to LONGINUS is, as WARTON observes, more suitable to the person addressed, than if he had coldly spoken of him in the third person. It is striking and animated.

"Thee, bold LONGINUS, all the nine inspire;
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the great sublime he draws."

On the whole, the Essay on Criticism is one of the most important and delightful specimens of English didactic poetry. The principles are just and comprehensive, the precepts and observations are deducible from those principles, and accurately framed for the repression of error and the extension of just criticism. A subject so skilfully chosen wants no lucid order nor proper language.* The disposition is, as we have said, clear and natural; the language possesses accurate propriety. Every word expresses the idea intended, in such a manner as to convey it most completely to the mind of the reader. It is concise and nervous. The closeness of dictatic poetry is unfavourable to versification. Variegated and harmonious as is HORACE's lyric verse, his satires and epistles are frequently deficient in numbers. The Essay on Criticism is very pleasing to the ear, as well as instructing and convincing to the understanding.

That some imperfections may be pointed out in this performance, cannot be denied; but they are inconsiderable, and do not in the smallest degree affect the main object. POPE uses the word *wit* in different senses. In that he was justified by the usage of the time. Wit did not, as now, signify only an assemblage of unexpected re-

* As HORACE observes, with excellent sense, in very ordinary verse:

——— "Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo."

resemblances, but meant also sense, fancy, and genius. It was used in different senses, as occasion might require, or recollection suggest. Perhaps it would be as well, in a performance addressed to the understanding, always to use the same word in the same meaning. It might tend to secure precision. In occasionally using this word in different senses, POPE, however, does not offend against perspicuity; he always expresses himself intelligibly. It is very much to the honour of the essay, that such trivial circumstances could attract critical animadversion * from those who are eagerly desirous of discovering and exposing defects; since, if there had been many of importance, inaccuracies of expression would have been less regarded.

Perhaps some might think it unnecessary for our Author in praising of DRYDEN, to stigmatize Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE. Sir RICHARD was a man of great integrity and worth, though not an eminent poet. His depression was not necessary to DRYDEN's fame. Our Author's stricture, therefore, might have been spared.

The Essay on Criticism procured POPE, as it deserved, a very high character. The praises of the public called forth, as usual, the malignant censure of that noted (if not famous) personage, Mr. JOHN DENNIS. Besides DENNIS's general cause of displeasure, the praise of another person, he was inflamed with resentment against our Author because he believed himself attacked by him. Speaking of the irritability of some Authors, POPE had used the following words:

> "'Twere well, might critics still the freedom take;
> But APPIUS reddens at each word you speak,
> And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

DENNIS exclaims against this, as an attack not upon his writings, but upon his personal appearance, and accuses

* DENNIS rails against our Author for using WIT in different senses.

cuses our Author of doing it in a clandestine manner. How any of the contents of a publication, acknowledged by its Author, could be justly called clandestine, cannot be conceived; neither do the lines quoted convey any imputation against Mr. DENNIS's beauty. They only describe the effect of passion upon his countenance.

Either SWIFT, or some other of POPE's friends, ascribes DENNIS's resentment to another part. He says, that on reading these two lines,

> "Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
> Turn critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last."

DENNIS exclaimed, "By G—d, the fellow means me!" But probably, to use the words of POPE's P. P. clerk of this parish, "These were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth:" for though DENNIS attempted the three first of the characters mentioned, it is not to be supposed that he would either believe himself, or suppose others to *imagine* that the last could be to him applicable. But whatever were the causes of his rage against POPE, in a great rage he was, and in that rage wrote what he called *Reflections, Critical and Satirical, on a Rhapsody called an Essay on Criticism.* Of his satire the following is a specimen.

"Enquire between Sunning-hill and Oakingham for a young short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the god of LOVE, and tell me whether he be a proper author to make personal reflections? He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day. Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that

that of a downright monkey, should differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding."

Dennis acknowledges that the Essay on Criticism had been much praised. That praise he imputes to the false taste which, he said, then prevailed. Indeed, if the praise of this work was a proof of a bad taste, it must have been very prevalent; since Mr. Leonard Welsted and Mr. Oldmixon were the only persons, besides Dennis, who censured it.

Of Dennis's criticism the following specimen will, we dare say, be sufficient to the reader. The last part of it we should not have transcribed, had we not been sanctioned by the example of Johnson.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common; instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion."

After this unqualified abuse, he enters on the consideration of some lines, in which the word wit had been used in two different senses:

"There are whom heav'n has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it."

It must be obvious to the most superficial observer, that wit, in the second line, means judgment, and does not in the first. Dennis values himself on discovering this difference of signification. He proceeds to attack the verses in the following observations, so significant of the delicacy and refinement of true taste.

"By the way, what rare numbers are here! would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce, on account of impotence, from some superannuated sinner, and having been p—xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably."

"This," says JOHNSON, "was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity."

About this time our Author published the *Messiah*, which we mentioned with his other Eclogues. It was revised by STEELE.

He next published *The Temple of Fame*, which, as STEELE observes, has a thousand beauties.

The nature of this publication does not permit us to enter minutely into the merits of every performance of this great man. We shall content ourselves with observing concerning the Temple of Fame, that it shews a complete knowledge of the various sources from which fame is derived—that the value of fame, according to its foundation, is accurately ascertained---that a thorough acquaintance with the most celebrated characters of antiquity is displayed—that extensive learning appears here, as in all our Author's works, kept in perfect subordination to judgment. To wisely employed learning and vigour of thought is addded beautiful imagery, nervous language, and harmonious numbers.

Our Author contributed several papers to the Spectator. No. 404 is his. It recommends the adaptation of our pursuits to our talents and dispositions, and is an able commentary on a text of our Author himself, in his Essay on Criticism.

> "One science only will one genius fit,
> So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

He wrote also No. 408, containing principles enlarged upon in his *Essay on Man*. No 425, a *Vision*, is also our Author's.

He besides wrote several other papers. The papers of POPE are principally distinguished for strength and closeness of reasoning; the language has merely those qualities which reasoning requires, perspicuity and force.---POPE, in his prose writings, does not appear to attend very much to elegance.

In 1713, POPE published his *Windsor Forest*. Dr. WARTON observes, that descriptive poetry was by no

means his shining talent. In this poem the description is too general; it contains few images peculiarly applicable to Windsor Forest: rural beauty in general is described. No man, from reading it, could have any idea of even the prominent beauties of Windsor, much less of the minute. The awful grandeur of the castle is passed unnoticed.

The digression concerning the destruction of the villages by WILLIAM the Conqueror is very happily introduced, and affords occasion for excellent sentiments and reflections. Some parts of the description are very picturesque. We shall instance the following passage:

> "Round broken columns, clasping ivy twin'd,
> O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
> The fox obscure to gaping tombs retires,
> And savage howlings fill the sacred quires."

Dr. JOHNSON disapproves of the appearance of Father THAMES, and the metamorphosis of LODONA, as puerile. Though Father THAMES be adorned with the insignia of a river god; yet, as WARTON observes, one circumstance in his appearance is highly picturesque:

> "His sea green mantle waving with the wind."

JOHNSON admits that the story of LODONA is told with sweetness. "But nothing," says he, "is easier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant." OVID's stories are frequently very beautiful; and natural, until the probability is lost in the extravagance of the transformation. OVID was not a model for the imitation of POPE. Their minds had no resemblance to each other. POPE was as inferior to OVID in richness and variety of imagery, as he was superior to him in justness of taste and vigour of understanding.

The most excellent parts of this poem are those in which he departs from its professed object, when he leaves imagery for thought. The effects of tyranny are very

very forcibly described. The character of WILLIAM the Conqueror is sketched with the hand of a master.

" Aw'd by his nobles, by his Commons curst,
The oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst:
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his god,
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain."

The only part of this description that may be objected to, is the charge of oppressing the church. WILLIAM, as appears from HUME, withstood some of GREGORY's usurpations. He would not do homage to the POPE for a kingdom that was totally independent of his power, and would not suffer him to interfere with the internal affairs of the English church, to the extent to which the ambitious GREGORY wished. But he was so far from oppressing the church, that he allowed it to retain more power than it was consistent with the independence of the mônarch, and the interest of the people, that it should possess. He was guilty of no oppression, unless it be oppression to resist insolent usurpation. All able monarchs in England, since the conquest, have vigorously endeavoured to oppose the enormous power, and to resist the unjust claims of hierarchs, foreign and domestic. WILLIAM, for his opposition, deserves praise instead of blame. If he be at all blameable for his behaviour to churchmen, it is because he did not check their insolence and rapacity more effectually. The wisest men are sometimes swayed by prejudices. POPE, in this instance, writes with the narrow considerations of a religionist, not with the enlarged views of a politician or a philosopher.

In the description of a man of letters retired to the country, we see POPE's favourite studies: they are not those contemplations which amuse the fancy, but which enrich and improve the understanding.

His lines on the Peace are said to have been very displeasing to Mr. ADDISON. No evidence, however, is brought

brought to support that assertion. If ADDISON was displeased, it must have been either with the politics or the poetry. Though ADDISON did not approve of the peace of Utrecht, he had in the case of TICKELL testified his high approbation of a poem in its praise. Why then should he be displeased with POPE's verses on the same subject? If he was displeased with the genius displayed in them, he had much greater reason to repine at the Essay on Criticism. If he really felt the superiority of POPE, it is not likely he would confess that feeling. In fact, POPE and he were at this time on the most friendly terms.

Windsor Forest is not one of those compositions of our Author which would most readily excite the jealousy or envy of a rival. As a describer of external nature, he has been surpassed by many of our countrymen, both in poetry and in prose. Infinitely more copious, more forcible, more picturesque and impressive, as a describer of external objects, is the poet THOMSON. In the same species of excellence, FIELDING, though not equal in copiousness and richness to THOMSON, yet in distinctness and particularity is superior to POPE. His description of a villa, and the adjacent country, in his *Tom Jones*, is more expressive and poetical, than any we find in Windsor Forest. The exhibition of a scene in the inland country of Africa, by Dr. WILLIAM THOMSON,* in selecting of objects, in particularity, in richness and impression, in our opinion surpasses any of our Author's descriptions in this poem.

POPE, at the desire of STEELE, undertook his *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, and executed it in a manner which ren-

* *Mammuth, or Human Nature displayed on a Grand Scale, in a Tour with the Tinkers into the Interior Parts of Africa:* a performance which, though we have mentioned it only for its picturesque description, contains a novelty and depth of observation, an extent of knowledge, a brilliancy of wit, and a force of humour, which convey to the reader a very high idea of the compass and variety of the Author's talents, and the multiplicity and importance of his acquirements.

ders it second only to DRYDEN's. Without entering into the particular passages, we shall only observe, that the general effect is very pleasing and often striking.

On the comparative excellence of the two odes in question, Dr. JOHNSON makes the following observations: "DRYDEN's plan is better chosen: history will always take stronger hold of the attention than fable: the passions excited by DRYDEN are the pleasures and pains of real life, the scene of POPE is laid in imaginary existence. POPE is read with calm acquiescence, DRYDEN with turbulent delight. POPE hangs upon the ear, and DRYDEN finds the passes of the mind." The third stanza of POPE, we cannot help thinking, finds *the passes of the mind* as much as DRYDEN's; and indeed the Doctor bestows great praise on it.

> "But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
> How martial music every bosom warms," &c.

Every one who recognizes his own feelings on hearing, in times of national danger, or even of alarm, songs expressive of patriotism, loyalty, freedom, or the glory of our country, must be convinced that POPE in one part of his ode shew his knowledge of the avenues to the heart.

Dr. BLAIR, in his Lecture on Lyric Poetry, has observed, that "odes may be comprised under four denominations. Sacred odes, addressed to the Divinity or composed on religious subjects. Heroic odes, employed in the praise of heroes, and the celebration of martial exploits and great actions. "These two," he observes, "ought to have sublimity and elevation. Thirdly, moral and philosophical odes. Fourthly, festive and amorous odes." Excellent as HORACE's odes are, whatever are the subjects, yet we think he excels principally in the third species---in those odes wherein strong sense and morality are most prevalent. Had POPE devoted himself much to lyric poetry, it is probable he would have been most eminent for odes of that description. He did not,

not, however, devote himself much to odes. He wrote two choruses inserted in a tragedy altered by the Duke of BUCKINGHAM from SHAKESPEARE. The choruses are elegant and harmonious, but are foreign and adventitious to the subject, and contribute nothing towards the advancement of the main action. They are rather parenthetical, like some of the choruses of EURIPIDES than like those of SOPHOCLES, so nicely interwoven with the fable as to carry on the design of the tragedy.

About the end of the year 1712, POPE produced the ode, entitled *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, in imitation of the famous verses which the emperor ADRIAN spoke on his death bed.

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca."

Mr. POPE, as he writes to the Spectator, had been one day in company with some men of learning, who all agreed that those verses were in a stile of gaiety, not suitable to that great character in such a situation. POPE dissented from that opinion. The diminutive epithets, *vagula, blandula, pallidula, nudula*, are reckoned by POPE not expressions of levity, but of endearment and tenderness. He copies, in his letter to the Spectator, a translation of the verses, which he had formerly written. STEELE urged him to write an ode on the subject, and to make the dying person a Christian. POPE complied, and sent it to STEELE as soon as he had composed it. "You have it," says he in a letter to STEELE, "as COWLEY calls it, just warm from the brain: it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head, not only the verses of ADRIAN, but the fine fragment of SAPPHO."

Some have accused POPE of having borrowed much of this ode from FLATMAN. The resemblance in some parts is certainly striking; but resemblance is no proof of theft. The ode is natural and beautiful; but such as a person of less genius than POPE might write without plagiarism.

About this time JOHNSON thinks that POPE wrote his *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*. Who this lady was, is not ascertained. According to RUFFHEAD, she was a woman of high rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle; she was in love with a young gentleman of an inferior condition. The uncle disapproved of her attachment, and proposed another person as a match. Finding she was determined to adhere to her own choice, the uncle sent her abroad, and prevented all epistolary intercourse between the lovers. Deprived of every opportunity of conversing or corresponding with her lover, she became desperate, procured a sword, and plunged it to her heart. "From this account," says JOHNSON, "given with evident intention to raise the lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable; her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time; but her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspence. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl."

From the severity with which JOHNSON treats the excesses of the passion of love, one would be apt to say of any one that should consult him on such a subject, like SYPHAX to JUBA of CATO,

"A proper person to intrust a love-tale with!"

JOHNSON writes on the subject as a philosopher, whose own passions were under the habitual controul of reason; and

and who required those of others to be the same. It is easy for those who do not feel a passion, to see that it is much wiser to restrain a passion for the sake of eventual gratification, than to indulge it with the certainty of disappointment. The difficulty is in reducing, in such a state of mind, that wisdom to practice. Perhaps there has never been a subject which has given rise to more exquisitely pathetic poetry than the phrenzy of love.

In a note to Dr. JOHNSON's Life of POPE it is asserted, that the unfortunate lady's name was WITHINBURY; that she was in love with POPE, and would have married him; that her guardian, though she was deformed in her person, looked upon such a match as beneath her, and sent her to a convent, where she put an end to her life. How far this account is true, we do not know. POPE certainly, from the verses, appears to have been very deeply affected by her fate. This poem is a proof that POPE had great excellence in the pathetic. It comes glowing from a heart that must have deeply felt the fate lamented. The circumstance of her dying in a country remote from her friends, is marked with exquisite tenderness, and admirably aggravates the mournfulness of the catastrophe---

"No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier!
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!"

The apostrophe to her guardian is highly impassioned.

"But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
Those cheeks, now fading at the blast of death!
Cold is that breast, which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more!

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
Of all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing, say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo! those were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield."

If there is any fault in this poem, we should apprehend it to be the praise bestowed on the lady for the courage she exerted in killing herself. Her distress is the object of compassion; but the means which she employed to end it are by no means entitled to praise. Suicide, so far from being a proof of courage, shews manifestly the absence of true fortitude: it is as inconsistent with the firmness of a philosopher, as with the resignation of a Christian.

In 1713, POPE published the celebrated poem of *The Rape of the Lock*, in its present form. Dr. WARTON observes, that if the moderns have excelled the ancients in any species of writing, it seems to be in satire; and particularly in that kind of satire, which is conveyed in the form of the epopee. Many instances might be adduced to prove the truth of this observation. A story engages the reader much more than general rules, suasory or prohibitory character exhibited, impresses us much more deeply than precept delivered or censure bestowed. The inconsistence between the theory and practice of licentious pretenders to philosophy, is much more clearly and forcibly conveyed to us in the character of FIELDING's SQUARE, than by the invectives of JUVENAL, in his second satire. Of epopees, one of the first in any language is the Rape of the Lock. The end of the poem is, as the poet tells us, and as we learn from the piece, to expose the little unguarded follies of the fair sex. The means employed are vigorous thought, brilliant fancy, poignant wit, and refined humour, most agreeably interwoven and diversified.

"In

"In this work," says JOHNSON, "are exhibited in a very high degree the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things made new. A race of aerial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no farther information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits, loves a Sylph and detests a Gnome."

"That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced, that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female day is here brought before us, invested with so much art and decoration, that, though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away."

The poem was written on the following occasion. Lord PETRE had in a frolic cut a lock of Mrs. FERMOR's hair. This trifling cause produced a serious quarrel between the two families. Mr. CARYLL, (Secretary to the Queen of JAMES the Second, whom he followed into France, and author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in DRYDEN's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him, with a view, by this piece of ridicule, to terminate the quarrel. The first sketch was written, we learn from one of his letters, in less than a fortnight, and published in 1711, in two cantos, only without the name of the author. But it was received so well, that he enlarged it by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it into five cantos. On perusing the first sketch, ADDISON declared it was genuine wit. POPE soon after conceived the idea of enriching it with the Rosicrusian machinery, and consulted ADDISON. ADDISON said it was a delicious little thing as it was, and advised him not to

alter it. This, as we have already mentioned, was imputed to jealousy in ADDISON; but contains no proof that he was actuated by any bad passion. POPE, fortunately, did not follow ADDISON's advice. His attempt was justified by success. The superintendence of celestial agents over the frivolous concerns of a fine lady, greatly adds to the mock dignity of the objects, and heightens the ridicule and satire. The description of the toilet is exquisitely fine. The representation of the lady and her maid as a superior and inferior priestess, engaged in a solemn religious ceremony, combines brilliant wit and cutting satire. A part of the satire is oblique, and produces still stronger effect by coming on the reader by surprize. It is indeed an excellence of POPE's wit and humour, that each generally produces not only the effect to be expected from itself, but also the effect of the other. His wit, besides exhibiting some unexpected resemblance, marks some foible or folly. His humour, besides exposing some absurdity of thought, conduct, or character, exhibits some unexpected resemblance. Thus the noted passage in which a dire misfortune is predicted as about to befall the lady, is, as Dr. CAMPBELL observes, an instance of wit and humour combined; where they reciprocally set off and enliven each other.

> " Whether the nymph shall break DIANA's law,
> Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
> Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
> Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
> Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball,
> Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that lock must fall."

"This," says Dr. CAMPBELL, "is humorous, in being a lively sketch of the female estimate of mischances, marked out by a few striking lineaments. It is likewise witty, for you have here a comparison of a woman's chastity to a piece of porcelain---her honour to a gaudy robe---her prayers to a fantastical disguise---her

her heart to a trinket—and all these together to her lap-dog." The description of the evils which the watchful care of the Sylphs avert is exquisitely humorous, in marking the frivolous considerations that influence the affections of women.

"Oft when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way:
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expell by new.
What tender maid, but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When FLORIO speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle DAMON did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call—
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all."

The sacrifice of the baron, to implore success to his undertaking, is admirably described, and tends powerfully to heighten the general effect. The sailing upon the Thames is pleasing, but too general. The genius of POPE might have produced a much more picturesque description of a scene so rich in variegated beauty as the banks of the Thames from town to Hampton Court. The description of the Sylphs, the enumeration of their various functions and employments, shew an exuberant imagination. In the assignation of various objects, rendered of great seeming importance, to the care of different personages according to their fancied value, there is united poignant satire and lively imagination. Every article of female dress is entrusted to a Sylph, the most important to a select body; to the chief spirit only can be committed that momentous care, the lap-dog.

"Haste then, ye spirits, to your charge repair—
The fluttering fan be ZEPHYRETTA's care;
The drops to thee, BRILLIANTE, we consign,
And MOMENTILLA, let the watch be thine;

Do thou, CRISPISSA, tend the fav'rite lock,
ARIEL himself shall be the guard of shock."

The pretended climax rising up to a lap-dog is a very severe satire upon the predilections of fine ladies. In the fifth volume of the Spectator there is a very humorous journal by a fine lady, whose thoughts seemed to be equally divided between a lover and a lap-dog. The reader will observe, that the names, ZEPHYRETTA, BRILLIANTE, MOMENTILLA, correspond with their functions. The commission of that momentous article of female dress, the petticoat, not to one Sylph, like the jewels and the watch, nor even to the highest of the order, like the lap-dog, but to a large body of chosen guards, finely magnifies the mock dignity of the object.

"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat;
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale,
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around."

By making the purpose of the hoop not ornament, but security, the Author has rendered the ridicule still more poignant. The desultory frivolity and the malignity which usually compose a fashionable tea-table conversation, are strongly marked in the following lines:

"In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motion, looks, and eyes,
At every word a reputation dies."

SWIFT's polite dialogues are masterly delineations of the follies of which POPE here draws the outlines. ADDISON, in one of the Spectators, gives a fine picture of the desultoriness of female observation and reasoning, in a letter from a young lady who consults the SPECTATOR about the propriety of marrying a gentleman who dances like

like an angel, and has beautiful teeth, is very learned and has black eyes, is very witty and very tall.

Those three great men, SWIFT, POPE, and ADDISON, have in their different manners very successfully exposed the ignorance, weakness, and frivolity of fine ladies and fine gentlemen. The mere exposure of folly is of little benefit to society, unless means are employed to lessen the frequency of repetition. SWIFT, as a perspicacious observer of the nature and extent of a disease, was equal either to POPE or to ADDISON, but his mode of treating a patient was too harsh to answer the purpose of a cure. Indeed he appeared frequently to be more desirous of proving to the patient that he laboured under a very dangerous distemper, than of using any effectual means for its removal. He seems not to have considered that a physician should have pleasing, accommodating manners, to be able to gain the liking and confidence of his patient, as well as knowledge of diseases. Besides, even in his medical capacity he deals too much in general specifics, from which, like SANGRADO, he will not depart, whatever be the case: the strongest styptics constitute the chief articles of his prescriptions. POPE had a thorough insight into mental diseases, and varied his medicines according to the nature of the case. He treats his patients more mildly than SWIFT, and accommodates himself more to their different humours. He cannot, however, be called a physician of the most conciliating manners. He might have been at more pains to win the affection of his patients. He displays his ability at least as much in explaining the symptoms of a disease as in applying remedies. Sometimes the patient has reason to think that, though a lecture may shew the talents and learning of the physician, yet a prescription might do him more good. ADDISON seldom explains diseases, merely to shew that he knows their nature. When he describes a distemper, he is at pains to shew that it is not desperate, and that the patient, by going through a certain course, may be effectually

tually cured. To prevail on him to try this course, he insinuates himself into his affections, describes the gentle operation of the medicines, and their certain effect. He makes him sensible of the disease, in order to induce him to apply remedies; but pleased with the physician, so as on account of the man to relish the prescriptions. He knows that cures depend much on the imagination of the patient. One of his chief objects is therefore to keep him in good spirits, and to persuade him that by perseverance he will certainly be cured. In fact, many cures may be ascribed to his treatment.

The frivolity ridiculed here by POPE, became, partly though his efforts, but more through those of ADDISON, much less prevalent even in his time. Now, the women in general receive an education which comprehends solid acquirements, as well as trivial accommplishments, and in their talk are not more desultory or trifling than the greater number of men.

The description of a game at cards is an admirable instance of the mock heroic. The magnificent description of the victorious King of Spades, of the Knave of Clubs, at *Lu* triumphant, then vanquished by the superior prowess of the Spade---the powerful monarch of the Clubs falling in spite of his strength and size, conquered by the imperial consort of the crown of Spades, are entirely in the stile of epic poetry. The reflection on the fall of the King of Clubs is altogether Homeric.

> "What beats the regal circle on his head,
> His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread,
> That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
> And of all monarchs, only grasps the gold."

We may perceive, that through the whole of this engagement the affected grandeur is uniformily preserved. Dr. WARTON observes that it is finely contrived, that BELINDA should be victorious, as it occasions a change of fortune, in the dreadful loss she was about to sustain, and gives occasion to the poet to introduce a moral reflection

flection from VIRGIL, which adds to the pleasantry of the story.

" O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden those honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day."

VIRGIL.

" Nescia mens hominum fatis artisque futuræ
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis
Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta: et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit"———

Dr. CAMPBELL, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, observes, that wit and humour produce their effects by exhibiting an unexpected affinity in heterogeneous objects, some inconsistency of imagery, thought, sentiment, or action. Among the efficients of humour, arising from inconsistency, he mentions the disproportion between the means and end, the argument and conclusion, the motive and the action, the cause and the effect. Instances of all these may be found in this poem, and in the verses we have quoted. Of the last, the joy of the lady for her victory at cards, and the grief she was to feel for the loss of her hair, are delightfully humorous. The humour is heightened by the allusion it bears to a serious, pathetic passage in VIRGIL, in which the grief predicted was to be really proportioned to its cause.

The coffee-scene, the care of the Sylphs of the dress of their charge, their encreasing activity as the danger approach e, are exquisitely pleasing. Besides the direct wit and humour of his descriptions, POPE excels in oblique strokes of satire.

" Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes"), &c.

The parenthetical stricture on coffee-house politicians is very artfully introduced as an instance of the power of coffee, at the time that it was sharpening the baron's invention,

vention, to devise stratagems for compassing the important object.

" Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain,
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain."

The characters of the Sylphs are admirably supported to the last. The means which they employed to avert the dire mishap, are such as they only could use. The ascription of similar effects to very dissimilar causes, often, in the hands of our Author, produces poignant ridicule. Thus, in describing the grief of BELINDA on the loss of her hair, our Author introduces serious misfortunes, and trivial disappointments, as causing the same grief and resentment.

" Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not CYNTHIA, when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair."

The folly of those ladies who are so much attached to brute favourites, as to prefer them even to their nearest connections, is severely lashed in the following lines:

" Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last."

Among the excellences of this poem, are the parodies of serious passages in poetry. Besides exhibiting an object which we have been accustomed to view, as magnificent or sublime, in a form quite different and unexpected, his parodies contain many strokes of satire. We shall instance the parody of MENALCAS's declaration, in a periphrasis, in the fifth Eclogue of VIRGIL, that the glory of DAPHNIS will last for ever.

Dum

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabat,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebant.

" While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
" Or in a coach and six the British fair;
" As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
" Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;
" While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
" When num'rous wax-lights, in bright order blaze;
" While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
" So long my honour, name, and praise shall live."

Atalantis was a book written about that time, full of court and party scandal, and of loose intrigue; and a great favourite of the ladies. This stroke upon their taste for books is still more severe than those on their levity and vanity. ADDISON, in his Ladies' Library, and the account of the letters sent him on that occasion, is rather more mild than POPE. The most approved performances, according to ADDISON, were those which were full of love, of rant, and extravagance; not of looseness of morals.

As nothing tends more powerfully to unhinge female virtue than the reading of loose books, they are very fair objects for a satirist's vigorous animadversion.

The parody of JUPITER weighing the fates of ACHILLES and HECTOR, is very poignant satire.

" Now JOVE suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the ladies hair,
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side,
At length the wit's mounts up, the wit's subside."

The Cave of Spleen is a finely imagined and executed allegory, nicely embodied into the main subject; and contains likewise just and cutting satire. The attendants of the Queen of the Dismal Cave, Ill-nature and Affectation, are very ably pourtrayed, and their employment is admirably described:

" Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;

With

With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd, her bosom with lampoons;
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shews in her cheeks the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for shew:
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease."

The effects of spleen upon the imagination, upon the heart, and the conduct, are marked with combined fertility of fancy and vigorous humour. BELINDA's estimate of the blessings of society is finely marked in her description of what she believes the miseries of solitude.

" Where the gilt chariot never marks the way;
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Batrea."

The battle for the recovery of the hair is described in the most magnificent terms. This battle is superior to that excellent parody, FIELDING's fight in the churchyard. FIELDING confines himself almost wholly to the burlesque imitation of HOMER's battles, without giving much scope to the satirical talents which he possessed in so eminent a degree. POPE intermixes severe strokes of humour with all the parts of his description. On the whole, this poem, in wit, humour, and satire, is equal, if not superior to any which ever existed. The highest degree of praise is certainly due to those poems in which sublimity of description and of sentiment is the predominating excellence, such as the *Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*: the second, to those in which beauty and tenderness are most prevalent, such as the *Æneid*: the third, in which wit and humour, exposing folly and promoting just thoughts and wise conduct, are the principal constituents. At the head of these may safely be placed *The Rape of the Lock*. Had POPE written only the Rape of the Lock, it would have been sufficient to establish his

his character as a man of fertile fancy, brilliant wit, characterizing humour, and vigorous understanding; as an ingenious, agreeable, just, and forcible moral satirist.

Soon after the publication of *The Rape of the Lock*, *The Guardian* was begun. Our Author very frequently contributed to that periodical paper. His writings in the Guardian abound in just observations on life, and in vigorous moral satire. He is author of the paper concerning the Little Club; and describes himself under the name of DICK DISTICH, the diminutive poet. He wrote a letter subscribed GNATHO, a most animated description of the effects of self-love and self-deceit; the gardens of ALCINOUS; and a very severe ironical criticism on PHILIPS's *Pastorals*. In some of the Guardians, great praise had been bestowed on the Pastorals of PHILIPS. Mr. POPE, displeased that PHILIPS should be praised, and he not mentioned, procured the insertion of a paper in the Guardian, wherein he pretends to praise PHILIPS; but really severely satirizes him, by ironical commendations, and with great art takes the superiority to himself. STEELE, whose continual hurry prevented him often from exerting the penetration which he possessed, believed the preference to be so decidedly given to PHILIPS, that he hesitated about publishing the paper, lest POPE should be disobliged; but at last suffered it to make its appearance. The paper certainly shews a vigour of critical talents, and a power of irony, which not many can equal. PHILIPS's Pastorals are insipid and uninteresting. They deserved to be censured. But POPE descended much beneath himself in deigning to enter into a competition with such a writer as PHILIPS.—What could the degradation of a PHILIPS add to the eminence of the first poet of the age?

About this time the tragedy of CATO made its appearance. The prologue, by our Author, is the first we have read in the language. Many prologues would

answer any other play as well as those to which they are prefixed. POPE's is really an introduction to the tragedy of CATO. Appropriation is not its only merit, though that be a great excellence in any introduction. There is conformity of sentiment as well as of subject. It breathes the sublimest morality, conveyed in most expressive language, and adorned with all the beauties of elegance and harmony.

When the impotent malignity of DENNIS was vented in invectives against that fine piece of poetical morality, ADDISON's CATO, our Author attacked him in a pamphlet entitled *A Narrative of the Madness of* JOHN DENNIS. POPE had been much more enraged against the old snarler, for his attacks upon his own performances, than either the censurer or the censures deserved. ADDISON expressed no approbation of the ridicule of POPE against DENNIS. The pamphlet is certainly written with a great deal of humour, but some parts of it are very illiberal. His envy and malignity were very proper subjects of contemptuous derision; his poverty was not an object of satire. The severity of POPE often, in criticisms upon authors, introduced matter totally irrelative to their literary merit. When the exposer of folly or the chastiser of vice, the talents of the satirist were worthily employed; but very unworthily, when the insulter over distress.

About the same time with this stricture upon DENNIS, we believe, was published a pamphlet entitled *The Poisoning of* EDMUND CURL; and also another, giving an account of an operation that the said CURL underwent for the lucre of gain. These two pamphlets are ascribed to POPE, though we should rather apprehend they are the productions of SWIFT. The wit and humour of them are not unworthy of either, but there are some ingredients in them which bear the usual marks of SWIFT's, far more than of POPE's. Though POPE did not always adhere so strictly to decency as ADDISON, his departure from it was not marked with such grossness as the

the Dean of Saint Patrick's. The three pamphlets are to be found in POPE and SWIFT's *Miscellanies*. This CURL, who has been immortalized by those great wits, was a bookseller, who lived by the publication and sale of productions in which respectable men of the profession would have no interest. He was concerned in many libellous pieces, both against individuals and the State. Next to defamation, plagiarism was the principal source of his subsistence. POPE he had frequently attacked in slanderous publications, and had surreptitiously procured copies of some of his letters, and published them for his own advantage. He also published libellous and even blasphemous poems in the name of POPE, which he had made some of his own Authors write for the purpose of injuring our Author's character. POPE often condescended to display his wit and satire upon this contemptible object. CURL had, on account of his abuse and slanders, (as such a miscreant deserved) been obliged to make his appearance on the pillory. This elevation had not escaped the animadversion of POPE. CURL charges our Author with a falsehood on this occasion. POPE had, it seems, said that CURL was pillored in March. This, said CURL, is a false assertion; that scene of action was not in March, but in February. It had been asserted on another occasion, that CURL had been tossed in a blanket. That, according to POPE, he denied; it was not, he said, in a blanket, but in a rug. The greater number of the persons who abused POPE were employed by CURL both for that and other purposes. Few of those who make a conspicuous figure in the Dunciad were not on terms of the strictest intimacy with Mr. CURL.

We come now to a poem of our Author's of a very different species from the Rape of the Lock, which we have been lately considering; but resembling it in being most excellent in its kind. The poem we mean is *Eloisa to Abelard*.

The story of these accomplished lovers is so univer-

sally known, that to repeat it would be very unnecessary. It may suffice to observe, that long after their cruel separation, a letter of ABELARD fell into her hands, in the convent. That awakened all her tenderness, and occasioned those celebrated letters, which exhibit such a picture of the struggles between virtue and passion.

In the Essay on Criticism, our Author had shewn that he possessed a very vigorous understanding, a correct taste, and extensive learning. In his Rape of the Lock he had displayed fertility of fancy, brilliant wit, and just and forcible satire. In ELOISA he discovers that his genius could attain very great excellence in the pathetic. His exhibition of the passions which agitated ELOISA's breast, of the succession and transitions of emotions, connected with the causes and associations from which they arise, the sentiments adopted, and the images formed by the impassioned mind, the conflict of contending feelings alternately triumphant, is natural, striking, interesting, and must deeply affect every heart. The language, and even the sound, is most happily chosen to convey the feelings of ELOISA into the reader's mind. The poem begins in a striking manner, with describing her condition, of calm resignation, as disturbed, and the whole woman awakened in her, by accidentally seeing one of her ABELARD's letters.

" In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love—from ABELARD it came,
And ELOISA still must kiss the name."

The nature of our work does not admit of entering so minutely into the merits of this excellent performance as it deserves. We shall therefore only mention some of those which appear to us the greatest beauties.

It

It is natural for the mind, under the influence of any passion, to assimilate objects to its feelings. VIRGIL makes DIDO, when weary of life, on the departure of ÆNEAS, suppose that she hears her husband calling her to the tomb.

" Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Visa viri"———

If there be any circumstance in the objects assimilated, which naturally coincides with the feelings of the mind, the resemblance appears still more striking. The address of ELOISA, in her state of melancholy, to the gloomy walls, and solitary shrines and statues that surrounded her, is exquisitely impassioned.

" Relentless walls, whose darksome round contains," &c. v. 18.

When the mind reflects on faults committed, or guilt incurred, it often endeavours to magnify the temptation, in order to lessen the idea of its own weakness or depravity in yielding to it. We have a beautiful instance of this in the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, where she exaggerates the graces of EDWARD, to palliate her own misconduct. Even extraneous circumstances are often adduced by self-love to apologize to conscience for having been deaf to its admonitions. In that exquisite morsel of pathetic poetry, the fourth ÆNEID, DIDO endeavours to impute to her sister the blame of her own ungoverned passion.

——— " Tu prima furentum
His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti."

ELOISA's description of the extraordinary charms of ABELARD, as an excuse for herself, is very natural and beautiful.

" My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind," &c. v. 61.

We may observe, that the desire of lessening blame, by magnifying temptation in some states of distress,

arising from weakness or misconduct, is by no means inconsistent with a belief, on taking a different view of the misconduct and misfortune, that the latter is a judgment for the former. VIRGIL, than whom no one could be better acquainted with human sentiments, makes DIDO, in a few lines after those last quoted, acknowledge her misery to be a just punishment for not preserving her fidelity to her first husband.

"Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichæo." *

The conflict between love and piety is a striking picture of contending emotions.

"Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain?
Confess'd, within, the slave of love and man." &c. v. 178 to 206.

The transition from her own perturbed state to the tranquil happiness of a person whose mind was only occupied with ideas of sanctity and religion, are finely introduced. Her dreary dream, in her melancholy, is an imitation of VIRGIL.

———"Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe."

Her wish to be attended by ABELARD at the hour of her death, her desire that the view of her on her deathbed may contribute to his spiritual welfare, breathe a spirit of love, goodness, and piety united, and please the reader, by shewing her in a state of mind in which passion interferes no longer with holiness. The impression left on the mind by the conclusion of the poem, is highly agreeable. The tumults of love subside into fervid benevolence. That sensibility, before too much alive to earthly objects, is impressed by heavenly only. The delicate,

* The reader will find this doctrine admirably illustrated in Dr. BLAIR's Sermon on *the Power of Conscience.*

licate, the soft, the lovely but frail woman concludes a saint.

POPE had in his early youth translated part of the *Thebais* of STATIUS, the *Dryope* and *Pomona* of OVID. His versions possess fidelity, elegance, and strength. In translating such pieces no ability could be shewn, that would encrease the literary fame of POPE. The translations were not published till after the appearance of the Rape of the Lock. His version of OVID's Epistle of SAPPHO to PHAON, does justice to the tenderness of that poem, without closely translating the conceits which so frequently interrupt OVID's pathetic passages.

The poems which POPE had hitherto written, had procured him very great praise, but little profit. His father's fortune, disposed of as we have recorded, was now considerably reduced. The allowance which he was able to afford his son, was not sufficient to answer his demands, tho' by no means extravagant. POPE, according to SPENCE, declared he often could not procure money to purchase books. In 1713 he proposed to publish a version of the Iliad by subscription. POPE had reason to expect that such an attempt would be attended with success. His character was very high; he was intimately acquainted with the leading men, political and literary, of both parties; with Lord OXFORD, Lord BOLINGBROKE, Lord HALIFAX, and Lord SOMERS; with PARNELL, PRIOR, and SWIFT; with STEELE, CONGREVE, and ADDISON. With SWIFT, when his acquaintance commenced, is not ascertained; but they were by this time on terms of strict friendship. There was certainly a greater degree of congeniality between those two great men, than between either of them and any other of that age.

SWIFT eagerly advised our Author to prosecute his design. ADDISON likewise encouraged him to proceed, and suspecting he was rather inclined to be of the Tory side, represented to him, that it would be more advantageous to himself, and promote his subscription, if he steered clear of party altogether. Lord OXFORD

thought it would be a degradation of the genius of POPE to be employed in works not original; but as he proposed no means for him to live without it, his opinion had fortunately for the world little weight. Though POPE had neither professed himself a Whig or a Tory, the Tories encouraged the subscription much more than the Whigs. SWIFT was indefatigable in procuring subscribers. The Tories in general were more friendly to the subscription than the Whigs. POPE was now suspected by the Whigs to maintain the principles of their antagonists, and to such a degree of illiberality was party spirit then carried, that many did not encourage a great literary performance, because they disapproved of the political principles of the man who had undertaken it. The terms procured by POPE, from LINTOT his bookseller, were very advantageous. It was agreed that the work should be printed in six volumes quarto, at a guinea each; that POPE should receive two hundred pounds for the copy-right of each volume; and that LINTOT should supply the subscribers with their copies for the clear benefit of the Author. The subscribers, though not so numerous as they would have been had not party spirit interfered, yet were so many as to make a very great addition to our Author's finances; they were six hundred and fifty four: so that including the twelve hundred pounds for the copy-right, his profits amounted to upwards of five thousand guineas. From the commencement of this work to its completion, more than five years elapsed If gain were generally proportioned to mental vigour and exertion, a thousand a year would not be a great sum for the ability and labour employed in POPE's translation of HOMER. But compared with the usual profits arising from intellectual efforts, that sum was, according to the value of money at the time, considerable even to a POPE.---- Indeed there is no department even now, when the value of money is so much lessened, in which mere intellectual

tual ability and labour can produce much more, except the bar.

During the progress of the subscription, attacks were made on the qualification of our Author for being the translator of HOMER. It was asserted that POPE had nōt an extensive, and still less an accurate knowledge of the Greek language.

How far this assertion was true, we do not know. Dr. JOHNSON observes, that a very exact knowledge of the Greek language is less necessary to understand HOMER than any other; "because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependence on local and temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling original with accidental notions, and crouding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction and obscurity in books." It must be obvious to any, even slightly acquainted with the Greek language, that the words and phrases in HOMER are so very clear, that there is little difficulty in having even a minute verbal knowledge of HOMER, except what arises from the dialects. That is a difficulty that it requires no great ability, nor even labour to surmount. And should a person not have studied all these provincial diversities, he may perfectly understand the author's meaning, and relish his excellence. However extensive or confined, general or minute, our Author's knowledge of the Greek might be, his translation of HOMER is by all men allowed to be the best version that ever was written. Its publication, says JOHNSON, may be considered as one of the great events of the annals of learning. That it by no means uniformly adheres to the precise meaning of the original, a boy may perceive: that it bears the evident marks of being written in a more refined state of society, is likewise very obvious. POPE wrote for his own age and nation. It was necessary to accommodate his version to the elegance of polished society. If we compare POPE attentively with the original, we shall find that

that his greatest deviations from HOMER are, where the sentiments, thoughts, descriptions, or expressions of the poet, though perfectly justifiable when he wrote, would offend modern delicacy. Thus a circumstance mentioned by ULYSSES in his threat to THERSITES, is passed over in the translation; an expression applied to PARIS and HELEN, towards the end of the third book, and often used by the poet in similar circumstances, is changed: the account of part of the arrangements in ACHILLES's tent, near the end of the ninth book, is less particular in POPE than in HOMER. All descriptions of the same class are softened in the translation. The English language is not equal to the Greek, nor rhymes to hexameters. Notwithstanding that inferiority, we shall find that the sublimity, the tenderness, the reasoning, the morality, the picturesque descriptions of external objects, the natural, diversified, and masterly characters of the original are completely transfused into the translation. The sublimity, for instance, of PALLAS arming, of DIOMEDE engaged in battle, of the combat between AJAX and HECTOR, between HECTOR and PATROCLUS, the terror struck into the Trojans by the very appearance of ACHILLES though unarmed, the exploits of that hero, his combat with HECTOR, JUPITER thundering, NEPTUNE shaking the earth with his trident, is translated so excellently as to convey to the English reader the same grand ideas which a perusal of the original conveys to the Grecian. The meeting between HECTOR and ANDROMACHE, the unwillingness of old PRIAM to be present at the combat between MENELAUS and his son, the account of the Grecian chiefs by HELEN, the prayer of PRIAM to his son HECTOR, the stay of his old age, not to encounter ACHILLES, the intreaties of HECUBA on the same occasion, the supplication of the old man to ACHILLES, to grant him the dead body of his beloved and admired son, the lamentation of ANDROMACHE for the untimely fate of her brave, amiable,

amiable, and accomplished husband, those strokes of genuine pathetic, in the translation as in the exquisite original, penetrate and affect every heart. Equal justice is done to the eloquence and reasoning. In POPE, as in HOMER, we see the difference between the oratory of NESTOR and ULYSSES precisely marked---the old chief, with a tenacious memory and extensive knowledge of facts, arguing from example and authority--the ingenious and wise ULYSSES arguing from reason and expediency, varying his eloquence according to the nature of the case, the circumstances and dispositions of the object addressed ---we see the plain, bold, independent nervous eloquence of ACHILLES. The descriptions are little less picturesque in the version than in the original.

The characters in POPE, as in HOMER, are natural, appropriate, ably diversified, and strongly drawn. In short, the multifarious and stupendous excellence of HOMER's Iliad is preserved and admirably expressed by POPE. Such a version, the most perfect knowledge of the Greek and English languages, and of versification, could not have produced. It is not the work of a scholar or versifier merely, it is the performance of a poet.— That into a production of such ability and such labour some trivial defects may have occasionally crept, is not surprising; the wonder is the smallness of the number. The diction and versification must vindicate to themselves a very considerable share of the merit of this masterly work. "He cultivated, (says JOHNSON) our language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his HOMER a treasure of poetical elegances to posterity. His version may be said to have tuned the English tongue, for since its appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines so elaborately corrected, and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the public ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation."

HALIFAX, who was very desirous of being a patron of

of poetry, made some advances of kindness to POPE, during the progress of the version, probably with a view to procure the dedication to himself. POPE answered politely, but coldly. The poet had no very high opinion of the peer. The peer, who was accustomed to the adulation of poets, probably expected an eager acceptance of his proffered friendship. In fact, HALIFAX did nothing to promote POPE's interest. POPE made no offer of a dedication.

The suspicions which POPE entertained of ADDISON produced the character of ATTICUS, which we have already transcribed. The inferior tribe of writers endeavoured to depreciate POPE's HOMER. DENNIS attacked it with his usual bitterness and scurrility, DUCKET and others chimed to the same tune.

POPE in 1715 prevailed on his father to sell the estate at Binfield. He purchased the house at Twickenham, so much celebrated from his residence in it, and retired thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which he has celebrated in his poems, and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and rendered it a grotto.

In the year 1717 POPE lost his father. The old gentleman had reached the seventy-fifth year of his age, and had passed the last twenty-eight years in retirement. From his son's account, he was a very worthy respectable man.

POPE was now in the habits of intimacy with Lord BATHURST, Lord BURLINGTON, Lord BOLINGBROKE, Lord LANSDOWNE, the Earl of OXFORD, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and others of the most distinguished of the nobility; and was esteemed by all men of taste one of the first geniuses of the age. He soon after was at the head of the Wits, since SWIFT was in Ireland, and ADDISON was dead. Such a man would be courted for his fame, independent of the actual pleasure arising from his

his conversation. It is not indeed recorded, that he excelled in conversation. We have never heard that he either displayed in company his brilliancy of wit, or his vigour of understanding. Indeed, men of the highest talents very frequently in company are eclipsed by inferiors. Conversation usually consists more of facts than of reflections; of desultory observation than of regular discussion. A man of detail, therefore, who remembers the common topics of the day, and can comment on them with fluency, frequently in company outshines a man of the most enlarged general views.

Though POPE was desirous of being on terms of intimacy with individuals of high rank, it does not appear that he was a worshipper of title. His friends among the nobility were eminent either for worth, for talents, or for both.

In 1720, POPE was infected with the general contagion; but on the first fall of the South-Sea Stock, was cured. He sold out just in time to save himself from loss.

The next year he published some poems of his deceased friend, Dr. PARNELL, with an elegant poetical dedication * to the Earl of OXFORD.

This year he gave to the world his edition of SHAKESPEARE. So great now was the fame of POPE, that TONSON, his bookseller, demanded a subscription of six guineas for SHAKESPEARE's Plays, in six quarto volumes, and was successful in soon disposing of most of the copies of the edition. This work is not reckoned to have contributed much to the reputation of POPE. He does not appear to have bestowed that labour upon it, which, more than genius, it required. JOHNSON observes he did many things wrong, and left many things undone. At the same time it must be acknowledged, that POPE opened the way for the amendment of former editions. SHAKESPEARE had not before his time been very much read. POPE in his preface pointed out the excellences of SHAKESPEARE in such a way as to make him

* See Life of PARNELL.

him more generally the subject of attention, and consequently of admiration.

THEOBALD, a man of mere plodding industry, with very ordinary talents, detected the imperfections of POPE's edition, and published an edition of his own, in which he pointed out the defects of POPE, with all the pleasure of envy and malignity, gratified with discovering the faults or errors of its object. THEOBALD, for his pains, was afterwards rewarded by the Author with a high place in the Dunciad. He was a painstaking verbal critic, and in several respects useful. POPE had ever after not only a contempt but a detestation for verbal critics. Though such criticism certainly requires no great extent of ability, yet it frequently is of considerable advantage to men of real learning and vigorous intellect. The labours of the annotator are often successful in clearing away rubbish, and giving passages of excellent authors in their real beauty. The sweeper of cobwebs from a magnificent apartment is, though in a humble capacity, an useful member of the community. It is fortunate, that in literature, as in society, there are persons disposed and qualified to labour in the lowest, as well as in the highest departments.

About this time POPE, encouraged by the success of his *Iliad*, published proposals for a translation of the *Odyssey*, in five volumes quarto, for five guineas; and was assisted by FENTON and BROOME, both men well versed in Grecian literature. POPE translated only twelve books himself, his associates the rest; but our Author revised their versions. BROOME wrote the notes. Our Author's agreement with LINTOT differed from that concerning the Iliad, only in the price paid for the copy-right. He was to receive but one hundred pounds for each volume. The copies for subscribers were to be as in the other version. The work was finished in 1725. The subscriptions were numerous, and POPE was now in a state of comfortable independence. The

sale was not so great as the bookseller expected. SPENCE, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, wrote a criticism upon the Odyssey, which, though not very profound, was esteemed impartial, moderate, and candid. POPE was pleased with the remarks, and sought the acquaintance of the writer. They became intimate; and SPENCE, by POPE's influence, was promoted to valuable livings in the church. Of the merits of the Odyssey we have little to observe: it is certainly a most capital version, and deserves the same praise that has been bestowed on the Iliad.

During the progress of the translation, POPE received a great shock by the banishment of his intimate and highly respected friend, Bishop ATTERBURY. That prelate, though somewhat intolerant in his ecclesiastical principles, was certainly a very able man, and was much esteemed by many of the greatest men of the time. Between POPE and him a most sincere and ardent friendship had long subsisted. There was scarcely any whose company our Author more highly relished. He was to be deprived for ever of ATTERBURY's society, by a sentence which (whether it was grounded on sufficient evidence or not) appeared to him unfounded and unjust. POPE often visited ATTERBURY in the Tower. Their last interview is said to have been very tender.

POPE's letters to his friend, both before and after his misfortune, are full of esteem, gratitude, and tenderness; as are also ATTERBURY's to POPE. Whatever might be ATTERBURY's political principles and views, he certainly possessed a highly cultivated understanding, an elegant taste, and a feeling heart.

In the year 1726, VOLTAIRE having visited England, was introduced to POPE. Being invited to dine with him, he talked at table with such combined indecency and blasphemy as drove our Author's mother, with disgust and horror, out of the company. Such a violation of good breeding and of religion was not likely to issue from

from a virtuous mind. POPE disrelished VOLTAIRE from that time, and soon found that the blasphemer of his Creator was equally deficient in honour and integrity as in piety. He discovered that he was employed as a *spy* by the Court, and consequently that he was unworthy of all confidence. During their acquaintance, POPE met with an unfortunate accident: in passing a bridge in a coach, he was overturned; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postillion snatched him out by breaking the glass. The fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner that he lost their use. On this accident VOLTAIRE wrote him a letter of consolation.

In 1727 SWIFT visited England. His friend POPE and he published three volumes of Miscellanies. In this he inserted the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, to ridicule BURNET's egotism, in his *History of his own Times*. To these Memoirs he prefixed the following sarcastical advertisement:

"The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio, which might be justly entitled *The Importance of a Man to himself*; but as it can be of very little use to any body else, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of *the true spirit of modern Memoir-Writers*."

He wrote *Stradling versus Stiles*, on a dispute in a court of law on a legacy of black and white horses, to burlesque the proceedings in courts of justice; and also *Virgilius Restauratus*, to ridicule verbal criticisms; the *Basset Table*, and several other poems. The chief performance of our Author in the Miscellanies, is the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, in which he very humorously and severely attacks bad writers, especially those who had ever abused him or any of his publications. In this performance there are many excellent ironical observations, shewing the species and causes of bad writing, mixed with

with the satire against individuals. Many parts of the Memoirs shew that the author was a perspicacious critic; but some parts shew that he was in a rage against the writers. The *Art of Sinking in Poetry* is a part of the *Memoirs of* MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. Mr. POPE, Dr. ARBUTHNOT, and Dean SWIFT, had projected to write a satire, in conjunction, *on the Abuses of Human Learning*. They proposed to do it in the manner of CERVANTES. But the separation of our Author's friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final stop to the project. The first book only of *The Memoirs of* SCRIBLERUS was finished. Dr. WARBURTON observes in a note on POPE, that "polite letters never lost more than in the defeat of this scheme, in which each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent, besides constant employment for that they all had in common. Dr. ARBUTHNOT was skilled in every thing that related to *Science*, Mr. POPE was a master in the *Fine Arts*, and Dean SWIFT excelled in the *Knowledge of the World*. WIT they had all in equal measure, and this so large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or art brought it to higher perfection."

The writers who had been most active in abusing POPE, finding themselves severely handled in the treatise concerning the *Bathos*, the desire of revenge now co-operating with envy and malignity, redoubled their scurrility and abuse. POPE, to expose the calumniators, and punish them with ridicule and contempt, wrote the *Dunciad*. The following account of the cause of the Dunciad is abridged from a dedication to Lord MIDDLESEX, in the name of SAVAGE, but really by POPE, transcribed by JOHNSON.

"It happened that in one chapter of the Art of Sinking in Poetry, the several pieces of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet (the greatest part of them at ran-

dom); but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself; all fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year or more, the newspapers were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities which they devised: a liberty not to be wondered at in those people, who for many years had aspersed almost the greatest characters of the age, and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

"Mr. POPE thought he had now an opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind. He hoped that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it is was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it a happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design."

Whatever reason POPE might alledge for writing the Dunciad, it does not appear from the poem itself, that regard for society contributed very much to the production. THEOBALD makes his appearance in the front of the votaries of dulness. Though not a man of great talents, he was not so contemptible as represented by POPE. THEOBALD, though he attacked POPE's SHAKESPEARE, was not remarkable for scurrility. CIBBER's *Careless Husband* is far from being the work of a dunce. His writings in general, though not equal to the comedy which we have just mentioned, were not such as deserved to be ridiculed. No good could accrue to society, from the discontinuance of exertions which had produced such performances. EUSDEN was far from being a scurrilous writer, and besides, had never done any thing to injure POPE or any of his friends. If POPE's intention had been to expose to ridicule and contempt calumniators either of himself or of others, he ought

to

to have confined himself to such libellers. If his design was to discourage bad writers from giving their productions to the world, he should have satirized persons of that description only; but he lashed in the Dunciad some respectable writers, who were not generally slanderous, and had not calumniated him in particular. There is much reason to believe that POPE composed the Dunciad, partly to be revenged on those who had abused him, partly to display his own superiority. The former reason ought not to have determined the mind of a POPE, who was so much exalted above his scribbling calumniators, that he degraded himself by bestowing on them even the notice of resentment. To display superiority was totally unnecessary, where there could be no competition.

As a work of wit and ingenious satire, the Dunciad has few equals. Without altogether approving of the motives which determined our Author to write it, or of the dispositions which frequently appear in it, we must certainly bestow high admiration on the vigour of intellect and the fertility of fancy which it displays. It had also the merit of producing good effects. The fear of farther exposure of a similar kind, rendered the inferior tribe of writers, for some time, more moderate in their strictures upon private characters. But that advantage was only temporary. We find, some years after, scurrility and abuse carried to as great lengths in the periodical papers of the times as they had ever been.

Many ludicrous circumstances attended the publication of the Dunciad. Amongst others, the following is recorded in the dedication above mentioned:

"Some false editions of the book, having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned, for distinction, to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against adver-

tisements; some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the Dunciad."

The Dunciad is addressed to Dean SWIFT, and many of the notes were written by Dr. ARBUTHNOT. SWIFT admired it very much, as might naturally be expected, since it was written by a most beloved friend, and abounded in wit and in severe satire.

In the year 1731 he published a poem in which he very severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and entertainments of TIMON, a man of great wealth and little taste. He was supposed to mean the Duke of CHANDOS, a man to whom he had been obliged. POPE denied the imputation. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, who accepted of his excuse, though without appearing to be convinced. The next year he lost his friend GAY, who was a most amiable man, and loved by POPE with great tenderness. In 1733 our Author was deprived of his mother. POPE had always behaved to his parents with the greatest filial piety. "His parents," says JOHNSON, "had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son."

To this observation, compounded of wisdom and feeling, we may add, that one of the principal constituents of that satisfaction with which the son would contemplate his excellences and their effects, must have been the view of the happiness arising from them to his parents.

About this time CURL published the surreptitious copy of some of POPE's letters. From the perusal of these letters, Mr. ALLEN, so much celebrated for united talents

talents and virtues,* conceived the desire of being acquainted with our Author. When POPE told him his purpose of asserting his property, by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost. Mr. POPE did not accept, but solicited with success a subscription for a volume of letters in quarto. The publication took place in 1734. POPE had for a long time been engaged in a philosophical poem, which was produced in 1733, without being acknowledged by the Author. The performance was the celebrated *Essay on Man.*

The nature of our plan does not admit of entering into long disquisitions. We shall not therefore enter into a minute investigation and discussion of the philosophical principles supported in this poem; nor of the consequences to which they would lead, from their tendency, or might lead through misapprehension; of the limitations, and explanations that might be necessary in applying them to existing cases, if they be good; or of the arguments which would overturn them, if they be bad. To support, to modify, or to confute them, would require a large dissertation. The Author's intention was evidently good, to shew men that the existence of imperfection and evil is not inconsistent with the wisdom and goodness of God; or in the words of (great as POPE was) a much greater poet,

"To vindicate the ways of God to man."

This performance is replete with beautiful imagery, pleasing illustration, and splendid poetical embellishments of many kinds. But a didactic poem is to be estimated chiefly by the just information it contains, the conclusive arguments it adduces, and the important truths it establishes. Many of the facts stated here are true—notoriously true; many of the observations are just—obviously just, but do not tend to establish the truth of

* From him FIELDING is believed to have drawn the character of ALLWORTHY.

the proposed system. The adaptation of human senses, passions, and reason, to their ends; the co-operation of the principles of self-love and benevolence in producing happiness; the uncertainty of physical good, that man's supreme felicity consists in moral good, that we are very weak in comparison to our Creator, are all positions which are undeniably true; but do not prove that *partial evil is universal good---that whatever is, is right.* In a philosophical treatise we expect both well-selected arguments, and such a disposition of them as will enable them best to support each other. We require strong disciplined forces, not scattered in detached bodies, but closely compacted into a phalanx. Such a disposition only will ensure a victory.

Metaphysics do not appear to have been principal objects of our Author's studies, otherwise he would have been more accurate in marking the ideas he annexed to terms, in considering the consequences of certain speculative principles, in guarding against error himself, and against leading his implicit followers into error.—Indeed much of the propriety or impropriety of the positions depends on the interpretation of the words. In some senses, partial evil is universal good, and whatever is, is right. But the least deviation from the meaning of the Author would justify great disorder. We have therefore to regret, that as we believe he meant the good of man, he did not attend more minutely to philosophical precision, so as to prevent the probability of the ignorant being misled by his expressions. POPE, like ADDISON, had considered man chiefly in active life. When he exhibits him in action, his exhibition is natural, beauful, and just; but when he analyzes his principles of thought and of action, he is not always so successful. VOLTAIRE ridiculed POPE's favourite position in his *Optimist.* The consequences which CANDIDES's application of the principle to various cases produces, are certainly such as POPE never intended; yet it must be acknowledged, that he did not sufficiently guard against

his interpretation. The fame of the Essay on Man was very great: it was translated into French prose, and afterwards into verse. The translations were read by CROUSAZ, a professor in Switzerland. He believed that the positions of POPE were intended to represent the whole course of things as a chain of fatality, and made remarks on the essay, tending to establish the free agency of man. It is generally thought, that the doctrine of the Essay on Man was received from BOLINGBROKE.—He is said to have ridiculed POPE as having advanced principles contrary to his own, and of which he did not perceive the consequences. However that may be, it is manifest that the pleasure of the taste and fancy, from the perusal of this essay, is much greater than the information or conviction of the understanding.

The celebrated WARBURTON undertook the defence of POPE against the imputation of fatalism. WARBURTON, in his vindication of POPE, shewed very great ingenuity; but is not generally reckoned to have completely combatted the objections.

WARBURTON had before favoured the adversaries of POPE: he from that time was one of his warmest and most beloved friends. POPE introduced Mr. WARBURTON to his friend Mr. MURRAY, (the late Earl MANSFIELD). That great man, whose distinguished abilities had already procured him extensive influence, procured WARBURTON promotion in the church.

Soon after the Essay on Man, our Author wrote his *Essay on the Use of Riches*, in which he draws the celebrated character of the Man of Ross.

POPE was now received with attention, not only by the nobility, but by the late Prince of WALES, and even honoured with the friendship of his Royal Highness. It is reported, that Queen CAROLINE once expressed an intention of visiting him at Twickenham—but that was never accomplished.

In 1734 he published his *Characters of Men*. In that performance he shews, that he was thoroughly acquaint-

ed with the human mind, engaged in action, and modified by the prevailing manners of the times. His theory of a ruling passion, which, like ARON'S *rod, swallows all the rest,* is not justified by general experience. The same men, at different times, give a preference to different classes of objects of desire. "This doctrine," says JOHNSON, "is in itself pernicious as well as false, its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or over-ruling principle, which cannot be resisted. He that admits it, is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his *ruling passion.*" POPE has formed his theory with so little skill, that in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

When POPE describes man historically and morally, when he shews what he does and what he ought to do, we see that his capacious mind has obtained a great degree of knowledge of the subject. When he considers him metaphysically, we see that the knowledge of our Author is not equal to his abilities.

Mr. POPE had been, during the greater part of his life, very much attached to Mrs. BLOUNT. To her he is supposed to have addressed his *Characters of Women*; but her name was not prefixed. A very accurate knowledge of the female mind is manifested in this production.—All his positions, however, will not be admitted to be true, by a candid estimator of female excellence, without many limitations.

Between the year 1730 and 1740, he published, from time to time, his *Imitations of* HORACE, which modernize ancient ideas and characters more successfully than any which had before appeared. His *Epistle to Dr.* ARBUTHNOT was published in January 1735. In this Epistle, POPE'S chief object is to vindicate his own character from unjust censure. His vindication is a manly statement of facts, intermingled with strong reasoning,

and

and justifies himself from the charge of excessive severity, by the disturbance he received from folly and the provocation from malice.

In 1738 he published two satirical dialogues, named from the year of their appearance. In the first, he degraded himself by descending to party politics. In the second, he attacked several private characters.

The Duke of SHREWSBURY and the Earl of OXFORD had many years before recommended to POPE the revisal of Dr. DONNE's Satires. POPE undertook the task, and published them in smoother numbers, about this time.

In his Epistle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT he had, as in his Dunciad, attacked CIBBER with great severity. CIBBER, who well knew the irritability of POPE, confident that he could give him pain, wrote a pamphlet, containing several stories tending to make the poet ridiculous. POPE, enraged, dethroned THEOBALD, and in 1742, made CIBBER king in a new edition of his Dunciad. CIBBER wrote another pamphlet, which POPE pretended to laugh at, but really was most severely hurt.

He had before this time projected a plan of an epic poem; but his health, which began to decline visibly some years before his death, prevented the execution. POPE now wrote nothing new, but satisfied himself with revising his former works. In this employment he was very much assisted by WARBURTON.

His Letters, which were written at different periods of his life, together with those from his friends, are the most valuable collection which has appeared in the English language. On these the following concise but just and discriminative opinion is delivered by Dr. BLAIR.

"This Collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one, and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of too much study and refinement. In the variety of letters from different persons, contained in that Collection, we find many that are written with ease and a beautiful simplicity. Those of Dr. ARBUTHNOT, in particular, always deserve

deserve that praise. Dean SWIFT's also are unaffected; and as a proof of their being so, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wished, for the honour of his memory, that his epistolary correspondence had not been drained to the dregs, by so many successive publications as have been given to the world. Several of Lord BOLINGBROKE's and of Bishop ATTERBURY's letters are masterly. The censure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heaviest on Mr. POPE himself. There is visibly more study, and less of nature and the heart in his letters, than in those of some of his correspondents. He had formed himself on the manner of VOITURE, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to Ladies are full of affectation."

In 1743 POPE began to consider himself as approaching to his end. His friends, Lord BOLINGBROKE and WARBURTON, and also Lord MARCHMONT, were almost continually with him, and endeavoured to alleviate his pain. Mrs. BLOUNT treated him rather with neglect in the latter part of his life. Of this, however, he does not seem to have been sensible, as he left her by his will the greater part of his property. By this will, made in the end of 1743, he left his papers to the care of Lord BOLINGBROKE, and failing him, to Lord MARCHMONT; and to WARBURTON the property of all his works, on which Mr. WARBURTON had written or should write commentaries, except those of which the property had been sold. To his noble friends he left his pictures and statues, with some of his favourite books; with other legacies to his other friends, and to his favourite domestics.

In May, 1744, he found his death near at hand. He expressed the strongest conviction of the truth of the Christian religion, and of the existence of a future state as certain both from reason and revelation. He received the sacrament from a Romish priest, and declared himself to have lived always of the Roman Catholic persuasion.

suasion. He died the 30th of May, 1744, in the most perfect tranquility. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his friend WARBURTON. A few days before his death he had entered the 57th year of his age.

The external appearance of POPE was far from being adequate to the excellence of his mind. In the Guardian he compares himself to a spider, and is said to have been protuberant behind and before. His face was animated and intelligent. The feebleness of his frame made him sickly and impatient. Both these causes made him a troublesome guest in the many families in which he visited. He was perpetually sending the servants on frivolous errands, but took care to compensate their trouble by pecuniary rewards. In his eating he was both dainty and voracious; and when he had eaten too much, if a dram was offered him, he pretended to be angry, but did not fail to drink it. It does not appear that he was addicted to wine; indeed very little would have overpowered his weak constitution. To his feebleness, and the uneasiness and pain resulting from it, may in a great degree be imputed the irritability and fretfulness of his temper. His impatience and irritability often led him into little quarrels that would make him leave the houses of his friends abruptly. At Lord OXFORD's, where he often resided, he frequently met Lady MARY WORTLY MONTAGUE, between whom and him constant disputes prevailed. At home he was chiefly distinguished for his frugality. It is said, that when he had two guests in his house, that he would only set a single pint of wine on the table. He sometimes gave a splendid entertainment, and on those occasions shewed taste and magnificence. Of his fortune, which was not very considerable, he was proud. In his riches, in which he was surpassed by very many thousands, he exulted infinitely more than in his wit and genius, in which he surpassed most men. The amount never exceeded six thousand pounds; a sum that can afford no reasonable

able cause, in a country of such opulence, for triumph to an ordinary man, much less to a POPE.

Together with this frugality, POPE possessed great generosity. He was particularly liberal to the unfortunate SAVAGE; he supported persons that were entering upon commercial business, and bestowed considerable sums in charity. He was a faithful and constant friend; and notwithstanding the little defects of his constitutional temper, was beloved by them during his life, and remembered with the most tender affection after his death.

His resentment was too easily excited, and his revenge carried to too great a length. The provocation he had received by no means justified in many cases the severe satire of the Dunciad. Though on the whole a man of integrity, he frequently used artifices that bordered on disingenuity. Those, however, seemed to have resulted more from the desire of gratifying himself with the idea of superiority, than of imposing upon others by deceit. Even that gratification was a weakness in the character of POPE. Artifice and cunning require very little ability. We often see persons of most contemptible talents excelling in them, unworthy therefore were they of the greatest.

On the whole, the moral qualities of POPE were very much mixed and compounded of good, interwoven with bad, of strength with weakness. But when they are carefully separated and examined, and the degree of each ascertained, and the consequences to society considered, we may plainly perceive that the moral excellences far exceeded the defects.

In the mental faculties of POPE, the principal ingredient was a vigorous, acute, and comprehensive understanding. Another faculty, which he had in great perfection, was memory. This power of his mind was at once tenacious and exact; so that it readily supplied the understanding with abundance of materials. These gifts he improved by indefatigable industry, and acquired a

great compass of knowledge, completely digested. He was endued with a fertile invention and brilliant wit.

Thus endowed with the means of acquisition, he superadded the most effectual and agreeable modes of communication. His language is clear, forcible, and elegant, enriched with figures that at once illustrate, and adorn, and impress. His numbers are distinguished for *melody* and *harmony*. So judiciously are the *melody* and *harmony* diversified, and adapted to various and varying subjects, that he more than any modern poet, adds EXPRESSION to the other qualities of his music.

Though he sometimes rose to the sublime, he did not reach it so frequently, that it could be said to be one of the characteristical excellences of his genius. Though very animated, he was seldom fired to that enthusiasm which so often transports the greatest poets. The distinguishing perfections of his poetry are beauty, wit, and wisdom. If we are not elevated, we are charmed; if we are not transported, we are diverted and instructed. As a satirist, POPE partakes partly of the nature of HORACE, partly of JUVENAL. He has the humour, and almost the ease of HORACE, with more wit; and falls little short of the severity of JUVENAL. The severity, however, of POPE and of JUVENAL arose from different sources. POPE employed a great portion of wit as well as of argument. JUVENAL's chief engine was strong, serious reasoning.

The satire of POPE, though too often directed against those who were personally obnoxious to himself, yet severely lashes general folly and vice, and those modes of both most particularly, which were at the time most prevalent. His satires have a powerful tendency to make men wiser and better: perhaps they might have been still more efficacious, had he mixed some of the gentleness and insinuation of ADDISON with his own strength and severity.

Some have ventured to assert, that POPE was not a poet, but only an elegant versifier. When they affirm that

that the Author of the Rape of the Lock, of the Dunciad, of ELOISA to ABELARD, and of the English Iliad, was not a poet, they must mean something by the term different from the general acceptation. Leaving such persons themselves to explain their own interpretation of the word, we must declare ourselves of the opinion of those who think POPE a very great poet. Of those bards who are to be ranked in the highest class, after our greatest bards, DRYDEN is generally allowed to be the first. After him may, in point of poetic excellence, probably be ranked THOMSON, who is in imagery and pathos still superior to our Author. Although in some of the qualities which constitute genius, POPE may be inferior to THOMSON, yet in the whole of them we shall not hesitate to affirm, that he is at least equal to any poet who has flourished in this century.

The writings of POPE are perhaps a greater accession to English literature than those of any poet, except SHAKESPEARE and MILTON. There are indeed few in the language, of which the annihilation would be a more irreparable loss; few which produce to the reader more pleasure and utility than the compositions of POPE.

END OF THE LIFE OF POPE.

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THE

SPECTATOR.

No. I.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1710-11.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 143.

"One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
"Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
"And, without raising expectation high,
"Surprises us with dazzling miracles."

ROSCOMMON.

SPECTATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this Paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in WILLIAM the CONQUEROR's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my school-master, who used to say, "that my parts were solid, and would wear well." I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; * for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life.

Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few

* This part of the SPECTATOR's character seems to be chiefly taken from ADDISON, as we have observed in our Account of his Life.

few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-House, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a SPECTATOR of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following Papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time, nor inclination, to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion, or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this Paper; and which, for several important

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tant reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible, but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's Paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. BUCKLEY's in Little-Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such Papers as may contribute to the advancement of the Public-Weal.

C.

N°. 2.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1710-11.

——— Ast alii sex
Et plures, uno conclamant ore.

JUV. SAT. vii. 167.

"Six more at least join their consenting voice."

SPECTATOR'S CLUB.*

THE first of our society is a Gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a Baronet, his name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY.† His great grand-father was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir ROGER. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks

* The plan of the SPECTATOR, as far as it concerns the feign'd person of the author, and of the several members of the club, was projected by ADDISON and STEELE in concert. The members are selected from the most conspicuous classes of mankind.

† It has been said that the character of Sir ROGER was drawn from Sir JOHN PACKINGTON, of Worcestershire, a Tory, not destitute of good sense, but abounding in oddities. That there may be some parts of the character which might have applied to such a gentleman, is not improbable: in every character drawn from observation of life, there must be parts that will apply to persons actually existing. Such a resemblance, however, does not prove that those persons were the intended originals of the picture. General, not individual character, is, as he himself often tells us, the SPECTATOR's object. Although introduced by STEELE, Sir ROGER belongs peculiarly to ADDISON. His character, as drawn by the latter, is delicately humorous, and accurately discriminate. The excellences of it we shall, in the course of our annotations, have many opportunities of remarking and illustrating.

thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him.—When he is in town, he lives in Soho-Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord ROCHESTER and Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE,* fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully DAWSON † in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir ROGER grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies: but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, chearful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all

* Sir G. ETHEREGE, author of the comedies of the Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub; Sir Fopling Flutter, or the Man of the Mode, &c.

the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir ROGER is a justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner-Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. ARISTOTLE and LONGINUS are much better understood by him than LITTLETON or COKE. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be enquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of DEMOSTHENES and TULLY, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business: exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russel-Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his perriwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience

dience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the BRITISH COMMON. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "a penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar, and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspecuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the club-room sits Captain SENTRY,* a gentleman of great courage, good understanding,

* Some suppose Col. KEMPENFELT, father to the late Admiral KEMPENFELT, who was sunk in the Royal George, to be meant by Captain SENTRY; and Col. CLELAND, by WILL HONEYCOMB. The truth of these suppositions is not proved by satisfactory evidence; nor is it now material. The brave, sensible, modest Officer, and the superannuated Beau, are those which constitute the amusing or instructing characters, by whatever name they are called.

standing, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very aukward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier, as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or enquiring into it; for says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a great figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant WILL HONEYCOMB, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the DUKE of MONMOUTH danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan, from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins, TOM MIRABLE begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well bred fine gen-

gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

R.

No. 3.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1710-11.

Et quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret,
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati,
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

LUCR. l. iv. 959.

——— "What studies please, what most delight,
"And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night."

CREECH.

CONNECTION OF PUBLIC CREDIT WITH THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION—AN ALLEGORY.*

IN one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall, where the bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act, in that just and regular economy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard, concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which in my opinion have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

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* This Paper shews the political tenets of the authors: but they soon formed a resolution of admitting no party doctrines, to which they adhered with very few deviations.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was PUBLIC CREDIT. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the MAGNA CHARTA, with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one, who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion, and most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour

hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand, and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold, that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard upon enquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of: and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader, that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Commonwealth, and a young man of about twenty-two years of age,* whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a spunge † in his left hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The

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* JAMES, son of JAMES II. and representative of the STUART family, born June 10th, 1688, then in the 23d year of his age.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frighted to distraction, had she seen but any one of those spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;
Nec vigor & vires, & quæ modò visi placebant;
Nec corpus remanet———

OVID. MET. iii. 491.

———" Her spirits faint,
" Her blooming cheeks assume a palid teint,
" And scarce her form remains."

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found, not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure, as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which HOMER tells us, his hero received as a present from ÆOLUS. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne, now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath-faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished. In the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty, with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation, leading in Religion; and the third a person* whom I had never seen, with the Genius of Great-Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the

* The ELECTOR of HANOVER, afterwards GEORGE I.

the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and for my own part I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again, to have closed my Vision, if I could have done it.

C.

No. 4.

MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1710-11.

——————Egregii mortalem altique silentii?

HOR. 2 SAT. vi. 58.

"One of uncommon silence and reserve."

SPECTATOR'S PLAN.

AN author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others, which gave me much mortification. It is incredible to think, how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand, until they are set a going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new, to be

agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is so litle pleasure in enquiries that so nearly concern ourselves (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole, I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way; and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule, than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree, than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, "I am never less alone than when alone."

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications which attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day, without the least displeasure,

pleasure, overhear one say of me, "that strange fellow!" and another answer, "I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first that ever asked who he was." There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no farther trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by the appellation of Mr. What d'ye call him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the highest satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can with the greater sagacity consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense, possess the others with greater force and vivacity.—Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and make shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced from their circumstances to their favour or disadvantage; but from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb, know from the turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my smiles with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shaked my head at, without my speaking. WILL HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other night at

a play, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed WILL was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, "I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect, but methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent." When I observed her a second time, he said, "I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though, continued he, I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language; yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribbands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiary an author." When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, WILL spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:

"Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin; behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and affability, are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language."

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraits of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life; I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, and not in

in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my SPECULATIONS to their service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased, but refined. A man may appear learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this Paper may furnish TEA-TABLE-TALK. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may have in Speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged, by this promise, to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my Speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to

the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villany in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former Papers, shall have their proper place in my following Discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle, but a busy SPECTATOR. R.

N°. 5.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1710-11.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?

HOR. ARS POET. V. 5.

"Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?"

ITALIAN OPERA RIDICULED.

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines, which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of king CHARLES's time have laughed, to have seen NICOLINI exposed to a tempest in robes of ermin, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of paste-board? What a field of raillery would they have been led into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in

in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern Opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the Opera. "Sparrows for the Opera!" says his friend, licking his lips—"what, are they to be roasted?" "No, no," says the other, "they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage."

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the sparrows were to act the part of singing-birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir MARTIN MAR-ALL* practised upon his mistress: for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flagelets and bird-

* This comedy, which is borrowed from QUINAULT and MOLIERE, is entered at Stationers Hall as the production of the Duke of NEWCASTLE. That nobleman, conscious of its unfitness for stage representation, requested DRYDEN to put the finishing hand to it; which he accordingly did, and it has been ever since classed among the Works of that Poet.

calls which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found, by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-River into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the Summer season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the Winter season, the Opera of RINALDO is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. ARMIDA (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior CASSANI (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjuror (*Mago Christiano*). I must confess, I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil. *

To

* Some have imputed the strictures on Operas by Mr. ADDISON to resentment, on account of the bad success of ROSAMOND. A man of taste and humour needs not the spur of resentment to expose absurdity.

To consider the poet after the conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface. *Eccotti, benigno lettor, un parto di poche sero, che se ben cato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d'*APOLLO *con qualche raggio di Parnasse.* "Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offsprings of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of APOLLO, with a certain ray of Parnassus." He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer HANDEL the ORPHEUS of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of stile, that he composed this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of, before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as CICERO and VIRGIL, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this Opera* are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur BOILEAU, that one verse in VIRGIL is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of TASSO.

But to return to the sparrows; there have been so many flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared

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* RINALDO, an opera, 8vo. 1711. The plan by AARON HILL; the Italian words by Sign. G. ROSSI; and the music by HANDEL.

feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an Opera the story of WHITTINGTON and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. RICH, the proprietor of the playhouse, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper,* who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this Paper, I must inform my reader that I hear there is a treaty on foot between LONDON and WISE (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the Opera of RINALDO and ARMIDA with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be personated by tom-tits: the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience. C.

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* Hamelen was very much infested by rats and mice. The *pied piper*, by the melody of his instrument, allured them to a river, in which they were all drowned.

No. 6.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710-11.

Credebant hoc grande nefas, & morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat———

JUV. SAT. xiii. 54.

"'Twas impious then, so much was age rever'd,
"For youth to keep their seats when an old man appear'd."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE AND PRACTICE OF DUTY.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the Understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir ROGER was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly, than men of slower capacities.

capacities. There is no greater monster in being, than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. SCARECROW, the beggar in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. "Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions, is, says Sir ROGER, in my eye, as poor a rogue as SCARECROW. But, continued he, for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it be done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good breeding; without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at, says he, is to represent, that I am of opinion, to polish our Understandings, and neglect our Manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern

vern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man." This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE* says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty shame and dishonour to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem,† "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever

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* Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, an eminent physician, and a voluminous poet; chiefly known to posterity from the ridicule thrown on his works by SWIFT and POPE. Tho' Sir RICHARD unhappily betook himself to Epic poetry, for which he did not seem to have been adapted; yet were his poems by no means so despicable as these wits represent. They quote the very worst parts as specimens of the whole.

† CREATION. Of this poem, by BLACKMORE, Doctor JOHNSON says, it wanted neither harmony of number, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.

ever after, without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of these two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks, can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense, and our religion. Is there any thing so just, as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there any thing more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, I think, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrubt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

"It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round the Athenian benches. But on those occasions, there

there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it." R.

N°. 7.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1710-11.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
HOR. 2 EP. ii. 208.

"Visions, and magic spells, can you despise,
"And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?"

SUPERSTITIOUS ATTENTION TO OMENS.

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves, or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner

sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear, (says she, turning to her husband) you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on *Thursday*. "*Thursday!* (says she) No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon *Childermas-day*; tell your writing-master that *Friday* will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child, (says she) that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?" "Yes, (says he) my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity; when to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had

had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers: nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognosticks. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that instead of portending one of the com-

pany should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind, among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated SYBILS, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frighted out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled, were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but

but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care: when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C.

No. 8.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710–11.

At VENUS obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circùm Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos———

VIRG. ÆN. i. 415.

"They march obscure, for VENUS kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds."

DRYDEN.

IMMORAL TENDENCY OF MASQUERADES.

I SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no opology for them.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I am one of the directors of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have tho-

roughly examined the present state of Religion in Great-Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that Virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter, as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities, that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

'I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails, which gaming has taken the possession of, and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell, and improve the hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this Paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly, which I think falls very properly under your observation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our Society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight MASK, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements. As all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in *our way*, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great-Britain to the Counter: besides that their numbers are

so

so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this NEW SOCIETY, are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, shew their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly seems to terminate in assignations and intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner.

I am your humble servant,
and fellow-labourer,
T. B."

Not long after the perusal of this letter, I received another upon the same subject; which, by the date and stile of it, I take to be written by some young Templar,

MIDDLE TEMPLE, 1710-11.

SIR,

'WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this, I must acquaint you, that some time in February last I went to the Tuesday's masquerade. Upon my first going in

I was attacked by half a dozen female quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination, I found they were a sisterhood of coquettes, disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first quality; for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masks; and as I am very well read in WALLER, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poem to VANDYKE:

" The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But confounded with thy art,
Enquires her name that has his heart."

'I pronounced these words with such a languishing air, that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue, and looking upon her watch, I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures, but I had not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my laundress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent-Garden, and that I am not the first cully whom she has passed herself upon for a countess.

'Thus, Sir, see how I have mistaken a Cloud for a JUNO; and if you can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you leave. I am, SIR,

Your most humble Admirer,

B. L."

I de-

I design to visit the next masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment.

C.

N°. 9.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1710–11.

——Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.
JUV. SAT XV. 163.

"Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
"In leagues offensive and defensive join'd."
TATE.

ON CLUBS.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of CLUBS. When a set of men find themselvs agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified;

qualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years; till at length they came to this accommodation, that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King CHARLES the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and swear "before GEORGE," is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call Street-Clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my enquiring after lodgings in Ormond-Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two

or

or three noisy country-squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it, of a sociable nature, and good conversation.

The Hum Drum Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum Club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King CHARLES the Second: I mean the Club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-Cat* itself is said to have taken its original

* This club took its name from CHRISTOPHER CAT, the maker of their mutton-pies. The portraits of its members were drawn by KNELLER, who was himself one of their number; and all portraits of the same dimensions and form, are at this time called Kit-Kat pictures. This club was first instituted at the time of the trial of the seven bishops. In Queen ANNE's reign it consisted of above 40 noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank and fortune, firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.

original from a mutton-pie. The Beef Steak,* and October Clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and chearful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little ale-house. How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

RULES *to be observed in the Two-penny Club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.*

1. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

2. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

3. If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

4. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

5. If any member tell stories in the club that are not true

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* Mrs. WOFFINGTON was the only woman in this club, of which she was president: Richard ESTCOURT, the comedian, was providore, and as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small gridiron of gold hung round his neck with a green silk ribband.

true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an half-penny.

6. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

7. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

8. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

9. If any member calls another cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

10. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

11. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

12. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the Leges Conviviales of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman Club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a Symposium in an ancient Greek author.

C.

N°. 10.

MONDAY MARCH 12, 1710–11.

Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

VIRG. GEORG. i. 203.

"So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
"And slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
"But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
"Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive."

DRYDEN.

TO WHOM THE SPECTATOR MOST USEFUL.

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city enquiring day by day after these my Papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about three-score thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and inattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, inter-

intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly, into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of SOCRATES, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this Paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir FRANCIS BACON observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like MOSES's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcileable.

In the next place, I would recommend this Paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies—I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look

look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men, that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the *Blanks* of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave and impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly intreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful, than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbands is reckoned a very

very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male-beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily Paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent, if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the mean while, I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this Paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a Paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such an handle given them

of

of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

C.

No. 11.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1710-11.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.
JUV. SAT. ii. 63.
"The doves are censur'd, while the crows are spar'd."

INKLE AND YARICO.

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, or infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable: as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance, by my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then turning to ARIETTA, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility

cility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of ARIETTA's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron.

ARIETTA seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner:

Sir, When I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you: but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man, walking with that noble animal, shewed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly, "We lions are none of us painters, else we could shew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man." You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed

part of our breeding. These, and such other reflections, are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated PETRONIUS, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with LIGON's "Account of Barbadoes;" and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of INKLE and YARICO.

Mr. THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the ACHILLES, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer wasthe third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passion, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young INKLE had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the ACHILLES, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched

a great

a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers, then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country,

where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when YARICO, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. THOMAS INKLE, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself, how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with YARICO. This thought made the young man pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold YARICO to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of ARIETTA's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause, than any compliments I could make her. R.

No. 12.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1710-11.

——Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
PERS. SAT. V. 92.
"I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart."

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber, to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the DAILY COURANT in the following words, "Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be well rewarded for his pains." As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in

every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years. My coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it. If I want fire, I point to my chimney; if water, to my bason; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready for dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face, as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat, or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name that I go by in the neighbourhood, as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon light: and of

others

others that had been conjured into the Red-Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight, with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself, if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors and imaginations, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, "to pull the old woman out of our hearts," (as PERSIUS expresses it in the motto of my Paper) and extinguish

those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hands, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another, without HIS knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone: but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

MILTON has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old HESIOD, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:

" —— Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole; or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n."

C. PARAD. LOST.

No. 13.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710-11.

Dic mihi, si fueris tu leo, qualis eris? MART.

"Were you a lion, how wou'd you behave?"

OPERA RIDICULED.

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signor NICOLINI's combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed, by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the Tower every opera night, in order to be killed by HYDASPES. This report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the play-house, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience, gave it out in whisper, that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King WILLIAM's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expence, during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signor NICOLINI. Some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitativo, as ORPHEUS used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head. Some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws

paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in High Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough-bass, before he fell at the feet of HYDASPES. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last Winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally justled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion seeing me very much surprised, told me in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased; "for (says he) I do not intend to hurt any body." I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him: and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, over-did his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. NICOLINI for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have

have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part; insomuch, that after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of HYDASPES, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet; but this was only to make work for himself in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says, very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill natured world might call him, "the ass in the lion's skin." This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signor NICOLINI and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes; by which their enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat

bat which they represent upon the stage: but upon enquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the Drama. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster-Hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signor NICOLINI, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse, than the king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice. I have often wished, that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action which is capable of giving dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian Opera! In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.

C.

N°. 14.

FRIDAY MARCH 16, 1710-11.

———Teque his, infelix, exue monstris.

OVID. MET. iv. 590.

"Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous shape."

ON PUBLIC DIVERSIONS.

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five and twenty years ago, and those of the present time; and lamented to myself, that, though in those days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good sense; but that the *beau monde*, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an old fellow, whose face I have often seen at the play-house, gave me the following letter with these words: "Sir, the lion presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give this into your own hands."

From my Den in the Hay-Market.

MARCH 15.

SIR,

'I HAVE read all your Papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon Operas, until that of this day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signor NICOLINI and myself have a correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the valour of his character, or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for your own sake, forbear such intimations for the future; and must say it is a great piece of ill-

nature

nature in you to shew so great an esteem for a foreigner, and to discourage a lion that is your own countryman.

'I take notice of your fable of the lion and man, but am so equally concerned in that matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman, who act only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox-hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread, but a lion.

Yours, &c.'

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my landlady's children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present Paper: they all have a tendency to the same subject, viz. the elegance of our present diversions.

Covent-Garden, March 13.

SIR,

'I HAVE been for twenty years under-sexton of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and have not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, until this fortnight last past, during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one POWELL under the Piazzas. By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence a piece over against Mrs. RACHAEL EYEBRIGHT, but Mrs. RACHAEL herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers; so that

that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies, that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the Garden; but they only laugh at the child.

'I desire you would lay this before all the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. POWELL has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house; which, if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Yours, &c.'

The following epistle, I find, is from the undertaker of the masquerade.

SIR,

'I HAVE observed the rules of my Mask so carefully, (in not enquiring into persons) that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not last Tuesday; but if you were not, and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own entertainment, please to admonish the town, that all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand, that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper for the dress in which he appears. We have now and then rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in going to a mask, and she shall dres as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the Arcadia, or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, every body was so rashly habited

habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the pert stile of the pit bawdry; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tyring rooms. We had a judge that danced a minuet, with a quaker for his partner, while half a dozen harlequins stood by as spectators; a Turk drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the maskers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords; and consequently, that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant.'

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. POWELL a second time in the same Paper; for indeed there cannot be two great encouragement given to his skill in motions,* provided he is under proper restrictions.

SIR,

'THE opera at the Haymarket, and that under the little Piazza in Covent Garden, being at present the two leading diversions of the town, and Mr. POWELL professing in his advertisements to set up WHITTINGTON and his Cat against RINALDO and ARMIDA, my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

'First, therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. POWELL wisely forbearing to give his company a bill of

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* Puppet-shows.

of fare before hand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the undertakers of the Hay-market, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint their audience on the stage.

'The King of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera-book had promised me; and thus while I expected ARMIDA's dragons should rush forward towards ARGENTES, I found the hero was obliged to go to ARMIDA, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He flashed out his rosin in such just proportions, and in such due time, that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw indeed but two things wanting to render his whole action complete, I mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

'I observe that Mr. POWELL and the undertakers of the opera had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages, though indeed with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Hay-market fly as yet very irregularly over the stage; and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles; whereas Mr. POWELL has so well disciplined his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. POWELL resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way; and introduce larks in his next opera of SUSANNA, *or Innocence betrayed*, which will be exhibited next week, with a pair of new elders.

'The moral of Mr. POWELL's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French;

and King HARRY's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap, in too ludicrous a manner, before so great an assembly.

'As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing indeed was uniform, and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dexterously; which calls on me to take notice, that at the Haymarket, the undertakers forgetting to change the side-scenes, we were presented with a prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove; and though the gentlemen on the stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the grove by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow, in a full-bottomed wig, appear in the midst of the sea, and, without any visible concern, taking snuff.

'I shall only observe one thing further, in which both dramas agree; which is, that by the squeak of their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs; and as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. POWELL, because it is in our own language.

I am, &c.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

On the *first* of *April* will be performed, at the playhouse in the Haymarket, an opera called *The Cruelty of* ATREUS.

N. B. The scene, wherein THYESTES eats his own children, is to be performed by the famous Mr. PSALMANAZAR, lately arrived from Formosa; the whole supper being set to kettle-drums. He ate all his flesh meat *raw*. R.

N°. 15.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1710-11.

Parva leves capiunt animos———

OVID, ARS AM. I. 159.

"Light minds are pleas'd with trifles."

VANITY OF WOMEN, ERRONEOUS ESTIMATE OF HAPPINESS.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of VENUS and ADONIS. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate CLEANTHE, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence;

being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womenkind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befal the sex, from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour, and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace

and

and ribbons, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewga s, are so many lures to women of weak minds and low educations, and when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendsip and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives an addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence, but when she is looked upon.

AURELIA, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of FULVIA! she con-

siders her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the play-house, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited, unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to FULVIA, if she knew that her setting herself to view, is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous?

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing, that VIRGIL has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of CAMILLA; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. "A golden bow," says he, "hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp; and his head covered with an helmet of the same shining metal." The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with.

——"Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ & spoliorum ardebat amore."
ÆN. xi. 782.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet (by a nice concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female hero. C.

NO.

N°. 16.

MONDAY MARCH 19, 1710–11.

Qgid verum atque decens curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum.

HOR. 1 EP. i. 11.

"What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
"Let this be all my care—for this is ALL."

POPE.

GENERAL, NOT INDIVIDUAL FOLLY AND VICE, THE SPECTATOR'S OBJECT.

I HAVE received a letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street; a third sends me a heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must, therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my Paper with reflections upon red-heels or top knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagancies which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though at the same time I must own, that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me, to be entitled *The Censor of Small Wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood, and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head dresses or full bottomed periwigs, with several other incumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a quaker that is trimmed close, and almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaden with such a redundance of excrescences. I must therefore desire my correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty *Censorship* may not turn to the emolument of the Public; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean such as fill their letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands, that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch, that when I see the name CÆLIA, PHILLIS, PASTORA, or the like, at the bottom

bottom of a scrawl, I conclude of course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking-holes into broad daylight. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a DRAWCANSIR in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not LAIS or SILENUS, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was CALIGULA who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do, out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually teazing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter. About two days since, I was reproached with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as neuter, or a looker-on, in the division of his country. However, as I am very sensible my Paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private inflammations, or allay public ferments, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart

reproach

reproach me with having done any thing towards increasing those feuds and animosities, that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents. I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This Paper, my reader will find, was intended for an answer to a multitude of correspondents: but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR, MARCH 15, 1710-11.

'I AM at present so unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind my own business; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small post under you. I observe that you have appointed your printer and publisher to receive letters and advertisements for the city of London; and shall think myself very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the dutchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity, what I want in parts and genius.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES LILLIE.'

NO.

N°. 17.

TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1710-11.

——Tetrum ante omnia vultum. JUV. x. 191.

——"A visage rough,
"Deform'd, unfeatur'd."

UGLY CLUB.

SINCE our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be *ugly*; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend an haggard beau, for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softness and languishing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far, as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When he can possess himself with such a chearfulness, women and children, who are at first frightened at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madam

Madam MAINTENON's first husband was a hero of this kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the irregularity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his reader the make of an engine and pully, with which he used to take off his hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery.—The best expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince HARRY and FALSTAFF, in SHAKESPEARE, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean, as far as it will go. FALSTAFF is humorously called *Woolsack*, *Bedpresser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; HARRY, a *Starveling*, an *Elves-skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still kept up upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the shortness of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with an high fore-top, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented with a much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the Merry Club, which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from Oxford, and as it abounds with the spirit of mirth and good-humour, which is natural to that place, I shall set it down word for word as it came to me.

MOST

MOST PROFOUND SIR,

'HAVING been very well entertained, in the last of your speculations that I have yet seen, by your specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to furnish you with a brief account of such a one as, perhaps, you have not seen in all your travels, unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of the woody parts of the African continent, in your voyage to or from Grand Cairo. There have *arose* in this university (long since you left us without saying any thing) several of these inferior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning Club, the Witty Club, and amongst the rest, the *Handsome* Club; as a burlesque upon which, a certain merry species, that seem to have come into the world in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the *Ugly* Club. This ill-favoured fraternity consist of a president and twelve fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation, (as St. JOHN'S men would have the world believe, and have therefore erected a separate society within themselves) but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, provided the candidates be within the rules of the club, as set forth in a table, intitled the Act of Deformity. A clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

1. 'That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible *quearity* in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

2. 'That a singular regard be had, upon examination, to the gibbosity of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founder's kinsmen; or to the obliquity of their figure, in what sort soever.

3. 'That if the quantity of any man's nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

Lastly.

Lastly. 'That if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

'Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of codfish, and a speech in praise of ÆSOP; whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of THERSITES, DUNS SCOTUS, SCARRON, HUDIBRAS, and the old gentleman in OLDHAM, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room

'As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

'The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shewn me two copies of verses composed by a gentleman of his society; the first, a congratulatory ode, inscribed to Mrs. TOUCHWOOD, upon the loss of her two fore-teeth; the other, a panegyric upon Mrs. ANDIRON's left shoulder. Mrs. VIZARD, he says, since the small-pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club; but I never heard him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old NELL TROLT, who constantly officiates at their table; her he even adores and extols as the very counterpart of Mother SHIPTON; in short, NELL, says he, is one of the extraordinary works of nature; but as for complexion, shape, and features, so valued by others, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add, that the president is a facetious pleasant gentleman, and never more so, than when he has got (as he calls them) his dear mummers about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation); and,

as

as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket-book of all this class, who for these five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear, [as one of a promising and improving aspect]

SIR,

Oxford, March 12, 1710. Your obliged humble servant,

ALEXANDER CARBUNCLE.

N°. 18.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1710-11.

——Equitis, quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

HOR. 2 EP. i. 187.

"But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
"Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene."

CREECH.

ABSURDITY OF AN ITALIAN OPERA ON AN ENGLISH STAGE.

IT is my design in this Paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their fore-fathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them, in a tongue which they did not understand.

ARSINOE was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced

produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and resonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fidlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, "That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense."

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in CAMILLA,

Barbara si t'intendo, &c.
"Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,"

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation,

"Frail are a lover's hopes," &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away, and languishing, to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word,

"And turn'd my rage into pity;"

which

which the English for rhyme sake translated,

"And into pity turn'd my rage."

By these means the soft notes that were adapted to *pity* in the Italian, fell upon the word *rage* in the English; and the angry sounds that were turned to *rage* in the original, were made to express *pity* in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word *and* pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *the*, and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions, bestowed upon *then*, *for*, and *from*; to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement, was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and therefore, to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces,

though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflections: "In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language."

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than PLATO has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following Paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.

C.

No. 19.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

Di bene fecerunt; inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animæ, raro & perpauca loquentis.

HOR. I SAT. iv. 17.

"Thank heaven that made me of an humble mind;
"To action little, less to words inclin'd."

ON ENVY.

OBSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir FRANCIS BACON says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have ob-

served that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperons man goes, as it were, abroad among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection; but keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his Pains, his Reliefs, and his Happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious.—Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom, are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such an handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their distress by assuring them that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle who will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The Reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious

illustrious character. It is a matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself, or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember some years ago there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow who sat among a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, "Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it." But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by those means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable, meets with contempt and derision, the en-

vious man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my Paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them, by further discoveries of my person. In the mean while, if any one says the SPECTATOR has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not shew it in company. And if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest.

R.

No. 20.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1710-11.

———Κύνος ὄμματ' ἔχων. ———

"Thou dog in forehead."——— HOM. IL. I. 225.

POPE.

ON IMPUDENCE.

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of Impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind, with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation.—The whole transaction is performed with the eyes; and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

SIR,

'THERE never was, I believe, an acceptable man but had some aukward imitators. Ever since the SPECTATOR appeared, I have remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call Starers; that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with

their impertinent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden; but, devout supplicants and attentive hearers, are the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, Sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of this city; much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately, one whole aisle has been disturbed by one of these monstrous Starers; he is the head taller than any one in the church; but for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassock, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of the auditory; for what with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversions upon this insolence would be a great favour to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

S. C.

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do think there cannot be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this sort of behaviour, but a Starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing; and a fellow that is capable of shewing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If therefore my correspondent does not inform me, that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend WILL PROSPER has promised to take an hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in defence of the ladies.

ladies. I have given him directions, according to the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them. I have hopes, that when WILL confronts him, and all the ladies in whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has indeed been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies. I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon women, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the Starers. In this case, a man who has no sense of shame, has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and just methods; he who has no respect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of out-law in good breeding, and therefore what is said of him, no nation or person can be concerned for. For this reason one may be free *upon* him. I have put myself to great pains in considering this prevailing quality which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils wherein such subjects of these dominions, as are masters of it, were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent; in a Scotchman it is untractable and rapacious; in an Irishman absurd and fawning.—As the course of the world now runs, the impudent English-

Englishman behaves like a surly landlord, the Scot like an ill-received guest, and the Irishman like a stranger, who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom any thing entertaining either in the impudence of a South or North Briton; but that of an Irishman is always comic. A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it. The best and most successful Starers now in this town, are of that nation; they have usually the advantage of the stature mentioned in the above letter of my correspondent, and generally take their stands in the eye of women of fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them three months after he came from plough, with a tolerable good air, lead out a woman from a play, which one of our own breed, after four years at Oxford and two at the Temple, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these people have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of womankind. Perhaps it is that an English coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way toward it, is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay tone, "I put an impudent face upon the matter." No; no man shall be allowed the advantages of impudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty; without which beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable.

R.

N°. 21.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

Locus est et pluribus umbris.

HOR. EP. V. 28.

"There's room enough, and each may bring his friend."

CREECH.

ON THE LEARNED AND COMMERCIAL PROFESSIONS.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; insomuch, that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The

The body of the Law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like VIRGIL's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious, and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster-Hall, every morning in term-time. MARTIAL's description of this species of Lawyers is full of humour:

"Iras & verba locant."

"Men that hire out their words and anger;" that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the lists whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable Lawyers, are those young men who, being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the play-house more than Westminster-Hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing-up of writings and conveyances; nor of those

greater

greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of Physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of people. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in Physic among the subjects of THOR and WODEN, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country, may be described like the British army in CÆSAR's time. Some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, without being duly listed and enrolled, who do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to Physic, who for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopial observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chace of butterflies: not to mention the cockleshell-merchants, and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions is crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the science, than the

the profession, I very much wonder at the humour of parents, who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning, and good sense may miscarry. How many men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober frugal person, of slender parts and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade, though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. VAGELLIUS is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it: whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchant-men are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

C.

No. 22.

MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1710-11.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 188.

——"Whatever contradicts my sense
"I hate to see, and never can believe."

ROSCOMMON.

ABSURD THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.

THE word SPECTATOR being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But indeed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The understanding is dismissed from our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost scorn and contempt, but even with the loudest applause and approbation. But the letters of my correspondents will represent this affair in a more lively manner than any discourse of my own; I shall therefore give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the business of playing is now so managed, that you are not to be surprised when I say one or two of them are rational, others sensitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly ina-

inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audiences.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR having been so humble as to take notice of the epistles of other animals, emboldens me, who am the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. TOFTS, to represent to you, that I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion in HYDASPES given to me. It would have been but a natural step for me to have personated that noble creature, after having behaved myself to satisfaction in the part above-mentioned. That of a lion is too great a character for one that never trod the stage before but upon two legs. As for the little resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and CAMILLA's charms were such, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but died like a man.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

THOMAS PRONE.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THIS is to let you understand, that the play-house is a representation of the world in nothing so much as in this particular, that no one rises in it according to his merit. I have acted several parts of household stuff with great applause for many years: I am one of the men in the hangings in *The Emperor of the Moon*; I have twice performed the third chair in an English opera; and have rehearsed the pump in *The Fortune Hunters*. I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go

go off the stage: in which you will do a great act of charity to

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM SCRENE.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'UNDERSTANDING that Mr. SCRENE has writ you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still parts; I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that you would advance me in my way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a master, to wit, in representing human and still life together. I have several times acted one of the finest flower-pots in the same opera wherein Mr. SCRENE is a chair; therefore, upon his promotion, request that I may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand in the orange-trees.

Your humble servant,

RALPH SIMPLE.'

Drury-Lane, March 24, 1710-11.

SIR,

'I SAW your friend the Templer this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of the *Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly; but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know Sir, there are noble instances of this kind in SHAKESPEARE; but then itwas the disturbance of a noble mind from generous and humane resentments. It is like that grief which we have for the disease of our friends. It is no diminution, but a recommendation of human nature,

that in such incidents, passion gets the better of reason; and all we can think to comfort ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have, is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an Appetite. The part I played is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet: I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient

and humble servant.'

From the Savoy in the Strand.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'IF you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to accquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King LATINUS, and I believe I am the first prince dated from this palace since JOHN OF GAUNT. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I, who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother LEWIS of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I experienced since the loss of my diadem; for upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in recitativo:

——— "Most audacious slave,

"Dar'st thou an angry monarch's fury brave?"

The

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, than a serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy circumstances; and if by your mediation you can procure a subsidy for a prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance) you will merit the thanks of

Your friend,

THE KING OF LATIUM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the good of the Public.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian chirurgeon, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masking habits.

He has cured since his coming hither, in less than a fortnight, four scaramouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish basses, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.

"Venienti occurrite morbo."

N. B. Any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The doctor draws teeth without pulling off your mask.

R.

No. 23.

TUESAY, MARCH 27, 1711.

Sævit atrox VOLSCENS, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quò se ardens immittere possit.

VIRG. ÆN. ix. 420.

"Fierce VOLSCENS foams with rage, and gazing round,
"Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
"Nor knew to fix revenge."———

DRYDEN.

ANONYMOUS DEFAMATION.*

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation; lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason, I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit,

* The various sources of defamation are here unfolded, and the consequences represented in a manner which shews no less goodness of heart than justness of observation. The reader will find the same subject ably handled in TILLOTSON'S sermon on evil speaking.

merit, and every thing that is praise-worthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? and in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in SOCRATES's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the Critics have considered it. That excellent man entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the Immortality of the SOUL, at his entering upon it, says, that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon ARISTOPHANES, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that SOCRATES was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When JULIUS CÆSAR was lampooned by CATULLUS, he invited him to supper, and treated him with such a

generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal MAZARINE gave the same kind of treatment to the learned QUILLET, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous Latin poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given offence.

SEXTUS QUINTUS was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of PASQUIN was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the Pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that PASQUIN represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the Pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. ARETINE is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently

consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed for an unhappy feature. A father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A wife be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man, shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless, inconsiderate writers, who, without any malice, have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire; as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason, I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger L'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me. "A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. Children, (says one of the frogs) you never consider, that though this may be play to you, it is death to us."

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated

to serious thoughts,* I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity, which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it. C.

No. 24.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1711.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreptaque manu, qu id agis dulcissime rerum?

HOR. 1 SAT. ix. 3.

"Comes up a fop (I know him but by fame)
"And seiz'd my hand, and called me by name—
"——My dear!—how dost?"

TROUBLESOME IMPERTINENCE OF INSIGNIFICANT PEOPLE.

THERE are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better sort of conversation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the Park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows the more burden-

some

* The week before Easter.

some is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason, that my correspondents are willing, by my means, to be rid of them. The two following letters are written by persons who suffer by such impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who sets in for a dose of claret every night at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them; who, because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a sort of club in his company; though the sober gentleman himself is an utter enemy to such meetings.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your speculation on that subject; but I have since been extremely mortified, by the malicious world's ranking me amongst the supporters of such impertinent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly; and that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

'I am, Sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, to consult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people's; I have a room and a whole bed to myself; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they please me, and injure no creature alive. My meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no sooner supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true, every man pays his share; yet as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according

as

as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular temperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. SPECTATOR, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humorist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him; and all the customers who frequent his company, yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment? CLINCH of Barnet has a nightly meeting, and shews to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things? If his is allowed to be a concert, why not mine to be a lecture? However, Sir, I submit it to you, and am,

SIR,

Your most obedient, &c.

THOMAS KIMBOW.

GOOD SIR,

'You and I were pressed against each other last Winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it is as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate; therefore I earnestly intreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

WILL FASHION.'

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair) than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my Paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit.

MADAM,

I TAKE this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but alas, Madam, you must go no further; distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this, that I would by any means lose your acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit play, and smile at each other, and put down glasses as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other's friendship

friendship as we are capable of: for there are some people who are to be known only by sight, with which sort of friendship I hope you will always honour,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TUESDAY.

'P. S. I subscribe myself by the name of the day I keep, that my supernumerary friends may know who I am.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's coffee-house, either by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces; this is to give notice, that KIDNEY, the keeper of the book-debts of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by JOHN SOWTON; to whose place of enterer of messages and first coffee-grinder, WILLIAM BIRD is promoted; and SAMUEL RURDOCK comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said BIRD.

R.

No. 25.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711.

——Ægrescitque medendo. VIRG. ÆN. xii. 46.

"And sickens by the very means of health."

ON VALETUDINARIANS.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology:

SIR,

'I AM one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Dr. SYDENHAM's learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by those means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a com-

a complication of distempters; but, accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by SANCTORIUS,* I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying on his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a pair of scales. By these means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

'Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these last three years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment, to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if after having dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound; which for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As

* SANCTORIUS, a professor of medicine, about a hundred years ago, deeply versed in natural philosophy, especially pneumatics, who invented the thermometer.

As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and an half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

'I allow myself, one night with the other, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is, that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph written on the monument of a Valetudinarian; *Stava ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui:* which is impossible to translate.* The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some histo-

* "I was well, but trying to be better, I am here."

historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to the multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as chearfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live, than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we take the best means to preserve life, without being over-solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which MARTIAL has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness

siness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable.—— JUPITER, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sun-shine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired JUPITER to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

C.

No. 26.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexte!
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis PLUTONIA.——

HOR. 1 OD. iv. 13.

"With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
"Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:
"Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
"And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
"Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
"To story'd ghosts, and PLUTO's house below."

CREECH.

TOMBS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire

satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed; and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαύκοντε, Μέδοντά τε, Θερσιλόχον τε. HOM.

GLAUCUMQUE, MEDONTAQUE, THERSILOCHUMQUE. VIRG.

"GLAUCUS, and MEDON, and THERSILOCHUS."

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by *the path of an arrow*, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or a skull, intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush

at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by those means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put into execution. Sir CLOUDESLY SHOVEL's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with

rostral

rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By these means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

C.

No. 27.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1711.

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Longe videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter, id quod
Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

HOR. 1 EP. i. 20.

IMITATED.

"Long as to him, who works for debt, the day;
"Long as the night to her whose love's away;
"Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
"When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:
"So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
"That lock up all the functions of my soul;
"That keep me from myself, and still delay
"Life's instant business to a future day:
"That task, which, as we follow or despise,
"The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
"Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
"And which not done, the richest must be poor."

POPE. *

ON BUSINESS AND RETIREMENT.

THERE is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear

* POPE, though at this time only twenty-three years of age, had published his Imitations of HORACE and his Essay on Criticism, with several other pieces; and had even then acquired a high reputation.

hear men every day in conversation profess that all the honour, power, and riches which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of them. While men are in this temper, (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with themselves? They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it; retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it. While they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life. Sure this is but just as reasonable as if a man should call for more light, when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements; let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this work, and live according to their own approbation, as soon as they possibly can. But since the duration of life is so uncertain, and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was such a thing as life itself, how is it possible that we should defer a moment the beginning to live according to the rules of reason?

The man of business has ever some one point to carry, and then he tells himself he will bid adieu to all the vanity of ambition. The man of pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his mistres; but the ambitious man is entangled every moment in a fresh pursuit, and the lover sees new charms in the object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumstances; the same passions will attend us wherever we are, till they are conquered; and

we can never live to our satisfaction in the deepest retirement, unless we are capable of living so, in some measure, amidst the noise and business of the world.

I have ever thought men were better known by what could be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters, than any other way. My friend the clergyman, the other day, upon serious discourse with him concerning the danger of procrastination, gave me the following letters from persons with whom he lives in great friendship and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good sense of his character. The first is from a man of business, who is his convert: the second from one of whom he conceives good hopes: the third from one who is in no state at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

SIR,

'I KNOW not with what words to express to you the sense I have of the high obligation you have laid upon me, in the penance you enjoined me of doing some good or other to a person of worth every day I live. The station I am in furnishes me with daily opportunities of this kind: and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve merit from discountenance, when I assist a friendless person, when I produce concealed worth, I am displeased with myself, for having designed to leave the world in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the occasions which the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your fortunes; but know I contribute more to your satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better man, from the influence and authority you have over,

SIR,

Your most obliged and

Most humble servant,

R. O.'

SIR,

SIR,

'I AM entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in; but you told me so as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know *the creature for whom I resign so much of my character*---is all that you said of her; but then the trifler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous men, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear CHLOE be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you, in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself

Your's,

T. D.'

SIR,

'THERE is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court; but this will be no riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed myself here with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great misfortune I have entirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect

glect is of the greatest importance; in short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the world, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination.

I am yours, &c.

R. *R. B.*'

N°. 28.

MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

——Neque semper arcum
Tendit APOLLO. HOR. 2 OD. X. 19.

"Nor does APOLLO always bend his bow."

ON SIGN POSTS.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

SIR,

'OBSERVING that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as

as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same; I do humbly propose, that you would be pleased to make me your superintendant of all such figures and devices, as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africk. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

'My first task therefore should be, like that of HERCULES, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures, should be joined together in the same sign; such as the bell and the neat's tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads; and as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may *give* the sign of another, and in what

what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword cutler's.

'An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coat of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew some such marks of it before their doors.

'When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. SALMON to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her name-sake. Mr. BELL has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know, that ABEL DRUGGER gained great applause by it in the time of BEN JONSON. Our apocryphal heathen god * is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the Bell-Savage, which

* St. George.

which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La belle Sauvage*; and is every where translated by our countryman the bell-savage. This piece of philosophy will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark, which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing-Cross, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found upon enquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agremens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c.'

I shall add to the foregoing letter, another which came to me by the same penny-post.

From my own apartment near Charing-Cross.

HONOURED SIR,

'HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great

Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey, but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality; and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland, that is a very good tumbler; and also for another of the same family, whom I design for my Merry-Andrew, as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in a readiness for the next Winter; and doubt not but it will please more than the opera or puppet-show. I will not say that a monkey is a better man than some of the Opera heroes; but certainly he is a better representative of a man, than the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your Paper, you shall be every night a Spectator at my show for nothing.

C. I am, &c.

N°. 29.

TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1711.

——— Sermo lingua concinnus utraque
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.

HOR. 1 SAT. X. 23.

"Both tongues united sweeter sounds produce,
"Like china mix'd with the Falernian juice."

THE MUSIC OF EVERY COUNTRY BEST ADAPTED TO ITS INHABITANTS.*

THERE is nothing that has more startled our English audience, than the Italian *recitativo* at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play, of *Enter a king and two fiddlers solus*, was now no longer an absurdity; when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in *recitativo* might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevails in our English opera before this innovation: the transition from an

* This Paper is a proof that Mr. ADDISON was by no means ignorant of the *principles* of music, as Sir JOHN HAWKINS asserts in his dictatorial style. That he thoroughly knew the *effects* of that as well as other fine arts, is too evident to require illustration.

an air to recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in PURCELL's operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of the Italian *recitativo* with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the tone, or (as the French call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welch and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman, when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone: and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative music, in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well, that the cadences in the *recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the Italian music (if one may so call them) which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the hero knock down his messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason, the Italian artists cannot agree with our

our English musicians in admiring PURCELL's compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and *dying falls* (as SHAKESPEARE calls them) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing-birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come off from warmer climates. In the same manner, I would allow the Italian opera to lend our English music as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with. In short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the recitative part of music, may be applied to all our songs and airs in general.

Signor BAPTIST LULLY acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous. However, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he

did not pretend to extirpate the French music, and plant the Italian in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the Italians. By these means the French music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a preference. The music of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The *chorus* in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in concert with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the clerk of a parish-church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milk-maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and ALPHEUS, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country-brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the *Rape of* PROSERPINE, where PLUTO, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings ASCALAPHUS along with him as his valet de chambre. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than

that

that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves: or in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

C.

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